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STRAUSS, RENAN, AND "ECCE HOMO."

It was said a great many centuries ago, and in a book of very high authority, that one result of the coming of Christ into the world would be "that the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed." And though such a result is not without its parallels and analogies in other cases, there is no other case in which either the disclosures of men's characters have been so searching and profound, or in which the effect has been so certainly repeated whenever a fresh interest has been awakened in the person and history of the great Teacher. The consequence is that no epochs are better adapted for

taking a review of the state of religious opinion than those in which popular attention has been strongly fixed upon the "Life of Christ." With other religious questions it is possible to fence and play, and act a part, whether in defence or opposition, as the case may be; feeling all the time, with the mediæval disputant, how easy it might be to shift one's ground and take up the brief for the other side. But this question is too closely intertwined with men's personal feelings and hopes for that. It is no matter of gladiatorial display. It is a matter of life and death. And, therefore, interesting as it may always be, even at times when men are following each other like a flock of sheep along some narrow path of dogma, to try and understand the meaning of the dogma which unlocks the history of their period, that interest culminates at times when the life of Jesus is in question—when men are thoroughly alive, and thoroughly in earnest; when reserve and reticence are broken through; and when the books, reviews, and pamphlets of any one year may easily offer (as it were,

* *Das Leben Jesu: für das deutsche Volk bearbeitet.* Von D. F. STRAUSS. Leipzig: 1864.

Dr. D. F. STRAUSS's *New Life of Jesus: the authorized English Edition.* 2 vols. London: 1865.

Histoire des Origines du Christianisme; Livre deuxième; "Les Apôtres." Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: 1866.

"*Ecce Homo:*" a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. Fifth Edition, with a new Preface. London: 1866.

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in section) a complete conspectus of all the main lines of contemporary thought.

Such a period; there can be no doubt, is our own. Never since the time of the Reformation—never, one might almost say, since the time of the Apostles—has a more earnest attention been paid to the life of Jesus than at the present moment. There have been controversies without number as to His nature, confusions without end as to His doctrine, conflicts interminable about His Church, but to the present generation (strange to say) seems to have been bequeathed the task of arranging in an intelligible form the facts of His purely human history. The reason probably is, that never before have systems of belief, foreign, yet analogous, to Christianity been so clearly understood, or so much vigorous intelligence been diverted from policy and war to a critical handling of classical, and still more of Oriental, modes of thought. Thus the desire of understanding the origin of Christianity, and the means of gratifying that desire, seem to have presented themselves simultaneously: and the impatience of mankind will bear no compromise, and take no refusal, until theologians have fairly girded themselves to the task of presenting the human life of Jesus in some strictly historical shape.

The difficulty of this task is probably least understood by those who most loudly make the demand. Were an invasion of England to shatter at one blow the framework of the State, to destroy the metropolis, and involve in common ruin the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the country, it is not likely that for the next thirty or forty years, at least, much literary activity would be displayed, or any work be bequeathed to posterity except writings intended for an immediate practical purpose. But if by chance some fragment or offshoot of the National Church had vigor enough to outlive the catastrophe, its first energies would be devoted to collecting the memorials of its earlier and more tranquil days, and especially to forming into a sort of canon for future reference all the writings which a hasty criticism could select as the genuine relics of its first founders. In fact, no course at such a time could be more consonant to sound sense and simple fidelity. But the crisis which

we have supposed was far exceeded in severity by that fearful crash which ruined the Jewish State, destroyed the Temple, and scattered the population of Judæa, not very long after the first preaching of the Gospel. For the small geographical scale of Palestine—a country about as large as Wales—rendered the calamity more intense by concentrating it in that narrow area, and the furious passions that blazed out at the revolt would not for a long time cool down to the temperature of literary composition. Moreover, in this case, the inhabitants of the country were sown broadcast over the world. Every slave-market in three continents was full of them. And although it is true that these outcasts would find synagogues and settled communities of Jews wherever they went, still, the blow having crushed the political and religious hopes of all alike—with the sole exception of the Christian sect—it is likely that the only efforts of the pen which would be left from this epoch would be, on the one hand, Jewish and Christian collections of existing traditions, with occasional reflective attempts to find a key to the terrible events of the past; and, on the other, fugitive pieces of a hortatory or polemical character. Now this is exactly what we do find. The Mishna and the New Testament are the collection of traditions, written or otherwise. Josephus's History at Rome, St. John's Gospel at Ephesus, and probably the fourth Book of Eddas in the far East, are works of reflection, searches for the key to the past. And the remains of apostolical fathers and of Judæo-heretics are specimens of pieces inspired by a special purpose, and singularly barren of any important historical materials. When we add to all this the fact that, just at this period of the world, amid the slow but sure advance of universal decrepitude and decay, the most singular rage had seized mankind for pseudonymous composition, we have said enough to indicate that the historian of those times must walk warily, and be prepared to forego too hasty generalizations, and that the demand for a prompt and unimpeachable account of all that Jesus and His Apostles did and said is made in profound ignorance of the real conditions of the problem.

Still, men are always to be found, armed with more or less of learning and critical acumen, who will be prepared straightway to give an answer to the most impossible questions. To them patience seems no scientific virtue at all. And when they have lit upon some plausible solution of their problem, open at a hundred points to fatal assaults, disdaining to hold it as a mere hypothesis, rough-hewn for after rectification, they must needs impose it upon the world as the one and only possible key to the whole question. In a word, they dogmatize. And strongly as both of them would repudiate the charge, we are sorry to be obliged to fix upon M. Renan as well as upon Herr Strauss this odious imputation of *dogmatism*. If it is dogmatism to found one's whole argument upon an *ipse dixit*, if it is dogmatism to state boldly as an axiom what is so far from being self-evident that it is denied by the whole opposing party, and if it is dogmatism to select for this axiom the very point which, clothed in other words, is the proposition to be proved, then MM. Renan and Strauss are dogmatists. For while the very point in dispute is, whether Jesus was a superhuman personage or not, both of these writers lay it down as the first postulate in their argument that no superhuman hypothesis is admissible. Their argument, therefore, becomes neither more nor less than a vicious circle. The Gospels are untrustworthy, because they record miracles; and no miracles are credible, because the books that record them are untrustworthy.* It is wonderful that men of

so much ability should be guilty of such false logic, and should at this time of day be beguiled by the threadbare sophism of Hume, of which Strauss thinks so highly as to say: "Hume's treatment of miracles is so universally convincing, that by it the matter may be considered as virtually settled."—(P. 148.) Yet Hume's celebrated argument is a mere *petitio principii*. All experience [that is, for the most part, testimony of others] being against miracles, it is more likely that testimony should be false than that miracles should be true. Which is the same thing as saying, "All experience being against Atlantic cables, it is far more likely that Messrs. Glasse and Field are playing upon our credulity than that the cable should be laid." The reply of course is, But the cable is laid, for we have the results in our hands: and your argument from "experience" is good for nothing, for unless it carefully keeps the experience of Messrs. Glasse and Field out of sight, it is inconclusive; and if it does, it amounts to saying, "The experience of all, *except those who have had the experience*, is against Atlantic telegraphs." Just so the Christian apologist may reply: "Your argument against miracles is futile: for not only are results in our hands, which cannot be otherwise accounted for, but the 'experience' you appeal to begins by excluding the experience of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and then of course the desired conclusion follows of itself."*

It is quite clear, therefore, that if these books of MM. Strauss and Renan are to receive that estimation which is, in some respects, justly due to them, they must be taken apart from the ridiculous premise on which they are professedly based, and judged with as little reference to it as possible. The childish simplicity must be forgiven of such passages as these: "By miracles like that of feeding the multitudes, etc., *natural science* would be

* Compare, for instance, the following passages: (1.) "So long as the Gospels are regarded as historical sources, in the strict sense of the word, so long a historical view of the life of Jesus is impossible"—(Strauss, p. 40); for "historical inquiry refuses absolutely to recognize anywhere any such thing" as a miracle.—(P. 146.) (2.) "In the person and work of Jesus nothing supernatural happened; . . . for thus much we can soon discover about our Gospels, that neither all nor any of them display such historical trustworthiness as to compel our reason to the acceptance of a miracle."—(P. 15.)

Similarly M. Renan: (1.) "The first twelve chapters of Acts are a tissue of miracles. Now, an absolute rule of criticism is, to allow no place in historical narration to miracles."—(P. 43.) (2.) "Show me a specimen of these things, and I will admit them. . . . The *onus probandi* in science rests with those who allege a fact."—(P. 45.)

* The subject of Miracles has recently been handled with extraordinary acuteness and force of reasoning by the Rev. Mr. Mozley, in his Bampton Lectures for last year. We know of nothing more able or more eloquent in our theological literature, and we would especially point out the Fourth Discourse, in which the writer proves that a belief in the possibility of miracles is identical with, and inseparable from, a belief in a personal God.

razed to its foundations."—(Strauss, p. 39)—(that it would be much put out by a *super-natural* event we should quite expect); and "if Jesus had not become transformed by legend, He would be an *unique phenomenon in history*"—(Renan, *Vie de J.*, p. 46.)—(which is precisely what Christians maintain Him to have been). The prerogative of the Almighty to address men through the senses, if it should seem good to Him to do so, must be dogmatically reaffirmed (for one piece of dogmatism is just as good as another); and these works must be studied, not for their arbitrary marshalling of texts in parody of the simple and noble delineation of Christ's life in the Gospels, but for their valuable aid towards realizing the *human side* in His being, who was (under every hypothesis) "very man"; and especially for their meritorious contributions towards setting it in an intelligible framework, and pointing out those nearer links of connection with previous and subsequent history which alone were wanting to substantiate the Christology of the Church. For it must be remembered that the Catholic doctrine has ever affirmed that Christ was a link *in* history, not out of it: a link heated to whiteness, it may be, and imparting that heat, but a link of precisely the same materials, and occurring in the same historical order, as the rest—"perfect man," and coming "in the fullness of times." And, therefore, when writers, such as those in question, take much pains to display the preparation of the world for Christianity, and the strangely inflammable state of the materials which it enkindled, they may perhaps do so with no more kindly intention than to suggest how little wonderful was the conflagration that ensued; but they are nevertheless unconsciously doing the Church's work. It is not their affirmations, but their negations which she repudiates. And she can well afford to receive, with full acknowledgments, all that they bring; for the convictions by which Christians lay hold of the Divine side of the question, and put themselves into personal relationship with Christ, are of another order altogether, and are but little affected by negative criticism.

The fact is, that in disentangling profound and intricate problems, everything

depends on the quarter from which they are approached. The solar system, so long as it was viewed from the earth as a centre, was an inextricable web of confusion; but directly a standing-point for the imagination was found in the sun, everything fell at once into its right place. In so complex and subtle a question as that of the truth of Christianity, this is still more surely the secret of success. The question is one which addresses neither the reason alone, nor the imagination alone, nor the conscience alone. It is, in its essence, an ethical question. But, making pretensions to stand upon the solid ground of historical fact, it is inevitably mixed up with matters of a secondary interest—points of criticism, various readings, and other documentary questions—and becomes subject to the demands of the imagination, that its origin and history be presented in a readily conceivable form. But it makes all the difference in the world whether a man begin by entangling himself amid petty critical details, or by determining at all costs to satisfy the imagination—or whether he begin by grasping the central object of the whole system by an ethical process, and then endeavor to arrange, in the best way that circumstances admit, the intellectual and pictorial details. Christianity itself makes no pretensions to be understood by either of the former methods. It is no fault of the Gospel if men will persist in approaching it from the wrong quarter, and make confusion worse confounded in the attempt. For it emphatically claims to be, not a revelation to philosophers, but to babes; and no words can more distinctly point out the right clew than its own: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Now, it is precisely this clew which both MM. Strauss and Renan have entirely missed, and which the author of *Ecce Homo* has, with admirable judgment and surprising success, taken up. Strauss's *New Life of Jesus* is not indeed so purely a dry intellectual feat as the original work, which in 1835 startled the world by its audacious attempt to sift the Gospels into a heap of barren rubbish. Fired by the rapid popularity of M. Renan's Galilean idyl, and stung by the persist-

ent refusal of the educated classes to acknowledge themselves brought over to his views, he now appeals to "the German people," works up his shifted particles afresh into a concrete but lifeless figure—that could never have converted anybody, much less the world—and ends by arranging in little heaps of (so-called) legendary matter the large proportion of the Gospel narrative, which is rejected as fictitious because it is miraculous. Thus Strauss, too, like Renan, finds himself compelled, in the earnest prosecution of his studies, to draw sensibly nearer towards Christianity. The Christ of his later work is a far more real and tangible personage than the faintly sketched and misty figure that floated as a possible residuum of fact amid the hallucinations, myths, and forgeries of which the former book was full. Here we have the whole of Part I., comprising no less than a hundred and fifty closely printed pages, devoted to the real and historical Jesus of Nazareth, as the author conceives him to have actually lived and died. And though an equal space, it is true, is given to a critical introduction of very high interest, and a far larger number of pages to an elaborate classification of no less than twelve groups of myths, arranged in their respective imaginary layers, yet the concessions made in these one hundred and fifty pages are so important, and the reality of Christ's earthly history as described by the Evangelists is, in its main features, so candidly confessed, that we seem to have here restored to us almost all that was worth contending for.

Jesus of Nazareth, then—according to Herr Strauss's latest and most advanced criticism of his human history—was a Galilean peasant of the lower orders, himself a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter, quite devoid of any education except such as he would gather for himself from an assiduous study of the Old Testament, and from observation of the curiously mingled society around him.

"Neither in the substance nor in the method of Jesus' teaching is there anything which—always bearing in mind his inward endowments—we cannot explain by supposing a careful study of the Old Testament and a free social intercourse with learned people, especially with the disciples of the three leading schools [Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes]:

while, on the other hand, his originality, freshness, and freedom from every trace of school pedantry (such as stamps so unmistakably even the spiritual Apostle of the Gentiles), render it probable that his development was still more independent of extrinsic aid even than that. And to this no circumstances could be more favorable than those of his Galilean home. The inhabitants of that region, it is well known, were—especially in the northern parts—much mixed up with the heathen; as is plainly confessed in the epithet "Galilee of the Gentiles"—(Matt. 4: 15, following Isaiah 8: 23.) And since the province was, yet farther, cut off by the whole breadth of Samaria from the proudly orthodox Judæa, its natives were looked down upon as of little worth, and not regarded as Jews in the strict sense of the word. Yet these very untoward circumstances might contribute all the better to the formation of a free religious character."—(P. 194.)

Indeed the circumstances in question were themselves—as Strauss takes great pains to make us understand—the fruits of a long preparation in antecedent history:

"I know not whether any supernatural origin that men may ascribe to Christianity can really do it more honor than is done by history—in proving how it is the ripe fruit of all the best growths in every branch of the human family. Never would Christianity (we may safely say) have become the religion of the West as well as of the East—nay, have remained in the end more peculiarly a Western faith—if it had not, from the very first, breathed a Western as well as an Eastern, a Græco-Roman as well as a Jewish spirit. Israel must first be brayed in the mortar, the Jewish people must first by repeated captivities be scattered among the heathen, that so the irrigating streams of foreign thought might be conducted by many a channel upon the mother soil, ere it could be fecundated so far as to produce from its bosom such a harvest as Christianity. And above all, a marriage of the East and the West must take place by the conquests of the great Macedonian hero, and a bride-bed (as it were) be laid in Alexandria, before any such appearance as that of Christianity could be thought of. Had there been no Alexander for a forerunner, Christ could not have come. This may sound a hard saying for theological ears. But directly we become convinced that even the Hero has a divine mission, it loses all its offensiveness. . . . Thus we see, as it were, two converging lines, each lengthening itself by inner forces of its own, yet each destined at last to meet in that one point which should become the birthplace of the new religion. And would we express in one short formula

the law of these two apparently opposing yet really coöperating forces, we may put it thus: Judæa, in all the stages of its history, sought God; Greece sought man."—(P. 167.)

No one who remembers Mr. Gladstone's eloquent expansion of this thought in his late farewell speech in Edinburgh, needs to be reminded that all this is thoroughly Christian and even Churchmanlike. Nay, to deny it would be downright heresy. For it is taught in every Catechism and Manual of Church History; it is stated in plain terms by the deepest thinkers of antiquity; and it is itself the direct fulfilment of many a noble passage of Hebrew prophecy, which shrinks not from giving a divine mission to a Cyrus, a Melchizedek, a Jethro, a Job, a Hazeel, or a Nebuchadnezzar, and looks forward gladly to the day when "Israel shall be the third with Egypt and with Assyria: whom the Lord shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance."—(Isaiah 19 : 24.)

With the exception of these few facts, however, in the early life of Jesus, Strauss finds nothing very trustworthy until we arrive at his baptism by John. At this point his real history begins. That he was baptized by John, and remained with him for a short time, there can be no reasonable doubt. But John, like the hermit Banus at a later period, to judge from the descriptions of both given by Josephus, was a sort of independent Essene, whose rigorous asceticism and rugged reproachful method of address soon became distasteful to one of so cheerful and social, of so courteous and merciful, a temper as Jesus. Still the aim of both was the same, though their methods were different. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" this was the voice which resounded in the wilderness among the crowds of excited and expectant Jews. And it meant (says Strauss) nothing more nor less than this: that the Messiah was about to appear, but that his appearing would bring good only to those whose hearts were preparing for his coming; while to the rest he would be like a winnowing fan, separating the chaff for the burning (p. 189).

Now all this, again, is precisely what the Church has always taught. And if she has chosen to clothe her statement of it

in words culled from Isaiah and Malachi, we really do not see how it makes any difference in the facts. The facts remain—so far as we can understand—uncontested: that John the Baptist was, in plain words, a forerunner of the Messiah; that unlike all his contemporaries, he was inspired with the idea that true preparation for him was, not the purchasing of daggers or the broadening of phylacteries, but the conversion of the heart; and that while he was thus foremost among the files of the Jewish prophets, still he was less clear in his assurance that Jesus was that Messiah, and more open to offence at his new methods of procedure, than the least of those who had actually attached themselves to his person. Add to all this—what seems likewise allowed—that he actually foretold what soon after came to pass: namely, that those who rejected the Messiah would be utterly and fearfully destroyed, while the remnant that accepted him would form the germ of a great future organization, subject in some way to his sovereignty; and we really do not know what Churchmen could ask for more from Mr. Strauss.

The next scene acknowledged to belong to the genuine history of Jesus is his Galilean ministry; the duration of which could not have been more than a few years, for even Tacitus (*Annals* xv. 44) places his crucifixion under Pontius Pilate, whose procuratorship ended A.D. 36. During these few years, and with the means at his command which have been already described, it somehow or other came to pass that this Galilean carpenter made such an impression on his contemporaries, that they almost unanimously hoped, or feared, he was the Messiah; that they came to attribute to him the most astonishing miracles; that, so far from being brought to their senses by his crucifixion, they got it into their heads that he was risen from the dead, and had conversed, walked, and eaten with several of those who had known him best before; nay, that on subsequent reflection they felt nothing could possibly account for his greatness short of some theory which made him positively divine—a theory for which they found no precedent or authority whatever in Judaism, but were obliged to shape it by the help of Alexandrian Pla-

tonism, whose line of thought converged exactly at the right moment upon that precise spot. Yet we are constantly reminded that it was with the most consummate wisdom and genius (to say the least) that Jesus managed to produce these results. The Messiah of the popular imagination was no Man of Sorrows meekly riding on an ass; but a warrior, a good hater of the Romans, a zealot, like Judas the Gaulonite. He was to be no "Son of Man," but a "Son of God," a human hero—that is, like David and Solomon of old; armed with God's fury and God's arrows against the heathen, who had run up such a score of vengeance in captivities, taxations, and oppressions of all sorts upon Jehovah's favorites, that it was a perfect marvel—under which none but a cold-blooded Sadducee could sit still—that the crack of doom was delayed so intolerably long. Amid such an atmosphere as this it was that Jesus had to work; and out of this red-hot seething mass of Jewish fanaticism, by a—we must not say "divine;" let us say—*skilful* blow, to forge the Christian Church. Let us see how he went to work:

"It is the life of a wandering teacher that the Evangelists with one consent attribute to Jesus. Capernaum, the home of his favorite disciples, was indeed his favorite resort; but for the most part he traversed the country attended by a company of trusted disciples and of women, who provided for the wants of the society out of their own resources."—(P. 243.) "That Jesus, as a teacher, made an overpowering, and upon sympathizing souls an ineffaceable, impression, is not only told us by the Evangelists, but is ratified by the historical results. He was no Rabbi. He taught not as the Scribe. With logical artifices he had nothing to do; but only with the word that smites conviction by its own intrinsic truth. Hence in his Gospels that rich collection of sentences or maxims, of terse and pregnant sayings which, apart from their religious worth, are for their clear spiritual insight and for their straight unerring aim so beyond all price. 'Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's,' etc.—these are the imperishable sayings; because in them truths, that experience is ever ratifying afresh, are clothed in a form which is at the same time precisely expressive and also universally intelligible."—(P. 253.) "The consciousness of a Prophetic mission arose in him before that of his Messiahship. Or rather we may well conceive that Jesus, while himself clear upon the point, chose in speaking to others an expression [Son of Man] which was not yet in vogue as

a title for the Messiah. Thus he avoided imposing upon his disciples and the people a mere authoritative belief in his Messiahship, but allowed it to grow up spontaneously from within. . . . The more so, as he found reason to fear that by giving himself out at once for the Messiah he should wake up all those political hopes, which bore a sense diametrically opposite to that in which alone he would consent to be Messiah."—(P. 227.) "Meanwhile, however much Jesus might decline any corporeal miracles, do them he must—according to the ideas of that time—whether he would or no. So soon as ever he was held to be a Prophet, at once he was credited with miraculous powers; and no sooner was he credited with them, than they were sure to appear in reality. It were strange if, among the crowds that approached to touch his garments wherever he came, none found a cure or an alleviation of his disease from an excited imagination or from a strong sensuous-spiritual impression. And the cure was then attributed to the wonder-working power of Jesus."—(P. 265.)

For ourselves, we are content with such admissions as these from the greatest living master of the modern destructive criticism. No one in his senses, who is not the victim of some preconceived idea, can possibly go so far as this, and not soon be compelled to go a good deal farther. He may not, indeed, be able to embrace—until at least he understands their real meaning—the barbarisms that have been bequeathed to us by the scholastic philosophy. He may disdain to pronounce aright the Shibboleth of a mere Latin orthodoxy, entangled in dry legalisms, stupefied with forensic fictions, and catholic in nothing but the name. He may not picture heaven and earth to his imagination as they once were pictured, or conceive of Christian miracles in the childish way which M. Renan supposes to be the only one the Church allows, namely, as "special interventions, like that of a clock-maker putting his finger in to remedy the defects of his wheels."—(*Apôtres*, p. 47.) He may have seen, in short, that the lessons of the Bible and of Theology are learned, like all other really effective lessons, in an order which is educational rather than philosophical; and that the true order of thought reverses the order of the lesson-book. But that very enfranchisement of his mind from the preconceptions of the nursery renders him less willing to be bound by the mere dogmas of the

lecture room. And unless he is content meekly to stop short just where Strauss has drawn the line, at a conception of "a mere individual genius, designed (when fuel enough has been collected) to apply the enkindling spark" (p. 167); or immures his thought within some Hegelian pantheism, that (like the witch of Endor) conjures up gods out of the earth, instead of bringing down God from heaven; he will not be warned off from the yet farther and deeper inquiry, "*who* then designed" all these converging lines? and *whence* came that clear unerring mind, that pure and guileless spirit, which, in Christ "the corner-stone," completed all, gave a meaning to all, and by the master-stroke of a few years' work in long-prepared Galilee created Christendom?

These are the points which it really concerns us to know. And they are points upon which the bewildered philosophy of MM. Strauss and Renan has absolutely no answer to give. For they cannot surely mean to tell us that Christ is only the ultimate development of forces latent in the mushroom and the sponge: that he is the product of an unconscious series, pushing outwards towards consciousness and rationality; a series calculated by no preëxisting Mind, a product brooded over by no life-giving spirit. Why, the very sponge and the mushroom, the ichthyosaurus and the plants of the coal-measures, the light of the nebulae and the serial law itself, all reveal a Reason human in quality, but ante-human in time, and super-human in degree, and presenting not the slightest indications of development or change of any sort. Now, this all-embracing and changeless Reason is what Theology means by God: and the arrangements by which, at crossing-places in their orbits, man's world is met and illumined by phenomena belonging to another zone, and moving in another plane, are what she terms Miracles. And knowing, as we do, nothing whatever about God, except what He pleases to reveal to us—and impotent as our imagination is (by the very laws of its nature) to project any sane conception of God upon its mirror, except under a personal form—when we find a point in history at which a Person stands, who "shines out as a thoroughly and intrinsically lovely nature,

who needed only to unfold himself from himself, to grow to greater consciousness of himself, greater confidence in himself, with no need for change of aim, no need of self-correction" (Strauss, p. 208); and when we know, from nineteen centuries' experience, how the spirit of this single Person has poured through all the veins of human society a fresh and vital force, given hope to publicans and sinners of all time, redeemed men's souls from the swine-troughs of sense, and shown for once the highest ideal of man clothed in actual flesh and blood—we challenge any one to produce a more rational theory about this Person than that which has obtained currency in the Christian Church; or to point out any bar which a mature and philosophical conception of God presents against regarding this unique Person as an incarnation of the Divine Reason upon earth. For all that is required to be conceded, in order to stamp this conception with perfect credibility, is that Pantheism be false and Theism true; in other words, that the distinction between moral good and moral evil be held a real one; and that the convergence of all the lines of history to produce a human conductor of heaven's light and life to earth has been the work of a conscious Reason, and not of a mere blind force which explains nothing, but rather begs humbly for explanation itself.

How then do these writers manage to escape a (to them) wholly undesired conclusion? They have invented two devices, two loopholes, the most extraordinary and unscientific (as it appears to us) that ever were proclaimed in the name of science as breaches in the fortress of religion. And these loopholes, they labor, by every manœuvre in their power, incessantly to enlarge. Reason having tried her utmost against Christianity in vain, the assault is now to be attempted through the imagination. And while the ridicule is unsparing which, in his earlier work, Strauss heaped on the worn-out methods of the rationalists, we may safely predict that the time is not far distant when the same measure will be deservedly meted out to himself, and to M. Renan, who is mainly responsible for the second of the two remarkable arguments we are about to describe.

Every one is perfectly aware that by the laws of our imagination, every scene which is impressed upon the retina of our eye, every sound which is carried through the nerves of the ear, receives a color, shape and meaning, from the living and personal qualities of the recipient. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. A living human brain is not like a dead sheet of paper, which passively receives and helplessly retains everything that may happen to be marked upon it. It is only by a process of selection and grouping, in accordance with habits and qualities given by education and nature, that coherent images are formed and sane conceptions engendered. If any one doubt this, let him only watch the spontaneous effort of his mind, when some object presents itself in the dusk or in the distance, to mould it into an intelligible shape, and he will catch himself (as it were) in the very act of conception. The color, the outline, the motion, the top part, the bottom part, will be spontaneously selected for attention; and some person previously known, some hobgoblin previously believed in, some animal thought likely to be there, will be created out of the impressions given, and be projected without a moment's delay upon the imagination. Now this, which in its proper proportions is a scientific truth, is seized upon by Mr. Strauss, exaggerated into the most enormous and grotesque extravagance, and then employed as an engine to overthrow the truth of Christianity. The Jewish mind (he says) in the first century was full of Old Testament ideas. The Prophets and the Mosaic law had so far educated the nation, that they had supplied them with a whole series of types and forms of thought. So that when Jesus of Nazareth appeared, and especially after his abrupt and violent death, the events of those few pregnant years threw themselves into the shapes for which Judaism had prepared men's minds, but which in fact had no reality, and for which this preparation had been quite fortuitous. Need we point out, once more, the strange discovery which Strauss here makes of his essential, though unconscious orthodoxy? The slightest violence done to the surface of the philosopher reveals the doctor of divinity within. For every word of this,

so far as it is affirmative and not negative, is precisely the doctrine of the Catholic Church from the beginning. It is the denials only that she denies. It is the negations which she thinks are difficult to prove. Nor has Strauss succeeded in proving them, unless, as before, Hegelianism be allowed to have blotted out a conscious God from history. All he has done is to caricature the old church theory by a ludicrous exaggeration; and to conjecture among the Jews at that time such an inflamed condition of the function above described, as to transcend all likelihood and all nature, and to generate Christendom out of a nation of lunatics. For what mental condition short of lunacy could have argued, as Strauss supposes the Apostles to have argued, "The Old Testament represents Christ as doing such and such things; therefore, although we neither heard nor saw anything of the sort, he did them"?

"But," replies Strauss, "we have no notion how the Apostles argued or what they said; for all our accounts are at second hand. Mark and Luke are confessedly so; and Matthew is a translated and expanded work, on the basis of Matthew's genuine collection of discourses; while John is a wholly fictitious gospel, due to some one well versed in the Alexandrian philosophy about the middle of the second century." Now, without entering into all the perplexed detail of gospel criticism, let the reader simply recollect the following facts, and he will be in a position to judge whether we can depend upon the New Testament or not. Irenæus and Tertullian were two writers in the last quarter of the second century; the former had spent his youth among the churches of Asia Minor, and had migrated among the Christians of Gaul; the latter was a presbyter in the Latin Church of North Africa. Both were strong traditionalists; and both distinctly appeal to the four canonical gospels by name. But would churches so widely remote as those of Smyrna, Carthage, and Lyons, with one accord receive as Scripture four books which were only a few years old? And besides, Irenæus had been in his youth a companion of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. Is it credible that St. John's Gospel could have been received by him if it had never

been heard of till A.D. 150? Moreover, about A.D. 150, Celsus quotes both the synoptical gospels and St. John, and says, "all this I have taken out of your own Scriptures." About the same date, Theophilus and Tatian both constructed a Harmony of the Four Gospels; and ten years earlier still, Justin Martyr speaks of gospels written by the Apostles and their companions; meaning, there can surely be little question, the four as we now have them. Twenty years before that Polycarp uses St. Matthew, and quotes the First Epistle of St. John, which is allowed on all hands to be (under any supposition) by the same author as the Gospel. And about the same period Papias, a bishop in Asia Minor, who tells us he took particular pains to collect oral information from survivors who had known the Apostles, describes how Matthew wrote originally in Hebrew, and how Mark drew his materials from St. Peter. The passage is but a fragment preserved in Eusebius, so that no sound argument against St. John can be drawn *ex silentio*, any more than against St. Paul or St. Luke. Thus we are brought down to about A.D. 100, without a trace of any conciliar action, or of any controversy on the subject which cannot easily be explained. The Church emerges from the first century with the sacred book of the four Gospels in her hand. The very earliest apocryphal gospels only attempt to fill up the blanks in their narrative, and never give a competing account. The most ancient of all was held by Jerome, who translated it to be the Hebrew original of St. Matthew. The Montanists, in their wildest hatred of St. John's Gospel, could only attribute it to his contemporary Cerinthus. And every recent discovery, such as the missing end of the Clementine Homilies (containing a quotation from St. John), and the original Greek of Barnabas (giving St. Matthew's Gospel the honorable title of "Scripture"), only tends to corroborate the proof, that we have in the four Gospels the primitive records of Christianity, and a trustworthy means for understanding what the mind and the preaching of the Apostles really were.*

* This argument is well drawn out in Tischendorf's pamphlet, *Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst?*

And if so, we repeat, the supposition that the healthiest, simplest, and sanest form of religion the world has ever seen, should have taken its rise from such a hotbed of fatuity and insanity as Strauss would have us believe, appears to us to make greater demands by far upon our credulity than the hypothesis it is invented to supersede; and to be fitly suspended upon the following sentence, written for a very different purpose: "There are things which do not, indeed, like miracles, contravene the laws of nature, but which contradict historical probability; that is, are easier to conceive of as imaginary than as true."—(Strauss, p. 402.)

The second loophole by which these writers, and especially M. Renan, endeavor to escape from the necessity of believing the testimony of the Evangelists, belongs to the same class of arguments. The object, in both cases alike, is to maintain the Pantheistic as against the Theistic view of history; and to elude the recognition of what Theology (in its popular language) calls "the finger of God" in Christianity, by showing that it can be accounted for by causes which are well within the narrow horizon of our own experience. Little indeed would be gained by success. For a god Pan, who developed himself in such a blundering and ridiculous way as is here supposed, would quickly set people thinking whether he were a god at all; or did not need some better interpreters, at least, who would credit him with an honest walk and conversation along the highroad of Nature and Health, instead of tracking his cloven footsteps among the devious byways of disease. It would be an ill exchange, if we were to give up the supernatural Christ for an infra-natural one; and to retort Hume's argument upon himself, it is far more consonant to probability that philosophers should err, than that the world should have been regenerated by myth-bewildered fishermen and hysterical Magdalens, while God was (as it were) asleep, and suffered disease and error to steal a march upon Him, for the endless benefit of the human race.

Yet such is, in plain words, the theory of M. Renan. "The formation of Christendom," says he, "is the greatest event in the religious history of the world." But only a few pages farther on we read:

"The glory of the Resurrection belongs then to Mary Magdalene. Next to Jesus, it is she who has done the most for the founding of Christendom. The shadow created by the delicate senses of the Magdalene hovers still above the world. Queen and patron of idealists, she above all others has known how to make her dream a reality and to impose on all men the sacred vision of her impassioned soul. Her grand affirmation of the woman's heart, 'He is risen!' has been the basis of the world's faith. Get thee gone then, impotent Reason! Presume not to apply thy cold analysis to this master-work of idealism and of love. If Philosophy gives up the attempt to console this poor race of men, betrayed by fate, let madness approach and put her hand to the task. Where is the sage who has ever given such joy to the world as the possessed woman—Mary of Magdala?" (*Apôtres*, p. 18.)

If we had not the page lying open before us, it would seem positively incredible that a man of such mental and moral qualities as M. Renan possesses, should be so far the victim of a foregone conclusion as to think this a rational explanation of the literary and historical phenomena of our Lord's Resurrection. Yet after an interval of three years for reflection, this expansion of the hint given in his earlier volume, this revived embodiment of the long-buried calumny of Celsus,*—still seems to this almost-Christian, who, unlike his own Magdalen, loves yet cannot believe in Christ, worth putting down on paper as a sufficient solution of the problem! In Strauss, a person of colder and more masculine temperament, we are prepared for anything. The dissecting knife is for ever in his hands. And he cannot even put together again "for the German people" the *disiecta membra* of their Christ, without perpetually flourishing his favorite weapon, and making a surgical demonstration of every member in detail. The consequence is, they will not believe that a Christ so put together can be alive. M. Renan, on the other hand, presents to his countrymen a thoroughly living, and to them, it seems, conceivable Christ. But, alas!—we hope we shall be pardoned, for it cannot be otherwise expressed—his Jesus is a French mesmerist, and his Magdalens and Maries may be met with any day, in all their gushing and sentimental beauty, kneeling in Notre Dame, or walking on

pilgrimage to the wonder-working Lady of La Salette. No wonder that such a "fifth Gospel" of sentiment and hallucination should meet with little acceptance on this more prosaic side of the Channel! No wonder that a drama, in which figures take their part that have assuredly never lived in the flesh, but only in French prints, or in the wax-work of a convent chapel, should be rejected with disdain by the practical and sober Englishman! No wonder that, in spite of the fascination of its style, the candor and lucidity of its argumentation, and the extreme interest and value of its historical sketches—especially from the twelfth chapter onwards, where the victory of Christianity over Paganism is described—this second volume must be condemned as a greater theological failure even than the first; to be pardoned only for its important admissions of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel, of St. Luke's two books, and of the seven main Epistles of St. Paul, and for its heartfelt sympathy for all that is freest and noblest in the Christian ideas.

It is with feelings of great relief, therefore, that we turn from Strauss and Renan, and open the now celebrated work of our own countryman, whoever he may be—the author of *Ecce Homo*. There are few, probably, of our readers who are not already well acquainted with the book. For not only has it passed through five or six editions, but it has been reviewed in every periodical, been canvassed in every social circle, and been carried by the angry waves of controversy into unnumbered nooks and corners, whither in calmer weather it would assuredly have never found its way. The controversy, indeed, which it has occasioned, is quite as curious and interesting a phenomenon as the book itself, and highly instructive as to the present state of English theological opinion. Nor could we desire any plainer corroboration of the statement laid down at the beginning of this article than is given by the exhibition that reviewers, quarterly or otherwise, seem to have been compelled to make of their true selves in presence of this graphic and admirable "Survey of the Person and Work of Jesus Christ." But on this subject we shall have more to say by and by. At

* Cf. Origen c. Celsum, ii. 55.

present we wish simply to draw attention to the salient features of the work, and to show sufficient cause for our judgment that it is, without any exception, the most important contribution towards a restoration of belief that our own generation has seen.

Had not the grave closed over the once speaking eye and toiling brain of Robertson of Brighton, there is little doubt that this anonymous book would have been ascribed to him. For the calm and even march of its sentences and the balanced self-control of its bearing, even amid the hottest fire of controversy, does not wholly conceal the martial ardor which glows within; and there are many passages which reveal the scorn of a manly soul for Pharisaism, whether of the first or of the nineteenth century, and which indicate abundant vigor to chastise it. There is, too, the same unflinching determination to push through all the cloud of skirmishing polemics, and to arrive at the heart of the question; the same stern resolve to crush the shell of dogma and release the vital germ of truth; the same earnest loyalty to Christ, and even to his Church—which gave to Robertson such wonderful power, and have spread his fragmentary "Sermons" wherever the English language is spoken. Perhaps our countrymen are, in theology as well as in other things, suspicious of an over-completeness. And, therefore, the fragmentary condition and tentative attitude of *Ecce Homo*, too, may have contributed to its wide influence. At any rate, we hold ourselves justified in saying that in this book—incomplete, undramatic, and not very critical, as it confessedly is—we have the English "Life of Jesus," thoroughly adapted to and characteristic of the country whence it sprang; and not only worthy of comparison with the more scientific and more histrionic works which have proceeded from Germany and France, but distinctly taking the lead of them in point of successful handling of the question.

That question is—What was the origin of Christianity? Was it human or divine? Was Jesus Christ a great genius, or the Son of God? Now, in the solution of this question everything depends, as we said before, on the avenue by which it is approached. Germany

has chosen to approach it by the Reason; and, entangled at the very outset in an infinite multitude of knotty critical details, has never been able to advance one step; till Strauss, with his rash sword of "the Mythical hypothesis," at length hewed the whole subject into pieces, and left it incoherent and useless for all the practical wants of men. France, on the other hand, has approached it on the side of the Imagination; and shrinking from the infinitesimal detail of critical labor, has—perhaps with over-haste—grasped at results, and arranged those results by the aid of a totally fallacious canon, namely, that beauty of form is some guarantee for truth of fact. It was reserved for England to make her approaches on the Moral side, and to show how, seizing the clew laid down by the Founder of Christianity himself, it was possible to advance at once into the very centre of the labyrinth, to grasp there at one view, not indeed all the details, but the broad grouping of those details and their relative importance to the question and to each other, and from thence, with the tranquil vigor which such a position always inspires, to proceed at leisure and with perfect security to the gradual unravelling of the interesting matters that surround the main question in dispute. Thus *Ecce Homo* could hardly hope to escape the charge of being an incomplete work. Its incompleteness is its glory. It is not so much a new work as a new method. And a new method is what mankind have long been groaning for: not a mere negative method, such as Strauss thinks good enough, but a positive one, which shall lead to a rational tranquillity, and show them how to ride at anchor through the storms of modern doubt and disbelief.

Accordingly, the author of this book, seizing his clew, plunges at once *in medias res*. His critical introduction occupies twelve lines, or, rather, is no introduction at all, for it occurs at the beginning of chapter V. Whereas Strauss's *Einführung* fills no less than one hundred and sixty-two pages of closely packed German type; and Renan's *Critique des Documents Originaux* demands sixty-four octavo pages. For this he makes no apology. It is part of his method, which he trusts his readers and reviewers will have wit enough to understand, to take

these questions last, instead of first; and, therefore, to delay them till the appearance of the second volume. He acknowledges that. "What is now published is a fragment. No theological questions whatever are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will form the subject of another volume." And, accordingly:

"In defining the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn from the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then, of course, this, but also every other account of him, falls to the ground. . . . The account we have of these miracles may be exaggerated; it is possible, that in some special cases stories have been related which have no foundation whatever; but, on the whole, miracles play so important a part in Christ's scheme, that any theory which would represent them as entirely due to the imagination of his followers, or of a later age, destroys the credibility of the documents, not partially, but wholly, and leaves Christ as mythical a personage as Hercules. Now, the present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the Gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character these biographies portray is in all its large features strikingly consistent, and at the same time so peculiar as to be altogether beyond the reach of invention both by individual genius and still more by what is called the 'consciousness of an age.' Now, if the character depicted in the Gospels is in the main real and historical, they must be generally trustworthy, and if so, the responsibility of miracles is fixed on Christ. In this case the reality of the miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity, and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life."—(*Ecce Homo*, p. 41.)

In these last words we have the key to the whole book. The author's plan is here distinctly revealed. It is not his intention to begin by discussing miracles or the trustworthiness of the Gospels in detail, and so to hew his way (like a traveller through the tangled growths of a South American forest) to a conviction about Christ. Such a course seems to him, as it does to us, and as experience

has abundantly proved it to be, impossible. He chooses the reverse course. Postulating only, in the broadest sense, the general trustworthiness of the only record we possess, he is prepared to evoke from that record, fairly and sensibly handled, a moral conviction of the purity and grandeur of Christ's character, such as shall rise like daylight upon the scene and flood the crannies and the crevices of groping criticism with healthful sunbeams. And nobly has he fulfilled his purpose. Limiting the area of his investigation strictly to the Ministry of Christ, he describes in the first five chapters the object and ideal of that ministry as it existed in Christ's own mind; and proceeds in his remaining chapters to show how that ideal became actually realized in historical fact by the consummate practical wisdom of that same incomparable mind. Chapter VI. opens thus:

"The first step in our investigation is now taken. We have considered the Christian Church in its idea, that is to say, as it existed in the mind of its founder and before it was realized. Our task will now become more historical, and will deal with the actual establishments of the new Theocracy. . . The founder's plan was simply this, to renew in a form adapted to the new time that divine Society of which the Old Testament contains the history. The essential features of that ancient Theocracy were: (1) The Divine Call and Election of Abraham; (2) the Divine Legislation given to the nation through Moses; (3) the personal relation and responsibility of every individual member of the Theocracy to its Invisible King. As the new Theocracy was to be the counterpart of the old, it was to be expected that these three features would be reflected in it."—(P. 52.)

Yet—strange, at first sight, to say—while the first of these three features occupies our author during the four succeeding chapters, and the second during the thirteen chapters that follow, just when our attention and interest are raised to the highest pitch, and we are preparing ourselves for a full discussion of the third and most decisive question of all—the book abruptly closes. The nature of Christ's sovereignty and of his personal relations to the Church has never received any discussion at all; though the fact of his making royal claims has been often incidentally touched upon. How is this? Has the au-

thor forgotten his plan? Or rather, have we not, in this abrupt fracture, the intrinsic quality, not only of the fragment which is now in our hands, but also of the whole work in its future completeness, revealed? It appears to us beyond all reasonable doubt, that the alarms and lamentations which have so loudly resounded from the orthodox side over this book are wholly ill-timed and uncalled for. Everything indicates that he has not rashly taken pen in hand, before having made up his own mind. Everything points to the conclusion, that "the inquiry which proved serviceable to himself" proved so by convincing him that the faith of his childhood was a reasonable one, and that the homage he had once paid to Christ need not on farther investigation of his claims be withdrawn. We need only call attention to such passages as the following:

"We have found Christ undertaking . . . to occupy a personal relation of Judge and Master to every man, such as in the earlier Theocracy had been occupied by *Jehovah himself* without representation."—(P. 52). "Within the whole creation of God *nothing more elevated or more attractive* has yet been found than he."—(P. 52.) "This enthusiasm, then, was shown to men in its most consummate form in Jesus Christ. From him it flows as from a fountain. How it was kindled in him who knows? The abysmal depths of personality hide this secret. *It was the will of God to beget no second son like him.*"—(P. 321.) "What comfort Christ gave men . . . by offering to them new views of the Power by which the world is governed, by *his own triumph over death*, and by his revelation of eternity, will be the subject of another treatise."—(P. 323.) "The achievement of Christ in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. . . . If in the *works of Nature* we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. . . . Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of Civil Society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'The Holy Ghost fell on them that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink

of trowel and pickaxe; *it descended out of heaven from God.*"—(P. 330.)

With this striking passage our author concludes the present instalment of his work. He has endeavored to show, and we think he has succeeded in showing, that taking the life of Jesus only in its broadest features, in the mass and not in detail, in those general outlines which must be allowed to belong to it, if we are supposed to know anything about it at all, nothing more is required than a fearless mental freedom and an unclouded moral appreciation, in order to arrive at a profound and tranquil conviction that he is our souls' rightful Lord and King, and—as we cannot hesitate to add by anticipation—in some true sense "Divine." And in following him step by step in this truly charitable work at a time of doubt like our own, we pity—far more even than the robbed and half-dead traveller—the supercilious passer-by who sees no need of the oil or wine, has no heart to praise, no intelligence to understand, the saving efforts—nay, spurns the very flask beneath his priestly feet because there is something suspicious about its shape. Yet what has the author done? He has simply translated the dead formulæ of orthodoxy into the living language of modern thought and of men of the world. That is to say, he has presented Christianity in the only shape in which men will receive it at the present day, and in which alone it can effect the redemption and conversion of their souls. He has dared to call charity the "enthusiasm of humanity;" he has dared to describe the regenerating mission of the Christian Church as "the improvement of morality;" he has ventured to change the salvation of souls into their "restoration to moral health;" to speak of the Holy Spirit as "the Spirit of Holiness," and of the sacramental means of grace as "sacred rites," "essential conditions of membership," symbols of that "intense personal devotion, that habitual feeding on the character of Christ," without which "the health of the soul" cannot be regained; and all this he has done with imperfections, with occasional (though very slight) exaggerations, and with a few (though very glaring) defects of good taste. Yet when all has been said, what are these crimes—if crimes

they be—compared to the merit of having penned the following noble passage:

"We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices and strewn with fallen theories and rotting systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of seekers after truth."—(P. 72.)

Cannot the unpardonable sin of certain contemptuous expressions about "little-minded and vexatious prohibitions," "spasmodic efforts to kindle feeling," "a hollow, poor, and sickly Christianity," be forgiven for the sake of so truly evangelical a passage as this:

"Justice is often but a form of pedantry, mercy mere easiness of temper, courage a mere firmness of physical constitution; but if these virtues are genuine, then they indicate not goodness merely but goodness considerably developed. We want a test which shall admit all who have it in them to be good whether their good qualities be trained or no. Such a test is found in Faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it, such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will place him above many that practice virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate towards what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organization and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith."—(P. 66.)

And yet once more, might not an occasional rebuke of Churchmen's besetting sins be atoned for by such a noble conception of the Christian Church as this:

"However impossible it may seem, this speculation of a commonwealth developed from first principles has been realized on a grand scale. It stands in history among other states; it subsists in the midst of other states, connected with them and yet distinct. Though

so refined and philosophic in its constitution, it has not less vigor than the states which are founded on the relations of family, or language, or the convenience of self-defence and trade. Not less vigor, and certainly far more vitality. It has already long outlasted all the states which were existing at the time of its foundation; it numbers far more citizens than any of the states which it has seen spring up near it. It subsists without the help of costly armaments; resting on no accidental aid or physical support, but on an inherent immortality, it defied the enmity of ancient civilization, the brutality of mediæval barbarism, and under the present universal empire of public opinion it is so secure that even those parts of it seem indestructible which deserve to die."—(P. 325.)

But no; nothing, it appears, can atone, in the judgment of dogmatists, for not arriving at dogma in the authorized way. Health is nothing. The nostrum is everything. And, like Molière's physician, these doctors would rather see the patient die *selon les règles* than recover by a process that outraged all that was customary. Unless this author will consent, not only in his future volume and at a more mature stage of his argument, but now, on the spot, and at the word of command—whether or not it ruin his plan, and threaten *vivendi causâ vivendi perdere causas*—to utter the recognized formulæ of orthodoxy, he shall not be allowed to pass muster. Not the mispronounced word, but the unpronounced word, is to be his condemnation. Hew him down! "The Lord will know his own." We do not exaggerate. We repeat, and are prepared to prove, that the way in which this book has been in certain quarters reviewed, reflects the deepest disgrace on the writers, and displays, in a shape which it would be superfluous to caricature, the almost hopeless senility of modern "orthodoxy." We are unwilling to drop for a moment the usual periphrases of courtesy; but indignation compels us to pronounce the words, that the two main offenders against the first principles of fair-play and Christian toleration are the *Quarterly Review* and Mr. Spurgeon. Will it be believed, that a supercilious critic who complains of "ignorance" should be ignorant that St. John 1: 17 does not contain the words of the Baptist? that one who charges others with "defiance of elementary principles

which are familiar to children and peasants," should state that "a church of which the ultimate object was the improvement of morality [the equivalent in *Ecce Homo* for the "saving of men's souls"] would not be Christian but infidel"! And that this stanch *malleus hæreticorum* should himself fall into the following deadly heresy: "The doctrine that He who was perfect God and perfect man could admit the idea of taking wrongful courses, that He could entertain the Temptation for a moment if it arose . . . is only consistent with some of the lower grades of Socinianism"?* And yet once more, is it credible that *The Sword and Trowel*, edited by Mr. Spurgeon, to represent (we may presume) Dissenting principles of freedom and toleration, should in one breath describe the writer as "no blasphemer of the Lord Jesus, but a warm admirer of the self-denying love of the Man of Sorrows," as "not denying miracles, nor impugning even the Deity of Christ," as "clearly seeing that Christ's kingdom is spiritual . . . and its principles in the highest degree promotive of freedom, philanthropy, brotherhood and progress," and then turn round upon him with the most vulgar vituperation: "if this treatise be the production of a minister of any denomination of Evangelical Christians, he ought, if he has even half as much honesty as any ordinary thief, to resign his position at once"†

For such a reception as this, in such quarters, we do not think the author of *Ecce Homo* could have been prepared; nor yet for the singular inability of a great Roman Catholic writer in *The Month* to perceive that "to exhibit some sides of Christianity and not others,"‡ which he holds to be "the main fault of the author," is precisely an essential part of his plan. To have his noble and truthful work characterized by a philanthropical earl as "the most pestilential work that was ever vomited out of the jaws of hell," must have cost him far less surprise and far less pain. Nor has he met with better usage at the hands of the opposite

party. The critics who have exercised their ingenuity on *Ecce Homo* in the *Westminster Review* and in *Fraser's Magazine*, are evidently not men who would be alarmed at any want of orthodoxy; but we must be permitted to say that they have entirely failed to apprehend the scope of the work, and that their objections apply to that which the author of it certainly never intended his book to be. But whether received with vituperation or with misunderstanding, whether pertinaciously censured as if complete when it proclaims itself incessantly to be "a fragment," whether scorned by unbelievers, rejected by believers, or neglected by men of the world—the author may at least take comfort from the reflection, which every day's experience must make more clear, that he is at least understood by those for whose especial benefit he has been laboring, has kindled faith afresh in many a wavering soul, and inspired with that love of Christ which saves and redeems men, many a heart that could find no beauty in dead formulæ and no rest in barren "Evidences." From such thoughts he may well draw lessons of thankful tranquillity and content, and find courage to prosecute his fruitful studies in peace. For "no greater subject can in our own day employ any man's noblest energies than preservation or renewal of the truth of God—not fettered overmuch by the human accidents of our ancestors in the faith, yet with reverential tenderness even for these."*

London Society.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

I.—SIR A. COCKBURN AND LORD CHELMSFORD.

WE have chosen, first, the most remarkable of the heads of the profession, from among the law lords and the judges at law or in equity; and then we proceed to the most distinguished and remarkable advocates, either at the Bar, either in the courts of common law or equity. We have grouped together as much as possible men who are, or have

* *Quart. Rev.*; April, 1866.

† *Sword and Trowel*; January, 1866.

‡ *The Month*; June, 1866.

* *Williams' Rational Godliness*, p. 404.

been, constantly thrown together in public life, either on the Bench or at the Bar; and this for several reasons: first, because they are, or have been, really and personally so much together, and then because, generally, there are traits of resemblance or of contrast, which mutually illustrate each other. Thus we commence with the Lord Chief Justice of England (Sir A. Cockburn), and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chelmsford: who (as Sir F. Thesiger) was, when they two were at the head of the common law Bar, his great professional rival and competitor. Next come the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury, and that venerable and remarkable man, Lord Justice Knight Bruce, who were so long the two most distinguished men in the Court of Chancery, and resembled each other in rich intellectual endowments, and in that gift of caustic sarcasm which more than once brought them into collision. Then will come a group of grave and reverend men, for half a century contemporaries and competitors for forensic fame, and now coadjutors in judicial honors: Lord Chief Justice Erle, the late Lord Chief Baron, Sir Frederick Pollock, and the present Lord Chief Baron, Sir Fitzroy Kelly. Next comes the Chief Judge of a court of the deepest interest to our lady readers—Sir James Wilde, judge of the Divorce and Matrimonial Court, with whom we shall associate the judge who was once named to succeed him, and who is not more remarkable for his learning than for chivalrous feeling for the fairer and softer sex, Mr. Justice Willes. Then come a group of judges of singularly racy, vigorous, and original character: Mr. Baron Martin, Mr. Baron Bramwell, and Mr. Justice Blackburne. Then come Mr. Justice Shee, who, when raised to the Bench, was the foremost orator of the Bar, and his old antagonist and friend—the most wonderful instance of energy and earnestness at the Bar, since Sir Thomas Wilde left it—Mr. Montague Chambers. Then we come to the heads of the Bar, and its most accomplished orators, who happen to be advocates in the Chancery courts: the late Attorney-General (Sir Roundell Palmer), Sir Hugh Cairns, and Mr. Rolt, the late Lord Advocate, and the Queen's Advocate.

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Then we come to the foremost advocates at the common-law Bar: Mr. E. James, and Sir W. Bovill, Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Karslake, who are now constantly seen opposed to each other, and have gone all through their career together, and are a striking contrast to each other. Then come a group of the wits and humorists of the Bar: Mr. Giffard, Mr. Sergeant Hayes, Mr. Joseph Brown, and Mr. Thomas Jones—or “Tom Jones,” as he is familiarly called in Westminster Hall and on the Great Northern Circuit, all through which he is well known by that familiar cognomen. Lastly, come a group of what we may call the “Sporting Bar,” meaning by that, not sporting men (though they are fond of sport), but men certain to be engaged in what the Bar call “sporting cases:” Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, Mr. Sergeant Parry—all well-known and remarkable characters, whose names are daily seen in the newspapers. Such is our programme: and now we may fitly commence with—

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

When Sir Alexander Cockburn was made Lord Chief Justice, a few years ago, he was the most perfect and finished advocate at the Bar; and he is now, beyond all comparison, the most able and accomplished judge upon the Bench; so that, in every sense—in ability as in rank—he is the acknowledged head of the profession. You can see at once that he is a man of intellect and spirit. The lofty brow, the clear, generous eyes, the frank, quick, bright countenance—all, at first sight, even through the imperfect medium of a likeness, are attractive and prepossessing. They give, in short, the true impression of the man: the idea of a man of genius—of warm and generous heart. A poet has drawn his portrait in a line—

“Genius is written on his broad clear brow.”

You will not see a finer face in Westminster Hall. The other day a thoughtful young barrister came into court, and after sitting for a few minutes looking at him, turned round and said to the writer, “What a noble countenance!” It was the natural, spontaneous tribute of the moment, and it was as good a portraiture

as words could give. It is indeed a noble countenance. It is the reflection of a clear intellect, which has been finely educated, and nobly exercised. It is open, candid, and engaging in its expression; it has a singular brightness and clearness, at the same time a calmness of look, the result of a conscious intellectual power. It gives the idea at once of a great intellect in repose—like the stillness of a deep yet clear sea, its surface brightened by the sun, and its depths as clear as crystal. His voice is like his countenance—it is frank, bright, clear, and lively. His utterance is easy, natural, and unstudied; his manner ever genial and graceful: he is habitually grave and thoughtful, but always thoroughly unaffected, and ready to be pleasant and playful in a moment. His demeanor has a happy union of dignity and grace. This comes of good blood and high breeding: he is of an ancient family, was highly educated, and has always moved in the best society: hence his manners have an exquisite tact, and a tone of delicate and refined courtesy; and, in short, he is—as becomes the Lord Chief Justice of England—the best-bred man upon the Bench. And those delightful manners—that exquisite politeness, that charming ease and grace, that genial spirit—which have made him so charming in society, have made him the favorite of the Bar. The Court of Queen's Bench, under his presidency, has been thus described in half a dozen lines, which well portray his judicial character and demeanor:

"And I have seen a court where every man
Felt himself in the presence of a gentleman;
Whose genial courtesy made all things genial,
Whose exquisite bearing captiv'd all men's
love;

Whose sun-bright justice brightened every
cause,

And sent even him who lost away content."

This is a perfect portraiture, drawn by one who is both an advocate and a poet.

Sir Alexander is admired by the Bar; and well he may be, for he is the ideal of a judge. You can see it all in his countenance, if you gaze upon him as he sits upon the Bench. His whole aspect gives the idea of a great intellect calm and quiet under the influence of a judi-

cial spirit. He looks the very embodiment of Justice—calm, unimpassioned, and serene. His demeanor on the Bench is remarkable for its calmness, and its easy, unconscious air of power and self-possession, which nothing, even for an instant, ruffles or disturbs. No weight of difficulty seems to oppress him; no multiplicity of details to perplex or confuse; no elements of excitement to disturb him: he has always that ease, that calmness of tone and manner which are so great a judicial gift, and are the undoubted marks of a great intellect. There has never been, in living memory, one who has achieved so rapidly so high a reputation as a great judge. Even while he was at the Bar he was marked by qualities which showed him highly qualified for the Bench. He showed a singular union of genius and judgment; his most brilliant gifts were under the guidance of good sense, and his very eloquence, as an advocate, had in it not only consummate forensic skill but something of judicial spirit. His style was copious, but never diffuse or verbose; he was never carried away (so to speak) by his eloquence: he never seemed to say a word too much. His choice of words was always remarkably correct, and his diction was as perfect as his elocution. His delivery was always marked with propriety, dignity, and good taste. Even in his outbursts of feeling he was never betrayed into any extravagance of sentiment. His eloquence was always real and genuine, and the offspring of his generous nature; he has brought it to the Bench, and often displays it there. The bright gift often flashes out even amid the enforced calmness of judicial duty. To listen to a summing up of his in a great case is a lofty treat—a great intellectual delight. As a judge, he is perfect: he unites every judicial gift with every judicial grace.

As Sir Alexander Cockburn, before his elevation to the Bench, had been in his youth a man of gayety and gallantry, and in his maturer age had been a politician and a brilliant parliamentary orator, it was not supposed he would make a very superior Chief Justice, and the profession was not predisposed to think so highly of his acquirements as a lawyer as of his gifts as an orator. But they

overlooked the advantages of genius and intellect, and underrated the power they give a man to acquire speedily the principles of a science which, once mastered, is perfectly easy to men of preëminent ability. They also underrated the strength of the stimulant supplied by a keen sense of honor and a sensitive feeling of duty. Sir Alexander had a first-rate capacity for law: the clear intellect, the comprehensive mind, the logical habit of thought, the candid and considerate disposition, the mental faculties—at once brilliant and well-disciplined, cultivated and exercised—all these were brought to bear upon the subject which came before him with the most patient attention and persevering exertion; and the result was that, after a few years, during which he grew wonderfully in the estimation of the Bar, he acquired a very high judicial reputation, and has been spoken of in the House of Commons as one of the ablest Chief Justices that ever sat in Westminster Hall. Probably there never was a more remarkable and more rapid rise of a judicial reputation. Sir Alexander has this among his many great gifts—a power of prompt and ready expression in the most correct and copious diction. Hence he has always been distinguished by his judgment on charges which, although delivered off-hand, have long been distinguished for their marked and superior ability. It has become a common saying in Westminster Hall that, give the Lord Chief Justice time to make himself master of a case, and no one so clearly marshals and arranges the most complicated facts, or more lucidly applies the legal principles involved.

He soon became so remarkable for this that *causes célèbres* were carried into his court for the purpose of securing a trial before him, and his summings-up in such cases have been regarded as most masterly and luminous judicial compositions; while, at times, the beauty of his sentiments and the eloquence of his language have elicited involuntary outbreaks of applause, and have startled the cold stillness of courts of law with the sound of the homage paid to genius and eloquence. Nor has this been so only in his summings-up; it has ever been so in judgments strictly legal. Never since the time of Lord Mansfield has there been

a Chief Justice whose genius has had greater power to give a charm even to the exposition and application of legal principles by clear diction and a luminous style. This was exemplified, in a remarkable manner, in his judgment, when Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the great *Shrewsbury* case. After a protracted argument, which had taxed to the utmost the ablest counsel at the Bar, including the then Attorney-General, Sir R. Bethell, the Lord Chief Justice at once pronounced an elaborate and luminous judgment, so admirable in its diction that it might sometimes be called eloquent, but which, at all events, was a judicial masterpiece, and a perfect triumph of intellectual power. It excited the jealousy of Sir R. Bethell to such a degree that, when arguing against it in the Court of Error (where it was confirmed), he took occasion to sneer at it thus: "These principles, my lord (he said), are not to be set aside by an *eloquent judgment delivered in popular language*." This sneer, bitter as it was, contained the best tribute to the wonderful judgment against which it was aimed, for it *was* eloquent, and it *did* render a most difficult and complicated case quite clear, by putting it into "*popular language*." And this is the great characteristic of Sir Alexander Cockburn's judicial style. It is eminently lucid and luminous, and excels in making difficult subjects clear, even to the popular mind. Perhaps his best eulogy might be given in the words of a lady, who said: "I don't know how it is, but I always seem to understand Sir Alexander Cockburn's cases; he makes them seem so clear to me."

Since he has become Lord Chief Justice of England, he has tried a series of most remarkable cases, and his manner of trying them has obtained him a brilliant judicial reputation. In every instance, even although against popular prejudice, he has led the jury to the verdict which justice appeared to require; and this has often demanded and displayed consummate ability and surpassing skill.

It is an intellectual treat of the highest order to see Sir Alexander try a great case. Such clearness of mind—such calm, easy self-possession—such comprehensive memory—such logical arrangement of facts—such correct and acute apprecia-

tion of their force—such power of expression—such correct and copious diction—all forming a combination of judicial excellences delightful to see displayed; while throughout there are an indescribable charm and ease and grace of manner, and the spirit of exquisite courtesy which adorn the seat of justice, and form the highest ornament of the judicial dignity. Never was that high office of Lord Chief Justice of England more worthily filled than it is now by a man who unites the clear intellect of Mansfield with the dignity of Denman, and blends with them a grace, a courtesy, and genius all his own.

It would, indeed, be an exaggeration to say that Sir Alexander Cockburn's mental or judicial character was perfection. There are flaws in every character; and the utmost that the most ardent admirer of Sir Alexander could say would be that he was as near to perfection as possible.

Since Sir Alexander Cockburn became Lord Chief Justice of England, his remarkable judicial abilities have been developed and displayed in the trial of many causes of such great and general interest as to attract public attention to an extraordinary degree; and the result has been to excite public admiration very strongly, and to establish his superiority as a *Nisi Prius* judge. Such was the case, for instance, with the action by Colonel Dickson against General Peel, the Earl of Wilton, and Lord Combermere, which took eight days in its trial, and ended in a result quite in accordance with the general opinion, though different from that which had attended a former trial, of a similar action arising out of the same case before Lord Campbell, the late Lord Chief Justice. On that occasion, those who had attended both trials were struck with the superiority of the present Lord Chief Justice over his predecessor in the manner in which he dealt with the case. Indeed, Sir Alexander Cockburn's judicial style is perfect, and his mode of trying a really great case is something admirable. His calm judicial spirit and tone throughout—his thorough freedom from all prejudice or bias—and painstaking patience of investigation—his entire reservation of his opinion until the close of the case—his masterly ability in summing it up to the jury—his grasp and mastery of

the facts, however numerous and complicated—his clear and careful arrangement of them—his judicial manner of dealing with them—his convincing way of putting them in their true light—his variety, lucidity, and often beauty of expression; and all through, the charm and grace of his manner—his good humor and good temper—his easy, wellbred tone of speaking—all constitute the perfection of judicial style, and fairly realize and satisfy the ideal of a great judge engaged in the trial of a great case. It is really an intellectual treat, and a high gratification at once to the sense of justice, the love of truth, and the perception of genius, eloquence, and intellect.

The recent Matlock will case was another illustration. That, also, was a monster trial, a *cause célèbre*; and no one who heard will ever forget that wonderful and admirable summing-up. The case was a remarkable illustration of Sir Alexander Cockburn's immense superiority as a *Nisi Prius* judge; for it had been already tried before the other two chiefs; first, before Lord Chief Justice Erle, and then before Frederick Pollock, the Lord Chief Baron. Unfortunately, at the first trial, the jury went wrong, and found in favor of the forged will. On the trial before Sir F. Pollock, his great experience enabled him to see where the truth lay, and under his guidance the jury found a verdict *against* the forged will and codicils; but then the House of Lords were not satisfied with the way he put the case, and so there was another—a third—trial ordered before the Lord Chief Justice of England. Perhaps there never was, therefore, a fairer trial of judicial skill in a greater case.

It involved the right to large estates, and it raised the terrible issues of forgery, perjury, and subornation of perjury; for two witnesses in a respectable position swore they attested the codicils declared to have been forged. There was an enormous mass of evidence; and, what was worse, it was so contradictory that it was extremely difficult to get at the truth, and still more so to get the jury to perceive it. But it was now tried before a master, both of forensic and judicial skill; before one who, while at the Bar, had been in many great will cases, and whose mind was eminently clear and capacious—a

judge of whom one of the advocates said: "There sits on the Bench one who, as an advocate, has often displayed his great powers in causes of this magnitude, and who would now throw upon it the light of his clear and practiced intellect." And he did so in a summing-up of several hours, in which the evidence was arranged and analyzed with such acuteness and such skill, as left not the shadow of doubt on the mind of any one who heard it that the will and codicils had been forged. He had to deal with the difficulty the jury would naturally feel in convicting several persons in a most respectable position in life of such foul crimes. He did not shrink from it: he put it boldly before them at the very outset, and all through. "It is impossible to shrink from dealing with the case as one which involves a charge of conspiracy to commit fraud, forgery, and perjury. . . . And no doubt the presumption must be in favor of innocence, and more especially in the instance of persons of respectable character. But, on the other hand, suppose those persons were here on their trial for conspiracy, and that the evidence led you to the conclusion that they were guilty, what effect would their former character have upon you? It might make you pause and hesitate before you came to the conclusion of their guilt; but if the evidence satisfied you of it, then the character they had previously been able to maintain would not prevent you from pronouncing it by your verdict now; or if the evidence here leads you to the same conclusion, then, however painful may be the discharge of your duty, you must not shrink from it any the more than if these persons were arraigned before you criminally. . . . It is true, no doubt, that poor men may have a high sense of honor and integrity, but, as we know, poverty exposes men to temptation. The great master of human nature represents one of his characters saying, 'My poverty, but not my will, consents.' And it is undoubtedly true that sometimes a man who, beyond the reach of want, would not swerve from rectitude, is led away by temptation under the pressure of necessity. Start, if you please, with the presumption that men who up to a certain time have main-

tained an untarnished character are not likely to enter into a nefarious conspiracy to commit forgery and perjury. But you must not carry that too far. And if the evidence satisfies you that there was a forgery, and that these men were parties to it, you must not shrink from saying so by your verdict merely from the notion that it is impossible that such men should be guilty of such crimes."

This passage is a very good illustration of Sir Alexander Cockburn's judicial style—the union of a clear, calm, reflective intellect with great knowledge of the world and singular felicity of expression and happiness of elucidation or illustration. The result in this case was decisive. The jury, without difficulty, returned a verdict approving the forgery of the will, and the Court of Chancery and the House of Lords were at last satisfied, and declined to disturb the verdict.

So in another and more recent case. This also was a *cause célèbre*, and had a ten days' trial; and it raised a painful, a delicate, and difficult issue, or, rather, was complicated with several issues of that character, for it was a case in which a husband had sued his wife for a divorce, and she had sued him for a separation; and he had failed and she had succeeded; and he now sued his attorney for losing on his side. The Lord Chief Justice, after hearing the whole of the evidence, wished, as most of those who heard it did, to save at once the lady, the husband, and the attorney. The young lady herself had been examined, and many of her letters read, and had inspired much sympathy; the attorney was a most respectable man, and had done his best; and, on the other hand, the husband was a young officer, who, if he did not clear his character, would be ruined at the very outset of his career in life. The object was to save all three; and any one can see in a moment that it was an object in which it was easy to feel a sympathy, but which, at the same time, was embarrassed with the most awkward difficulty; the more so, because husband and wife were still most hostile to each other. The husband did his utmost to make her out guilty, and to throw blame upon the attorney for not having succeeded in making her out so in the Divorce Court, and for having, indeed, settled her suit after

failing in his. Here, then, was a task requiring the most exquisite skill and delicacy. And no one could hear without unbounded admiration the summing-up of the Lord Justice, which, though it occupied six hours in its delivery, was yet listened to not only without weariness, but with pleased attention, and with hardly any sense of the lapse of time, until the last. It embraced and arranged in the most masterly manner the immense mass of evidence, both of facts and of letters, which had been brought before the court, and pointed out, in the most clear, acute, and convincing way, their bearing on the various and complicated issues raised in that extraordinary case; and which, with wonderful skill, brought a jury, who were confused and divided by opposite prejudices, in the result, to the right result.

In the opinion of persons of experience who heard that case, that summing-up was the most remarkable instance of judicial ability and skill ever witnessed within living memory. The difficulty was this: that by certain circumstances such strong feelings had been excited about the case that it was perfectly plain, from the demeanor of the jury, that, as it turned out, they were pretty equally divided in their view of it, and that while one half were for giving a verdict for the plaintiff, with large damages, which would have been deemed a grievous wrong to the defendant, the other half were for giving a verdict in favor of the defendant, which, it was thought would destroy the character of the plaintiff, who had brought the action mainly to restore his character, and did not care, he professed, for damages, if that object were attained. The Lord Chief Justice desired to restore his character, being of opinion that the case against him was not supported; and, on the other hand, desired to protect the defendant from an adverse verdict, lest it should inflict on his professional reputation a wound which it was universally considered had not been deserved. He had, therefore, to lead both sections of the jury, which were bent upon going wrong in opposite directions, to a middle line, which would be the line of truth and justice, and unite them both in a fair and equitable verdict. This he did with consummate skill, by de-

picting on the one hand the improbability of such youthful depravity as would be involved in the theory either that the plaintiff's wife had been guilty, or that the plaintiff was guilty of wilfully bringing a false accusation of guilt against her; and he brought all his experience of the world, and all his moving eloquence, to ward off both conclusions, and to guide to the conclusion that the suit between the plaintiff and his wife had risen from unfortunate misunderstandings and mistakes, and that circumstances and appearances were unhappily so much against both parties, that the present defendant, the attorney, was not to blame for not being able to see through the case; so that the jury could find that neither the plaintiff nor his wife was guilty, and that the defendant was not to blame. And this the jury accordingly did—expressly and in terms—find, although, it is true, they afterwards—not very creditably—so far altered their finding as to give a verdict for the plaintiff, with nominal damages. That was, of course, inconsistent with their express finding that the defendant was not to blame, and it came, in substance, to the same result; so that both parties were saved, and neither of them ruined by the trial, as one or the other must have been by a different verdict.

We repeat, that persons of much experience who heard that case declared it the most wonderful triumph of judicial skill that had ever been witnessed within their memory. And it is difficult to convey an idea of the union of masterly skill and of moving eloquence which characterized the charge throughout. The touching passage, for instance, in which, arguing against the young lady's guilt, he dwelt upon the proof afforded by her letters that she was beyond all doubt attached to her husband, whom she had just married; and urged that it was too much for human nature to believe that a young girl, at the very time she is absorbed with love for one man she is about to marry, would suffer herself to be seduced by another, "or ere those shoes were old in which she had wandered with him fondly over those Welsh hills!" The whole passage was full of beauty, and betrayed at once a thorough knowledge of the human heart, a won-

derful power of close and sustained thought, and a perfect mastery of language and command of expression.

Most of our readers will probably remember reading in the columns of the *Times* during the last few years summings-up of the Lord Chief Justice in remarkable cases, and will recall how they have been struck with the clearness of expression and the justness of thought which characterized them; but no one who has not heard one of them can form an idea of the pure, dispassionate, and thoughtful tone which pervades them, the beauty of elocution, the grand dignity of delivery. This combination of judicial gifts and graces makes Sir Alexander Cockburn a most consummate *Nisi Prius* judge, perhaps the finest that has been seen during our own times upon the Bench. It is a fine intellectual treat of the highest order to hear him sum up a great case; and beyond all doubt, take him all in all, he is, as the Lord Chief Justice of England ought to be, the most gifted judge in Westminster Hall.

From him we pass naturally to his old forensic competitor, the late Sir F. Thesiger, now Lord Chancellor.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD CHELMSFORD.

We group with Sir Alexander Cockburn one who for many years was constantly his forensic rival and political opponent, but always, in private, his intimate friend, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chelmsford, once so well known as Sir F. Thesiger. There are points of resemblance and of contrast between the two men. Lord Chelmsford is taller than Sir Alexander, and has firmer, keener, and more determined features; and a dark, hawk-like eye, instead of Sir Alexander's mild, clear, kindly-looking blue eyes (although they are keen too, but not in the same way—rather clear than keen); but, like Sir Alexander, he has always moved in the very highest society, and his manners have that courtly air and tone of high breeding which have been described as distinguishing Sir Alexander. Lord Chelmsford is a tall, fine, handsome, stately looking man, and though now of considerable age, fast verging towards seventy, still carries himself loftily and proudly, and has a remarkable mixture of the tone of the

courtier and the lawyer. You will rarely see a man so courtly and so keen. There is this distinction between him and Sir Alexander, that he is not nearly so genial as Sir Alexander, and he has a tone of sarcasm in his voice even when most studiously courteous. His very jests or stories—and he is full of them—are sarcastic, and he is in this respect like Sir Alexander, that he is singularly happy in retort or repartee. But then, unlike Sir Alexander, his retorts are generally not only witty but sarcastic, and have not Sir Alexander's genial tone in them. He has, in fact, altogether a colder and more severe cast of character than that of Sir Alexander. This gave him apparently greater power in cross-examination. It was difficult, however, to say which of the two was most successful, such was the great skill, the delicate tact of Sir Alexander, who was marvellously acute and adroit. They have in former days fought many a great forensic fight together, and it was a fine thing to see two such advocates engaged in contest, perhaps for great estates, as in the Swinfen case, which, we believe, was pretty nearly the last in which they were engaged. But the most remarkable case in which Sir F. Thesiger was engaged was the memorable case of the horse-dealer and forger, Provis, who, sixteen or seventeen years ago, set up a claim as the heir to large estates in Gloucestershire. Those who were present still describe, and will never forget, the cross-examination of the miscreant by Sir F. Thesiger during great part of two days, until, at last, he all but fainted in the box, and fairly gave up. He was at once committed for forgery, and destroyed himself in jail. There was terrible power in Sir Frederick's cross-examination, as any one can well imagine who hears him speak now, even in familiar conversation. Such sarcastic suavity; such mocking irony; such a lofty air; such insidious, expressive emphasis of tone; such bitter pungency of comment or retort—there were few who could come unscathed out of such a searching, scathing ordeal. You can see a good deal of this in his features—a keen, hawk-eyed man, with acute look, and searching glance, and imposing aspect. Such was the only man at the Bar thought fit to combat with Sir Alex-

ander, and Sir Alexander was the only man at the Bar thought fit to cope with him.

London Review.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMIES.

IF the old proverb that "the best way to insure peace is to be prepared for war" holds good in our days, Europe may surely hope to see no more fighting for the next half century. All over the Continent are monarchs and states not only rearming their troops, but increasing the number of the latter to an extent scarcely credible. It is calculated that if the new project of the French Emperor be carried out, there will be by the end of next summer, between the forces of France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, nearly five millions of men who, at a week's notice, could spring to arms as quickly as a single battalion could be got ready for a campaign. Nor will these vast levies consist of mere conscripts who must be drilled before they can take the field. One and all, every man among them, will be a trained soldier fit for immediate duty, and armed with a weapon which has already proved its superiority in the field. Whether any of these gigantic armies will ever take the field, or whether we shall ever witness another monster war like that of last autumn, ended in seven days, are problems which time alone can solve. This much, however, is certain; that when military Powers seek causes for fighting, they have seldom long to search; and that when universal distrust exists among nations, an appeal to arms is sooner or later sure to be attempted. Above all, there is the danger of military popularity being desired—of sovereigns feeling that almost a condition of their continuing to rule is that they should stand well with their troops. Of late years this last reason has caused the shedding of not a little blood, and the waste of not a little money. To-day there are, in Europe and in the East, questions which may at any time cause a war in which nearly all the Continent might be involved. In England we ought to be thankful that our geographical position keeps us free from being mixed up with what does not immediate-

ly concern us, but this should no more be a reason for our deferring any longer a reform of our military system than it ought to serve as an excuse for not arming our troops with breech-loaders. We are not a military nation, but, as a first-class Power, we ought to be prepared to hold our own; and it is impossible to say whether, in the event of a general war in Europe, we might not be called upon to take something more than a neutral part in the events of the day. In any case, with us if not with the rest of the world, the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for whatever may happen.

Whether our army, as at present constituted, would be able to hold its own in the event of war, is a question which should be fairly met, for assuredly it is one which must ere long be answered. In more every-day language, Do we get in our land forces the money's worth of what we expend? To this there can be but one reply. England does not want a large army as compared with those of foreign nations, for being an island our naval forces must be to us what frontier forts and their garrisons are to continental nations. But if not a numerous, we ought certainly to have an effective force; we ought, in plain terms, to have the value of what we pay for, and this is exactly what we have not. In an article that appeared in these columns about two months ago, we showed the enormous relative difference between the French and English army estimates for the years 1864-65, a period which may be taken as a fair average sample of the military expenditure of both nations. For an army of 145,450 men and 14,116 horses, we paid £15,139,379; whereas the French, for an army of 400,000 men, a reserve of 150,000, and 105,000 horses, paid £14,599,000. In other words, we paid—and still do pay, for if our army estimates are lessened a little of late, the reduction has been caused by a reduction of our troops—more than half a million sterling in excess of the French, and for this money we had only a fourth the number of their men, and little more than a sixth the number of their horses. Certainly if ever the sentence of military mismanagement was deserved it must be pronounced upon the English military au-

thorities of the day. What can be done in one country may be effected in another. It is true that in some respects it would be but natural to expect that we should expend in proportion more than our neighbors upon our army. The rate of pay for both officers and men is higher in this country than in France, but on the other hand the clothing of the troops must be cheaper with us than with them, and whereas their men are enlisted for but seven years and ours for ten and twelve, the constant enrolling new hands, and sending away of those who have served their time, must be a continual source of expense. But calculate the outlay as we will, nothing could possibly justify such an enormous difference of the one army over the other. The only way to account for it is the utter want of management, and that determination which we see so prevalent in our military high places to regard the army as an institution supported out of the public purse for the benefit of a certain class, and not as one paid for by the public at large, in which the good of the nation alone should be considered.

In the French army an officer is, from the very outset of his career, on a different footing than in our service. To obtain a commission in that country there are but two paths to pursue, the one by the barrack room, through the ranks and the non-commissioned grades; the other through the military school; and both these roads are perfectly open to any French-born subject free from physical defects. A young man who may have passed the age of entering the military college—or who, having been there, has preferred amusement to study, and failed to pass his examination—enters the army as a private soldier, and if he can once obtain the rank of corporal, behaves steadily, and shows he has the making of a good average officer, is certain in six or seven years to pass from corporal to sergeant, from sergeant to sergeant-major, and from that to sub-lieutenant. Once he has obtained the epaulet he knows that his future career is on the same footing with that of his comrades who have passed through St. Cyr. If he is an efficient officer, he is certain to get on; if the contrary, as sure to remain unpromoted. To him there is not, as in

the English army, any shame in the fact that he rose from the ranks, for more than half his brother officers have done the same; and in those ranks will be found at the present day many as gallant gentlemen, bearing as honorable names, as ever drew sword under any flag. Every year a French regiment undergoes an inspection—not a matter of half form and whole compliment, as with us, but a business lasting several days, during which the inspector of the division—who is not the general commanding the district, but an officer of that rank, who has no duty to do save that of minutely inspecting every corps in a given military circle—sees *tête-à-tête*, for half an hour or more, every officer of the regiment, and puts to him—no one else being present—such questions as he may think fit; the chief of his staff seeing, in the same way, one by one, all the non-commissioned officers of the corps. No wonder that French regiments, brigades, and divisions, are well commanded, when, from the very outset of their career, such pains are taken to find out the good points, as well as the failings, of every officer and non-commissioned officer in the army. A third of all promotion is given by seniority, and two thirds by selection. When an officer is deemed unfit for higher command, he is allowed to retire upon his pension, provided he has served long enough. There are also garrison appointments and service with recruiting *dépôts*, which are given to those who are deemed unsuited for posts of greater responsibility. After the rank of captain all promotion is by selection, and the French go throughout on the principle that although an officer may make an excellent major, he may be unsuited for the rank of lieutenant-colonel, or one who fills the latter rank well, may not be fit for the responsibilities of colonel. In short, their military authorities proceed very much on the plan that our Admiralty has done of late years, endeavoring always to select the right man for the right place, and the more responsible the post, the greater care in the choice. The same real economy is shown in the French army, with respect to the nomination of their officers, that exists in a well-conducted household with regard to the servants: to take none but the very best

men, and to promote the most deserving to any vacant post. With us, provided an officer gets through the almost nominal examinations before being promoted to lieutenant, and again ere he gets his captaincy, nothing but time and a certain amount of money is required in order that he attain the rank of general officer, and the more money he has, the higher price he can pay to exchange here and there where there are certain "steps" in immediate prospect, the quicker will he get to the top of the tree. In a word, with our neighbors professional merit is the *sine qua non* for advancement; with us the same end must be, and only can be, attained by money.

Again the economy with which the French army is managed, as compared to ours, is most effectually shown by the number of field officers who are required to command the same number of men in the two services. In England an infantry regiment consists of a single battalion, the average strength of which is about 800 men. With the French a similar corps consists of three battalions, each one of which is also about 800 strong. To command this body of 2400 men, the French employ one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, and three majors. With us the three battalions of similar strength have three colonels (their posts are sinecures, but well paid), three lieutenant-colonels, and six majors; and when this is calculated on a larger scale, of course the difference becomes immense. Thus, for sixty English battalions we require sixty colonels, sixty lieutenant-colonels, and a hundred and twenty majors; whereas, in the French army, their sixty battalions would be condensed into twenty regiments, and would require but twenty colonels, the same number of lieutenant-colonels, and sixty majors. In the French service, the *chasseur-à-pied*, or rifle regiments, consist of but one battalion, and these are commanded by officers of the rank of major. When this immense numerical difference of the field officers is taken into account, one large item which makes such a vast increase in our military expenditure over that of the French must be pretty well accounted for.

But there is another anomaly in the English army of which the French can-

not boast, and that is the large flock of well-dressed, gentlemanly, middle-aged men, who are to be met everywhere in this country, and who belong to the half-pay or "unattached" list of field officers. It is not too much to say that of hale, hearty gentlemen in the prime of life, who hold the rank of colonel or major, but who have done no duty for years, and intend to do none for a very much longer time if possible, we have almost enough to officer a second army. Of this article of luxury our neighbors know nothing. They have but two classes of officers—those on active service, and those who, having served, are drawing their well-earned pensions. Of what use a plain-clothes body of men, who ought to be doing hard work in the Colonies, can be to the nation at large, the French have no idea whatever; and we confess to sharing their ignorance as to the value of these half-pay worthies. Might not the order of the Iron Duke to "sail or sell" be to-day changed into "serve or sell" for the guidance of some scores of military idlers in England? Our army, if under-manned as regards the rank and file, is certainly over-officered as regards the higher regimental ranks, for, after employing more than three times the number of field officers that our neighbors employ, we have columns of our *Army Lists* filled by the names of gentlemen who hold rank, draw pay, and look forward to promotion, but do nothing. Of these, the sooner there is a gradual, but total clearance, the better for the service and the army estimates. It is singular to observe how very unpopular with the army in general are any suggestions of reform. With the navy it is otherwise. There are always plenty of naval men ready to comment upon the working of their service, and to suggest improvements. And yet in no part of the world is there, on the whole, a more impartial system of promotion than under the British Admiralty. But what would become of our ships and of our maritime power, if commands were with them but so many objects of barter? To comment upon our army, how it is officered, how it works, and what it costs when compared to the French, is humiliating enough. Where we should be in the scale of nations if we had to write down

our navy as bearing the same inferiority to the marine of Napoleon III., even our military anti-reformers may easily imagine. The French army organization is so good as to be almost perfect; our own is so defective as almost to defy reform, and to require an entire reconstruction.

North British Review.

KEBLE AND "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."*

WHEN, in 1835, Keble left the home of his childhood for the vicarage of Hursley, he found a church there not at all to his mind. It seems to have been a plain, not beautiful, building of flint and rubble. Keble determined to have a new one built—new all but the tower—and in this he employed the profits of the many editions of *The Christian Year*; and when the building was finished, his friends, in token of their regard for him, filled all the windows with stained glass. "Here daily for the residue of his life until interrupted by the failing health of Mrs. Keble and his own, did he minister. . . . He had not, in the popular sense, great gifts of delivery; his voice was not powerful, nor was his ear perfect for harmony of sound; but I think it was difficult not to be impressed deeply both by his reading and his preaching; when he read, you saw that he felt, and he made you feel, that he was the servant of God, delivering His words; or leading you, as one of like infirmities and sins with your own, in your prayer. When he preached it was with an affectionate simplicity and hearty earnestness which were very moving; and the sermons themselves were at all times full of that abundant scriptural knowledge which was the most remarkable quality in him as a divine: it has always seemed to me among the most striking characteristics of *The Christian Year*. It is well known what his belief and feelings were in regard to the Sacraments. I remember on one occasion when I was present at a christening as godfather, how much he affected me, when a consciousness of his sense of the grace conferred became present to me. As he kept the newly baptized in-

fant for some moments in his arms, he gazed on it intently and lovingly with a tear in his eye, and apparently absorbed in the thought of the child of wrath become the child of grace. Here his natural affections gave clearness and intensity to his belief; the fondest mother never loved children more dearly than this childless man."

When Newman was gone, on Keble, along with Dr. Pusey, was thrown the chief burden of the toil and responsibility arising out of his position in the Church. Naturally there was great searching of hearts among all the followers of the Oxford theology. Keble had to give himself to counsel the perplexed, to strengthen the wavering, and, as far as might be, to heal the breaches that had been made. Throughout the ecclesiastical contests of the last twenty years, though never loud or obtrusive, he yet took a resolute part in maintaining the principles with which his life had been identified. One last extract from Sir J. Coleridge's beautiful sketch of his friend will give all that need here be said of this portion of Keble's life: "Circumstances had now placed him in a position which he would never have desired for himself, but from which a sense of duty compelled him not to shrink. Questions one after another arose touching the faith or the discipline of the Church, and affecting, as he believed, the morals and religion of the people. I need not specify the decisions of Courts or the proceedings in Parliament to which I allude; those whose consciences were disturbed, but who shrunk from public discussion, and those who stirred themselves in canvassing their propriety, or in counteracting their consequences, equally turned to him as a comforter and adviser in private and in public, and he could not turn a deaf ear to such applications. It is difficult to say with what affectionate zeal and industry he devoted himself to such cares, how much, and at length it is to be feared how injuriously to his health, he spent his time and strength in the labor these brought on him. Many of these involved, of course, questions of law, and it was not seldom that he applied to me—and thus I can testify with what care and learning and acuteness he wrote upon them. Many of his fugitive pieces were thus occasion-

* Concluded from page 192.

ed; and should these be, as they ought to be, collected, they will be found to possess even more than temporary interest. I had occasion, but lately, to refer to his tract on *Marriage with the Wife's Sister*, and I can only hope that the question will soon be argued in Parliament with the soundness and clearness which are there employed. But even all this does not represent the calls made on his time by private correspondence, by personal visits, or, where it was necessary, by frequent, sometimes by long journeys, taken for the support of religion. I need hardly say that his manner of doing all this concurred in raising up for him that immense personal influence which he possessed; people found in their best adviser the most unpresuming, unwearied, affectionate friend, and they loved as well as venerated him."

The appearance of Dr. Newman's *Apologia* in 1864 was to Keble a great joy. Not that he had ever ceased to love Dr. Newman with his old affection, but the separation of now nearly twenty years, and the cause of it, had been to Keble the sorest trial of his life. If the book contained some things regarding the Church of England which must have pained Keble, there was much more in it to gladden him; not only the entire human-heartedness of its tone, which made its way to the hearts even of strangers, but the deep and tender affection which it breathes to Dr. Newman's early friends, and the proof it gave that Rome had made no change either in his heart or head which could hinder their real sympathy. The result was that in September last these three, Drs. Newman, Pusey and Mr. Keble, met under the roof of Hursley Vicarage, and after an interval of twenty years looked on each other's altered faces. It happened, however, that at the very time of this meeting Mrs. Keble had an alarming attack of illness. Keble writes: "He (Dr. Pusey) and J. H. N. met here the very day after my wife's attack. P., indeed, was present when the attack began. Trying as it all was, I was very glad to have them here, and to sit by them and listen."

Soon after this, in October, Mr. and Mrs. Keble left Hursley for Bournemouth not to return. Since the close of 1864 symptoms of declining health had shown

themselves in him also. The long strain of the duties that accumulated on him in his later years with the additional anxiety caused by Mrs. Keble's precarious health, had been gradually wearing him. After only a few days' illness he was taken to his rest on the day before last Good Friday. In a few weeks Mrs. Keble followed, and now they are laid side by side in Hursley churchyard.

The picture of this saintly life will of course be given in time to the world. It is earnestly to be hoped that the task will be intrusted to some one able to do justice to it. There are two kinds of biographies, and of each kind we have seen examples in our own time. One is as a golden chalice, held up by some wise hand, and gathering the earthly memory ere it is spilt on the ground. The other kind is as a millstone, hung by partial, yet ill-judging friend, round the hero's neck to plunge him as deep as possible in oblivion. In looking back on the eminent men of the last generation, we have seen one or two lives of the former stamp, many more of the latter. Let us indulge the hope that he who writes of Keble will take for his model the one or two nearly faultless biographies we possess; and, above all, that he will condense it within such limits as will commend it not only to partial friends, but also to all thoughtful readers.

By his character and influence Keble did more than perhaps any other man to bring about the most widely spread quickening of religious life which has taken place within the English Church since the Reformation. To him, and the party to which his very name was a tower of strength, England owes two great services. First, they, and they preëminently, have turned, and are still turning, a resolute front against the rationalizing spirit, which would pare down revelation to the measure of the human understanding—cut away its foundation in the supernatural, and virtually reduce it to a moral system encased perhaps in a few historic facts. Secondly, they have introduced into the English Church a higher order of character, and taught it, we might almost say, new virtues. They have diffused widely through the clergy the contagion of their own zeal and resoluteness, their self-devotion and Christian chivalry.

These are high services to have rendered to any country in any age. But this acknowledgment must be modified by two regrets: one, that with their defence of the faith they should have mixed up positions which are untenable, identifying with Christianity doctrines which are no part of it, but merely accretions gathered by the Church in its progress down the ages; the other, that they should have impaired the practical power of their example by the exclusive and unsympathetic side they have turned towards their fellow Christians in other Reformed communions. But though these things must be said, it is not as of a partisan that we would most think of Keble. The circumstances of his time forced him to take a side, but his nature was too pure and holy to find fit expression in polemics; and the memory of his rare and saintly character will, we trust, long survive in the hearts of his countrymen, when the party strifes in which it was his lot to mingle have passed into oblivion.

Of his two prose works, his edition of Hooker's Works, which has, we believe, superseded every other, and his life of the good Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man, the author of the *Sacra Privata*, we cannot speak. But before turning to *The Christian Year*, his later book of poetry, the *Lyra Innocentium*, must not be passed unnoticed. It appeared in 1846, at an interval of nearly twenty years after *The Christian Year*. This collection of poems he speaks of in May, 1845, as "a set of things which have been accumulating on me for the last three or four years. It has been a great comfort to me in the desolating anxiety of the last two years, and I wish I could settle at once on some other such work." Children, as we have seen, had always been peculiarly dear to this childless man, and he had at first wished to have made these poems a *Christian Year* for teachers and nurses, and others much employed about children. In time it took a different shape, but it is perhaps to be regretted that he had not made it what he at first intended. Children, their thoughts and ways, and the feelings they awaken in their elders, are themes of quite exhaustless interest. And yet how seldom has any poet of adequate tenderness and depth approached that mysterious world of

childhood! Wordsworth, indeed, has felt it deeply, and some of his most exquisite poems express it:

"Dearest boy, my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

Of the poems on children which the *Lyra Innocentium* contains, we are free to confess that they approach their subject too exclusively from the Church side for general interest. "Looking Westward," "The Bird's Nest," "Bereavement," are fine lyrics, equal perhaps to most in *The Christian Year*.

But there is no thought in the *Lyra Innocentium* about childhood that comes near that earlier strain in which the poet, as he looks on children ranged to receive their first lessons in religion, bursts forth:

"Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain."

"Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind."

"Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray;
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?"

Then, after an interval, he goes on:

"Each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames."

"And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe?"

Whatever the reason may be, certainly the later book does not strike home to the universal heart as *The Christian Year* did, and it never has attained anything like the same popularity.

The reference to ecclesiastical usages, not known to the many, and the more pronounced High-Church feeling which it embodies, will partly account for this. It is certainly much more restricted and less catholic in its range. Partly also it may be that the fountain of inspiration does not flow so fully as in earlier years.

It may not have been that time had chilled it; but other duties and cares had come upon him since his poetic springtime. Especially the polemical stir in which his share in the Oxford movement had involved him, and the anxiety in the midst of which the *Lyra Innocentium* was composed, must have left little of that leisure either of time or heart which is necessary for a free-flowing minstrelsy.

It may help to the fuller understanding of *The Christian Year*, if we turn for a moment to Keble's theory of poetry. He has set it forth at large in his *Praelections on Poetry*, more shortly in his review of the *Life of Scott*, which, once famous in Oxford, is almost unknown to the present generation. That review, which first appeared in the *British Critic*, is well worthy of being republished, both as an exposition of Keble's character and of his views on poetry, and also as a study of Scott by a reverential admirer, very unlike himself. The theory is, that poetry is the natural relief of minds overpowered by some engrossing idea, or strong emotion, or ruling taste, or imaginative regret, which, from some cause or other, they are kept from directly indulging. Rhythm and metrical form serve to regulate and restrain, while they express those strong or deep emotions, "which need relief, but cannot endure publicity." They are at once a "vent for eager feelings and a veil to draw over them. For the utterance of high or tender feeling, controlled and modified by a certain reserve, is the very soul of poetry."

On this principle Keble finds what he regards as an essential distinction between primary and secondary poets. Primary poets are they who are driven by some overmastering enthusiasm, by passionate devotion to some range of objects, or line of thought, or aspects of life or nature, to utter their feelings in song. They sing, as it were, because they cannot help it. There is a melody within them which will out—a fire in their blood which cannot be suppressed. This is the true poetic *μῆτις* of which Plato speaks. Secondary poets are not urged to poetry by any overflowing sentiment; but learning, admiration of great masters, choice, and a certain literary

turn, have made them poetic artists. They were not born, but being possessed of *εὐφροσύνη*, have made themselves poets. Of the former kind are Homer, Lucretius, Shakespeare, Burns, Scott; of the latter, Euripides, Dryden, Milton. This view, if it be somewhat too narrow a basis on which to found a comprehensive theory of poetry, certainly does lay hold of one side of the truth generally overlooked. In our own day how many are there, possessed of a large measure of artistic faculty, able to treat poetically anything they take up, wanting only in one thing—a subject which absorbs their interest. There is nothing in human life, or history, or nature, which they have made peculiarly their own, nothing about which they feel more deeply, or which they know more intimately, than the host of educated men. And so, though with a "skill in composition and felicity of language" greater than many poets possess, they are still felt to be literary men rather than poets, because they have no genuine impulse, no divine enthusiasm, driving them to seek relief in poetry.

If we apply to himself the author's own canon, *The Christian Year* would place him in the rank of primary poets. Not that it displays anything like the highest artistic faculty, but because it evidently flows from a native spring of inspiration. As far as it goes, it is genuine poetry. The author sings in a strain of his own of the things he has known, and felt, and loved. Beneath all the layers that early education and Oxford training have superimposed, there is felt to be a glow of internal heat not derived from these. The characteristic qualities of the book seem to be—*First*, a tone of religious feeling, deep and tender, beyond what was common even in religious men in the author's day, perhaps in any day; *secondly*, great intensity and tenderness of home affection; *thirdly*, a shy and delicate reserve, which loved quiet paths and shunned publicity; *fourthly*, a pure love of nature, and a spiritual eye to read nature's symbolism:

"He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending,
Of serious faith and inward glee."

To English Church people without num-

ber *The Christian Year* has long been not only a cherished classic, but a sacred book, which they place beside their Bible and their Prayer-Book. On the other hand, a generation of literary young men has grown up, who, having had their tastes formed on a newer, more highly spiced style of poetry, scarcely know *The Christian Year*, and if they knew it, would turn away from what seemed to them its meagre literary merit. It would be impossible to say anything regarding it which would not seem faint praise to the one class and exaggeration to the other. But without trying to meet the views of either, we may note for ourselves what seem to be its special characteristics:

I. It embodies deep and tender religious sentiment in a form which is old, and yet new. Our best critic has lately told us that "the inevitable business for the modern poet, as it was for the Greek poet in the days of Pericles, is to interpret human life afresh, and find a new spiritual basis for it." Keble did not think so. He was content with the interpretation which Christianity has put on human life, and wished only to read man and nature, as far as might be, in this light. Goethe, we suppose, is the great modern instance of a poet who has tried "to give a moral interpretation of man and the world from an independent point of view." Of course it would be simply ridiculous for a moment to place the poetic powers of Keble in comparison with such an one as Goethe. But, disparate as their powers are, Keble with his limited faculty, just by virtue of his having accepted the Christian interpretation, while the other rejected it, has spoken, we venture to think, more words that meet the simple needs of the heart, that satisfy man's highest moral aspirations, than Goethe, with all his world-wide breadth has done. The religion which Keble laid to heart and lived by, would not seem to come to him through prolonged spiritual conflicts, as did that of the great Puritans; neither had he reached it by laborious critical processes, as modern philosophers would have us do. He had learned it at his mother's knee. It was systematized and confirmed by the daily teaching of the Church which he so devoutly loved.

Time brought to it expansions from various quarters, but no break. The powerful influences of his university, direct and indirect, chivalry reawakening in Scott's poetry, meditative depth in Wordsworth—these all melted naturally into his primal faith, and combined with the general tendencies of the time to carry him in spirit back into those older ages where his imagination found ampler range, his devotion severer, more self-denying virtues than modern life engenders. Out of that great past he brought some of the sterner stuff of which the martyrs were made, and introduced it like iron into the blood of modern religious feeling. A poet who received all these influences into himself and vitalized them, could not but make the old new. For not till the authoritative had been inwardly transfused into the moral and spiritual did it for the most part find vent in his poetry. There are exceptions to this which form what we regard as among the shortcomings of *The Christian Year*. But in all its finer, more vital poems, the catholic faith has become personal, rests frankly on intuition and experience, as frankly as the vaguer, more impersonal meditations of greater poets:

"The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet,
But for the soul no home is found,
Save him who made it, meet.

Or, again, the well-known—

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live,
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die."

It is the many words, simple yet deep, devoutly Christian yet intensely human, like these, scattered throughout its pages, that have endeared *The Christian Year* to countless hearts within the English Church, and to many a heart beyond it. The new elements in the book are, perhaps, these—first, it translates religious sentiment out of the ancient and exclusively Hebrew dialect into the language of modern feeling. Hitherto English devotional poetry, with the exception, perhaps, of some passages in Cowper, had adhered rigorously to the scriptural imagery and phraseology. This, besides

immensely limiting their range, made their words often fall wide of modern life. Keble took thoughts and sentiments of which men at the present day are conscious, expressed them in fitting modern words, and transfused into them the Christian spirit; secondly, there is visible in him, first perhaps of his contemporaries, that which seems the best characteristic of modern religion, combined with devout reverence for the person of our Lord, a closer, more personal love to Him as to a living friend. There were, no doubt, rare exceptions here and there; but, generally speaking, religious men before spoke of our Lord in a more distant way, as one holding the central place rather in a dogmatic system than in the devout affections. The best men of our own time have gone beyond this. The Lord of the Gospels, in His Divine Humanity, has come nearer their hearts, and made Himself known in a more intimate and endearing way. In none, perhaps, was this change of feeling earlier seen or more strongly marked than in Keble. Then there is the close and abundant knowledge of Scripture. Without confining himself to the imagery or language of the Bible, he everywhere shows his intimacy with it, and interweaves his words gracefully with his own.

These are some of the more catholic notes of the book which have won for it a place in the affections of Christians of every communion. This catholicity of religious sentiment is, no doubt, its most valuable quality. From this some may be ready to draw an argument for Christian morality disjoined from Christian doctrine, or for some all-embracing religion which would comprehend whatever the various Churches agree in, discarding all in which they differ. What that residuum exactly is no one has yet stated. But before drawing such an argument from *The Christian Year*, it may be as well to ask whether that book would have been so charged with devout Christian sentiment if its author had not held with all his heart those doctrinal truths which in his case gave birth to that sentiment, but which many now wish to get rid of. If we value the consummate flower, it might be as well not to begin by cutting away the root. There is, however, another side on which *The*

Christian Year is less catholic in its character. This, which may be called its ecclesiastical side, is inherent in the very form of the book. A poem for each Sunday in the year would be welcome to very many, but then what is to determine the subject of each Sunday's poem? A chance verse or phrase in the Gospel for the day, as this is given in the Prayer-Book, is hardly a catholic or universal ground for fixing the subject. Again, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter Day, Whitsunday, have of course a catholic meaning, because these days, though not observed by all Churches, are yet memorials of the sacred facts by which all Christians live. But the lesser Saints' Days, Circumcision, Purification, as well as the occasional services, have a local and temporary, not a universal import. Accordingly, a perusal of the poems suggests what the preface to them confirms, that they did not all flow off from a free spontaneous inspiration awakened by the thought natural to each day, but that a good number were either poems previously composed and afterwards adapted to some particular Sunday, or written as it were to order after the thought of rounding *The Christian Year* had arisen. So clear does this seem that it would not be hard to go through the several poems and lay finger here on the spontaneous effusions, there on those of more labored manufacture. The former flow from end to end lucid in thought, simple and almost faultless in diction; no break in the sense, no obscurity; seldom any harshness or poverty in the diction. The others are imperfect in rhythm and language, defaced by the conventionalities of poetic diction, frequently obscure or artificial, the thread of thought broken or hard to divine. The one set are like mountain streams, that run clear and bright down the hillside in the sunshine, the other are like streams that find their way through difficult places, often hidden underground or buried in heaps of stones. Yet even the most defective of them come forth to light in some single verse of profound thought or tender feeling, so well expressed as to make the reader willingly forgive for that one gleam the imperfection of the rest.

II. The next quality we would notice

is the deep tone of home affection which runs through these poems. This, perhaps as much as anything, has endeared them to his home-loving countrymen. Such is that feeling for an ancient home breathed in—

"Since all that is not heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love:
With lulling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the giant away,
The crash of tower and grove.

"Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glade should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought."

Again, the hymn for St. Andrew's Day is so well known and loved as hardly to need quoting. Every line of it is instinct with simple pure affection, yet never, one might think, so deeply felt or so well expressed as here:

"When brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

"No fading frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done."

Besides the more obvious allusions to the household charities, there are many delicate, more reserved touches on the same chord. Such is the—

"I cannot paint to Memory's eye
The scene, the glance I dearest love—
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

"Meanwhile, if over sea or sky
Some tender lights unnoticed fleet,
Or on loved features dawn and die,
Unread, to us, their lessons sweet;

"Yet are there saddening sights around,
Which Heaven in mercy spares us too."

But there is no need to go on with quotations. Many more such passages will occur to every reader. High education and refined thought in him had not weakened, but only made natural affection more pure and intense. Yet in the affectionate tenderness there is no trace of effeminacy. True, the woman's heart

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everywhere shows itself. But as it has been said that in the countenance of most men of genius there is something of a womanly expression not seen in the faces of other men, so it is distinctive of true poetic temper that it carries the woman's heart within the man's. And certainly of no poet's heart does this hold more truly than that of Keble's. They, however, must be but blind critics, insensible to the finer pathos of human life, who have on this account called Keble's poetry "effeminate." The woman's heart in him is blended with the martyr's courage. Hardly any modern poetry breathes a firmer self-control, a more fixed yet calm resolve, a sterner self-denial. If these be qualities compatible with effeminacy, then Keble's poetry may be allowed to pass for effeminate. But those who brought this charge against it, misled, it may be, by the loud bluster that passes with many for manliness, seem not to be aware that the bravest and most trustworthy manhood is also the gentlest and most tender-hearted.

III. This naturally leads us on to notice another characteristic of this poetry—the fine reserve, which does not publish aloud, but only delicately hints its deeper feelings. It was an intrinsic part of Keble's nature to shrink from obtruding himself, to dislike display,

"To love the sober shade
More than the laughing light."

And one object he had in publishing *The Christian Year* was the hope that it might supply a sober standard of devotional feeling, in unison with that presented by the Prayer-Book. The time, he thought, was one of unbounded curiosity and morbid craving for excitement, symptoms which have not abated during the forty years since Keble so spoke. He wished, as far as might be, to supply some antidote to these tendencies. Again modern thought has, as all know, turned in upon itself, and discovered a whole internal world of reflections and sensibilities hardly expressed in the older literature. Keble so far shared this tendency with his contemporaries. But he set himself not to feed and pamper it, but to direct, to sober, and to brace it, by bringing it into the presence of realities above itself.

This feeling of delicate reserve, sobered

and strengthened by Christian thought, comes out in many of the poems, in none perhaps more than in the one which contains these stanzas:

"Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth:
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon *her* sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth?"

"So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

"God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen."

We would not pause on verbal criticisms—only the last line of the second stanza here is one of many instances in which the beauty of the finest thoughts is marred by the admission of some hackneyed conventional phrase. Otherwise, these stanzas, as well as the whole poem in which they occur, are in Keble's finest and most characteristic vein. In keeping with the feeling breathed by these lines is another which should be noted. It is for the virtues and the characters, which the world least recognizes, that he reserves his heart's best sympathy. For the loud, the successful, the caressed, he has no word, but perhaps one of admonition. It is the poor, the bowed down, the lonely, the forsaken, who draw out his thoughts of tenderest consolation. And what makes this the nobler in Keble is, that it does not seem to come from the principle of "*haud ignarus mali*," but rather from pure strength of Christian sympathy. And as is the inward tone of feeling, so is its outward expression, chastened and subdued. There is no gorgeousness of coloring, no stunning sound, no highly-spiced phrase or metaphor. From what have been the chief attractions of much poetry popular since his day—scarlet hues and blare of trumpets, staring metaphors and metaphysical enigmas—he turned instinctively. He seemed to say to these—

"Farewell: for one short life we part:
I rather woo the soothing art,
Which only souls in sufferings tried
Bear to their suffering brethren's side."

Those who have called other parts of Keble effeminate, might perhaps call this ascetic. If it is so, it is an asceticism in harmony with true Christianity, and with the sober wisdom that comes from life's experience.

IV. Much has been said of Keble's eye for nature. His admirers perhaps exaggerate it, his depreciators as much underrate it. He certainly shared largely in that feeling about the visible world, so identified with Wordsworth that it may be called Wordsworthian, that feeling which more than any other marks the direction in which modern imagination has enlarged and deepened. The appearances of nature furnish Keble with the framework in which most of his lyrics are set, the mould in which they are cast. Some whole poems, as that beginning

"Lessons sweet of spring returning,"

are little more than descriptions of some scene in nature. Many more take some natural appearance and make it the symbol of some spiritual truth. Two small rills, born apart and afterwards blending in one large stream, are likened to two separate prayers uniting to bring about some great result. The autumn clouds, mantling round the sun for love, suggest that love is life's only sign. The robin singing unweariedly in the bleak November wind, suggests a lesson of content—

"Rather in all to be resigned than blest."

These and many more are the natural appearances, which, some by resemblance, some by contrast, furnish him with key-notes for religious meditations. In many you feel at once that the poet has struck a true note, one which will be owned by the universal imagination, wherever that faculty is sufficiently cultivated to be alive to it. In some you feel more doubtful—the analogy appears to be somewhat more faint or far-fetched. In others you seem to see clearly that the resemblance is arbitrary and capricious, a work of the mere fancy, not of the genuine imagination. An instance of the last kind has been severely commented on by a contemporary critic, who, on the strength of some doubtful analogies which occur in Keble's poems, has voted him no poet. This critic specially comments on one poem, in which the moon is made a sym-

bol of the Church, the stars are made symbols of saints in heaven, and the trees in Eden of saints on earth. This, if it be not some remote allusion to passages of Scripture, must be allowed to be a mere ecclesiastical reading of nature's symbols, repudiated by the universal heart of man, and therefore by true poetry. But if this and some other instances, pitched on a false key, can be pointed out, how many more are there where the chord struck answers with a genuine tone? Even in the very poem which contains the symbolism condemned, is there not the following?—

"The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move."

Here Keble has christianized an analogy, acknowledged not only by the Greek conception of Zeus, but more or less, we believe, by the primeval faith of the whole Aryan race.

As might be looked for in a real lover of nature, Keble's imagery is that which he had lived in the midst of, and knew. The shady lanes, the more open hursts and downs, such as may be seen near Oxford, and farther west and south, "England's primrose meadow paths," the stiles worn by generations, and the gray church tower embowered in elm trees—with these his habitual thoughts and sentiments suit well. Seldom does his poetry visit mountain lands—once only in *The Christian Year*. The poem for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, though good, might have been written by one who had never seen mountains, if only he had read descriptions of them.

Besides the English there is another kind of landscape in which he has shown himself at home. Dean Stanley has noted the fidelity with which Keble has pictured scenes in the Holy Land. This shows not only a close study of the hints that are to be found in the Bible, and in the modern books about Palestine—it proves how quick must have been the insight into nature in one who, though he had never himself beheld that country, could from such materials call up pictures true enough to gratify one of the most graphic of modern travellers while he gazed on those very scenes.

There are two sides which nature turns towards the imagination. One is that which the poet can read figuratively, in which he can see symbols and analogies of the spiritual world. This side Keble, as we have seen, felt and read, in the main we think truly, though sometimes he may have erred. What the true reading is, and how it is to be discerned, is a weighty matter. One thing, however, is certain, that the correspondency between the natural object and the spiritual, between nature and the soul, is there, existing independently of the individual man. He did not make the correspondency; his part is to see and interpret truly what was there beforehand—not to read into nature his own views or moods waywardly and capriciously. The truest poet is he who reads nature's hieroglyphics most truly and most widely; and the test of the true reading is that it is at once welcomed by the universal imagination of man. This universal or catholic imagination of man is far different from the universal suffrage of man. It means the imagination of those in whom that faculty exists cultivated to the highest possible point of truthfulness and sensibility. The imagination is the faculty which reads truly, the fancy that which reads capriciously, and so falsely. The former seizes true and real existences—analogies between nature and spirit; the latter makes arbitrary and fictitious ones. In this school of imagination Keble was a faithful and devout student. It was the music of his pious spirit to read aright the symbolical side which nature turns towards man.

But nature has another side, of which there is no indication in Keble's poetry. We mean her infinite and unhuman side, which yields no symbols to soothe man's yearnings. Outside of and far beyond man, his hopes and fears, his strivings and aspirations, there lies the vast immensity of nature's forces, which pays him no homage, and yields him no sympathy. This aspect of nature may be seen even amid the tamest landscape if we look to the clouds or the stars above us, or to the ocean roaring around our shores. But nowhere is it so borne in on man as in the midst of the vast deserts of the earth, or in the presence of the mountains, which seem so impassive and

unchangeable. Their permanence and strength so contrast with man—of few years and full of trouble; they are so indifferent to his feelings or his destiny. He may smile or weep, he may live or die; they care not. They are the same in all their ongoings, happen what will to him. They respond to the sunrises and the sunsets, but not to his sympathies. All the same they fulfil their mighty functions, careless though no human eye should ever look on them. So it is in all the great movements of nature. Man holds his festal days, and nature frowns; he goes forth from the death-chamber, and nature affronts him with sunshine and the songs of birds. Evidently, it seems, she marches on having a purpose of her own with which man has nothing to do: she keeps her own secret, and drops no hint to him. This mysterious silence, this unhuman indifference, this inexorable deafness, has impressed the imagination of the greatest poets with a vague yet sublime awe. The sense of it lay heavy on Lucretius, Shelley, Wordsworth, and drew out from their souls their profoundest music. This side of things, whether philosophically or imaginatively regarded, seems to justify the saying, that "the visible world still remains without its divine interpretation." But it was not on thoughts of this kind that Keble loved to dwell. If they ever occurred to him, he has nowhere expressed them. He was content with that other side of nature, of which we spoke first—the side which allows itself to be humanized—that is, to be interpreted by man's faith and devout aspirations. This was the side that suited his religious purpose, and to this he limited himself. Within this range few have ever interpreted nature more soothingly and beautifully. These are a few of the qualities that would strike any one on first opening *The Christian Year*. They are not, however, enough to account for its unparalleled popularity. Indeed, popularity is no word to express the fact, that this book has been for years the cherished companion in their best moods of numbers of the best men, of the most diverse characters and schools, who have lived in our time. The secret of this power is a compound of many influences hard to state or explain. It has not been hin-

dered by the blemishes obvious on the surface to every one—inharmonious rhythms, frequent obscurity, here and there poverty and conventionality of diction. In spite of these blemishes, it has won its way to the hearts of the highly educated and refined, as no book of poetry, sacred or secular, in our time has done. Will it continue to do so? Will its own imperfections, and the changing currents of men's thoughts, not alienate from it a generation rendered fastidious by poetry of more artistic perfection, more highly colored, more richly flavored? Without speaking too confidently, we should expect it to live on, if not in so wonderful esteem, yet widely read and deeply felt; for it makes its appeal to no temporary or accidental feelings, but mainly to that which is permanent in man. It can hardly be that it should lose its hold on the affections of English-speaking men as long as Christianity retains it. For if we may judge from the past, it will be long ere another character of the same rare and saiply beauty shall again concur with a poetic gift and power of poetic expression, not certainly of the highest, yet still of no common order. Broader and bolder imagination, greater artistic faculty, many poets who were his contemporaries possessed. But in none of them did there burn a spiritual light so pure and heavenly to make these gifts transparent from within. It is because *The Christian Year* has succeeded in conveying to the outer world some effluence of that character which his intimate friends so loved and revered in Keble, that, as we believe, he will not cease to hold a quite peculiar place in the affections of posterity.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

No part of the law of England is more closely connected with the common affairs of life, or more liable to be misunderstood on account of the difficulties inherent in the subject, and superinduced by the legislator, than the law of libel. Most of us find it easy to keep clear of the other branches of criminal law, and even civil litigation may generally be avoided

without much real difficulty, but the law of libel is peculiar. Any one who has to give the character of a servant, or who repeats a story which happens to have struck his fancy, and which is to the disadvantage of some other person, may find himself involved in its meshes without having had the slightest notion of committing a crime or inflicting an injury; and it is not too much to say that, of the innumerable multitude of men and women who are in one way or other concerned in writing for the papers, there is hardly one who has not frequent occasion to write what, if the law were rigorously construed, might be regarded as a libel. Wide, however, as is the definition of libel, it is no less true that the course of events has gradually introduced extensive changes into the law, all of which—at least of late years—have tended to discourage the strict notions upon the subject which formerly prevailed; and it is hardly too much to say of this gradual change, that of late the courts have been disposed to regard newspapers as being invested with a sort of quasi-judicial position, involving privileges not unlike those which are possessed by regular tribunals. This change, which would be enough to make the elder generation of lawyers turn in their graves, has been very gradual; but the length to which it has gone may be collected from a case lately decided between a Dr. Hunter, the incidents of whose career attracted a good deal of public attention, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Dr. Hunter published in various newspapers a series of letters on consumption, and otherwise conducted his professional affairs in such a manner that the *Pall Mall Gazette* considered itself justified in assailing him in terms about as vehement as could well be used. The article was headed "Impostors and Dupes," implying that Dr. Hunter belonged to the one class, and his patients to the other. Dr. Hunter was described as a quack, classed with scoundrels, and his right to call himself "Dr." was questioned in the most vehement and contemptuous manner. In short, the article *primâ facie* was about as severe a libel as could be written. If the printer had been criminally prosecuted for its publication forty or even thirty years ago, he would, in all probability, have had to undergo

substantial punishment. Nevertheless, in the course of his summing up, the Lord Chief Justice of England made the following observations on the subject:

"Under his second head of defence, the defendant says—This was a matter of public concern. The plaintiff put forward in these advertisements his system, his theory, and communicated to a certain extent the remedies by which he proposed to cure this malady. He invited persons to come to him for the purpose of being treated and cured by him. I could see from his account of the theory on which his treatment was based, and from his account of the treatment that he proposed to use, that the whole was a mere idle delusion; and looking at the mode in which his work was published, looking at the secrecy in which his discovery was shrouded, looking at the mode which he adopted to bring himself into notoriety—a mode which was utterly at variance with the received habits of the profession to which he professed to belong—I was warranted in drawing the inference that he was a mere pretender, and not only a pretender, but a quack who intended to impose on mankind as quacks do. I was warranted in drawing this inference, and I denounced him accordingly. It may be that I was wrong, it may be that now the matter has been fully investigated, and that the plaintiff has had an opportunity of being heard and vindicating this theory which he has put forward, of showing that his practice has not been wholly unsuccessful, that a jury may think I have gone too far; but the question is not thereby concluded, if it should appear, under all the circumstances of the case, that, bringing to the discharge of my duty, as a public writer, caution and moderation in criticising what I thought to be a mischievous and noxious pretence, I have exercised a reasonable and careful judgment, have not been over-hasty and precipitate, inferring sinister design and wicked motive against the person whom I have assailed. If I have brought to the discharge of my duty only an honest desire to do good and benefit in the department to which I belong, in that case, if a jury should be of that opinion, I am entitled to their verdict. And, gentlemen, I indorse that proposition."

We do not believe that the law has ever before been stated in a manner so favorable to journalists, and we think that it may possibly be interesting to our readers to be presented with a short sketch of the various phases through which the law passed before it reached this point.

The law of libel is singularly confused, and it is by no means an easy matter to give anything like a systematic account of it. It may, however, be traced back to the very infancy of English law, into which, together with a far larger proportion of our system than is generally supposed, it was introduced from the Roman law. It would be interesting to lawyers, but hardly to unprofessional readers, to exhibit at length the influence which the one system had upon the other. Those who wish to study the subject will find much learning about it, mixed up with a great deal of singularly prosy and commonplace speculation, in the preliminary discourse prefixed by Mr. Starkie to his work on the *Law of Slander and Libel*. A few observations on the leading points of the history of the system in England may be of interest to our readers as an introduction to what we have to say on the most recent development of the law.

The law of libel may be divided into two great branches, each of which again is subdivided into two other great branches. Libel may be regarded either as a crime or as a civil wrong, and the crime may be committed or the wrong inflicted either by writings, pictures, or other permanent things, or by words spoken. Each of these has its own history. Libel, regarded as a crime, has passed through a great variety of changes at different periods in our history. In very early times, when there was no periodical literature, and when comparatively few people could read, the commonest way of committing the offence was by word of mouth: by spreading rumors which either were or were considered as false, by writing the songs which were the first germs of the modern leading article or review, and by maintaining propositions which were regarded as dangerous to the established authorities in Church and State. The gravity of these offences varied from the very highest degree of criminality to the most

petty breach of police regulations. Many instances occur in our early history, and especially in the more excited periods of it, when, for a certain time and under special provocation, the severest of all penalties were attached to words spoken. In Henry VIII.'s reign, for instance, it was made high treason to deny the royal supremacy, and in the fierce legislation of that period many similar instances may be found of the severity with which the expressions of any sort of censure upon the Government, or on the doctrine which for the time being happened to be established, were repressed. If we go to the other end of the scale, we find a homely provision made for the punishment of mere bad language in the bridle or trebuchet and ducking-stool. The bridle was a sort of gag, made of iron, which surrounded the head and confined the tongue; and the ducking-stool was a contrivance by which a person could be ducked under water in a pond. These were the remedies which our ancestors considered it necessary in old times to provide for scolds. They were at the disposal of the petty criminal jurisdictions which at that time existed in manors, under the name of courts-leet, and which, to a certain extent, filled the place of our modern magistrates. There was besides this another jurisdiction, once most formidable and efficient, but now almost forgotten, which it may be well to mention, and which existed till our own times. This was the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts, which before the Reformation was by no means confined to the discipline of the clergy and to questions of doctrine and the like, but extended to the laity quite as rigorously, and applied to almost all cases of moral delinquency, and especially to matters connected with the relations of the sexes and the sins of the tongue. The well-known saying, that the duty of archdeacons is to discharge archidiaconal functions, had once a very different meaning from that which it has at present. The archidiaconal functions were no joke at all, nor were they confined to questions about the repair of the fabric of churches and the like. The archdeacon was a sort of inquisitor in a mild way. He took cognizance of all charges of unchastity, all matters of defamation, and

various other things, and the spiritual sentence which was promulgated by his court was known to and enforceable by the secular arm. Some of the oddest points about our existing law of libel may be traced to the existence of this forgotten jurisdiction. For instance, words imputing unchastity to a woman are, generally speaking, not actionable, however base and false the accusation may be. This is because by the old law such topics were matters of spiritual cognizance. There would have been a remedy for such a wrong in the spiritual court, and, consequently, the temporal court refused to notice it. The shadow of this jurisdiction survived till our own days. In the year 1849 or 1850, a clergyman near Cambridge thought fit to prosecute one of his parishioners in the court of the Bishop of Ely for talking scandal about him and one of his servants. The suit ended in the condemnation of the defendant, who was in a very poor position in life, to do penance in the church of the clergyman whom he had defamed. He was, that is, to make his appearance in a white sheet in front of the pulpit, and there to read a recantation of his words. The man took it as an excellent joke, and announced his intention of getting drunk and blacking his face to heighten the effect. Whether he exactly kept his word we do not know, but he did appear, surrounded by admiring and sympathizing friends, in a most disgraceful state. The consequence was that the church became the scene of a riot. The clergyman was pelted with hassocks, and had to take refuge in his parsonage from the indignation of the public. The jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical court over suits for defamation was abolished by the 18 and 19 Vict., c. 40.

The next great step in the history of proceedings against cases committed by writing or word of mouth, is to be found in the well-known history of the Star Chamber. To punish all offences which were committed by offenders too powerful to be dealt with by the common law, or which concerned the interests of the Government and the peace of the whole kingdom, was the object of that court, and of its ecclesiastical twin, the Court of High Commission. These two courts, which followed the course of the civil law, and

in which, accordingly, people were put to their trial, not on the motion of private prosecutors, nor by the presentment of a grand jury, but directly by the highest officers of the Crown acting as public prosecutors, form a sort of parenthesis in the history of the law of libel and analogous offences. As they and their procedure were swept away by the Long Parliament, they left but small traces behind them in the law as at present administered. The nature of the supervision which they exercised over the press—the strongest illustration of which is to be found in the famous case of *Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton*—and the terrible severity of the punishments which they inflicted both on the purses and on the persons of those who fell under their power, are too well known to require more than a passing allusion. The effect of their existence upon the common law turned out, singularly enough, to be in the long run rather beneficial than otherwise. While the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission were in full operation, there was no necessity for any other legal protection for the Government against literary assaults, and they flourished just at the time when such assaults were beginning to be formidable. Hence their existence during the whole of that period superseded the necessity of the introduction, by judicial legislation, of despotic principles upon this subject into the courts of common law; and when they fell, the additions which otherwise might, and probably would, have been made to the common law for the protection of the Government, by the judges, had not been effected. The excessive exercise of the prerogative through the Star Chamber may thus be said to have protected the principles of the common law much as a frost will sometimes protect seeds from the cold.

There is, however, one branch of the law of libel considered as a crime which is probably transmitted directly from the Star Chamber, and which still exists, though it is of no great practical importance. This is the law relating to blasphemous libels, and attacks on morality and religion in general. After the Star Chamber had been abolished, and after the Restoration, the Court of Queen's Bench in one or two cases assumed the

character of a "*Custos morum*," and in that capacity punished acts which it considered as gross outrages on the elementary principles of religion and morals. This was justified principally on the ground that, though the Star Chamber had ceased to exist, such offences must not be allowed to go unpunished. Upon this ground a variety of prosecutions for blasphemy, indecency, and blasphemous and indecent publications, have at different times been successfully prosecuted. At present, however, this branch of the law is of little importance. Indecency is dealt with by special laws provided for that purpose; and it appears to be pretty well recognized, though it may be doubtful whether the principle is honestly acted upon in all cases, that the offence of blasphemy or blasphemous libel consists not in the sin of denying or arguing against the fundamental principles of religion, but in the crime of wounding the feelings of others by abusing the principle they consider sacred. If the law thus understood were administered with complete impartiality, mere abuse of an unpopular creed would be punished, while the most eager and sharply-expressed invectives against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity would be left unpunished, so long as they were honestly intended to have an effect as arguments.

From the Restoration to the Revolution the crime of libel was taken cognizance of exclusively by the courts of common law, and though abundant proof might be given of the excessive severity with which the crime was punished, and of the wide interpretation which was put upon the generalities of the law relating to it, it is remarkable, and indeed it is characteristic of the coarseness of the age, that the great question as to the bearing of the truth upon the criminality of a defamatory writing or speaking does not appear to have been decided during the reign of Charles II. and James II. in a manner hostile to our present views on the subject. There was so much partisanship in the political trials which occurred, and there were so many special penal laws for the repression of particular topics obnoxious to the Government, that there was no occasion to invent and lay down as law a despotic theory on the subject. The famous case of the seven

bishops is one which it is not very easy to turn into a precedent according to the modern fashion; but throughout the whole of it the judges appear to have assumed that there was some connection between the truth of the matter published and the innocence of its publication. Each judge expressed his opinion separately, and the opinions themselves are very discordant; but no one of them lays down in broad terms the doctrines as to the irrelevance of the question whether the matter published was true or not, which would have been laid down on such an occasion a hundred years later.

During the eighteenth century the law relating to libel considered as a crime assumed a degree of importance altogether different from anything which had belonged to it before. Pamphleteering first, and by degrees journalism, were rapidly growing towards their present dimensions, and of course they were regarded with the greatest jealousy by all constituted authorities, and by none more than the judges. There is a good deal of the judge about the journalist, for he has the power of inflicting upon those of whose conduct he disapproves the punishment of as much public indignation as his skill and power enable him to direct against them. His paper, as far as its influence extends, is a kind of open court of an irregular kind, in which all manner of persons may be called upon to justify themselves upon every sort of charge affecting any part of their conduct. For sufficiently obvious reasons the judges have always felt the greatest possible jealousy of this power, and it is to be owned that a great deal is to be said for the judicial view of the subject, though it was certainly carried during the last century to a most pernicious extent.

There were three main theories—perfectly independent of each other in reality, though they were in practice closely connected, by which the judges proposed to bridle, and to a certain extent, actually succeeded in bridling, the continually increasing power of the press. These theories or principles were—

First: Maliciously to impute blame to a man publicly is criminal, and especially it is criminal maliciously to find fault with the Government, or to dispute the truth of the established religion, or to

express dissatisfaction with any public measures or established institutions whatever.

Secondly: The court, and not the jury, are to determine in each particular case whether the matter complained of did impute blame or express dissatisfaction, and whether such expressions were or were not malicious. The jury are to decide whether the matter was published and what it meant.

Thirdly: Whether the matter is true or not makes no difference, except, indeed, that either the truth or the falsehood of the accusation may have an effect upon the punishment.

This was the spirit of the law of libel as administered and interpreted throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, and till it was modified by the famous Act passed at the instance of Lord Erskine. To our modern notions of things, it certainly does appear about as harsh a view of the law of libel as it would be possible to frame; yet there is a good deal more to be said for it than would appear at first sight, and it still forms the foundation of the law, and far more of it survives as a legal theory to the present day than most persons are aware.

If we take in succession the different propositions of which the theory is composed, it will be found that the first of the three is pretty nearly the only one which can be laid down upon the subject. The only difficulty about it lies in defining what is meant by the word "maliciously"—that is, in specifying the occasions upon which the public censure of one person by another ought to be permitted. The great struggle between Lord Erskine, when at the bar, and the judges before whom he pleaded on different occasions, was to secure to the jury the right of saying generally whether or not the publication was malicious (other abusive adjectives, "false," "scandalous," etc., were introduced into indictments, but one is enough for our purpose). The judges stoutly resisted, and for many years deferred the admission of the claim, but at last it was declared by Parliament (32 Geo. 3, c. 6) that the jury might give a general verdict "on the whole matter put in issue," including, of course, the averment of malice. There

is a good deal of slovenliness and confusion about this matter. "Malice" is the vaguest of all vague words, and nothing shows the unscientific popular character of one of the most important parts of the law of England than the fact that such a word should have entered into the definition of two such crimes as murder and libel. Murder is a "malicious" killing, and libel is a "malicious" attack on reputation. "Malicious" really means no more than wicked, so that unless we know what malice is, this definition is in reality no definition at all. In the case of murder, the term "malice" has by degrees been reduced to a certainty. It means all intentional killing, with certain specified exceptions, such as killing under the recent provocation of considerable personal violence; and besides this general provision it has been specifically determined that certain cases of killing are to be considered as murder—for instance, killing a constable in the execution of his duty, and so forth. If, therefore, the analogy of the law of murder had been followed in the case of libel, the judges would have devised a variety of specific rules as to the cases in which attacks on reputation were or were not "malicious," and the jury would have had to find whether the particular case at issue fell under any one of those rules or not. Something more than this, however, was claimed for the judges on the one hand, and for the juries on the other. The judges claimed a right, not merely to lay down subordinate general rules as to the nature of malice, but to say in general whether the particular publication in question was or was not malicious. On the other hand, a right was claimed for the jury of saying, not merely whether the case fell under any of the particular rules as to the nature of malice laid down by the judge, but generally whether the publication was "malicious" or not. There was no disposition on either side to define clearly what constituted a libel. The struggle was between the arbitrary power of the judges and the arbitrary power of the juries to label any publication with the word "malicious," and so convert it into a crime. In this contest the juries were at last successful, the victory being secured to them by the declaratory Act above referred to. No law

ever defined what occasions or causes render it legal to blame a man publicly in writing; and under Lord Erskine's act all that could be said was, that a libel was any writing for which a jury might think that a man ought to be sent to prison. At one time their thoughts upon this subject were apt to run into most tyrannical shapes. Mr. Reeves, for instance, the author of the only history of English law which is even now in existence, was all but convicted of libel in 1796 for having written a pamphlet in which the royal power was compared to the trunk, and the powers of Parliament and of juries to the branches of a tree—a comparison which was said to tend “to raise and excite jealousies and divisions among the liege subjects of our lord the king, and to alienate the affections of the liege subjects of our lord the king from the government, by king, lords and commons, now happily established.”

The only point in the whole matter which was well established was that, in a criminal prosecution, the truth of the libel was no defence. As regarded public establishments, it seems to have been considered that it was altogether improper for a private person to question their advantages or to criticise the manner in which they were conducted. As regarded private persons, it was said that libels tended to produce a breach of the peace, and that this tendency was rather increased than diminished by their truth, if they were true. Apart from this, which obviously was a mere excuse, it was urged that to sanction the bringing of true charges against people by means of the public press would amount to the erection of a new set of volunteer tribunals for the trial of offences of every description. If a man has committed a crime, it was said, prosecute him as the law directs. If the law does not punish his conduct, you shall not punish it by public exposure. That the law was and always must be a most imperfect instrument for the protection of society against various kinds of dangerous and improper conduct, was a view against which all lawyers revolted with the natural jealousy of those who watch the encroachments of a rival power upon their own dominions. By maintaining this principle inflexibly (notwithstanding the rule that the jury

were to judge of the existence of malice), a considerable degree of strictness was still maintained; for though the whole matter was left to the jury, the judge always directed them that they must not consider the truth of the matter alleged, and excluded all evidence tending to establish it. Thus the matter stood till the passing of Lord Campbell's act (6 and 7 Vict., c. 96), which provided that on the trial of any indictment or information for a defamatory libel (this has been held not to apply to seditious or blasphemous libels) the defendant might plead that the matters charged in the libel were true, and that their publication was for the public benefit; and this put the right of the press to act as a volunteer tribunal for the trial of all offences upon a legal footing—subject of course to the opinion of a jury that the matters alleged by the writer were true, and that their publication was beneficial to the public. It is upon this footing that the writer now rests, except as regards libels of a seditious or blasphemous character. With respect to them, it seems that even in the present day truth would be no justification, but the old rule would apply.

Thus much for libel regarded as a crime. There is not much difference between the crime and the civil injury, except on the point of the effect of the truth of the matter complained of in respect to the right to recover damages. There are, however, one or two other points, which may be noticed before we come to this. The law of verbal slander, regarded as a civil injury, is very singular at first sight. Yet, though open to just exception in one or two points, its peculiarities are due rather to the real difficulty of the question than to any defect on the part of the legislator. It is obvious, on the one hand, that mere abuse ought not to be the subject of an action, and on the other, that serious slanders should; and to draw the line between the two definitely enough for practical purposes is no easy matter. In early times the judges fluctuated between the fear of encouraging litigation and that of encouraging slander, till they produced a set of precedents as astonishing as any to be met with in the whole range of the law. One of the curious entertainments in the nature of high

jinks which took place in old times at the Northern Circuit bar mess was an Amcebian dialogue between two learned gentlemen, in language which had been held to be not actionable. Considerable parts of it are not exactly fit for republication. We will try to give a specimen of the less offensive parts.

"A. You poisoned C. I don't say he is dead.

"B. You ran away from your captain. I don't say you were pressed.

"A. I charge you with felony.

"B. You were in Newgate for a highwayman.

"A. You smell of the robbery of C. You are a cheat, and stole two bonds from me.

"B. You stole my corn.

"A. You stole the iron bars out of my window.

"B. You stole Lord Derby's deer.

"A. You are foresworn.

"B. You, being a justice of the peace, are a bloodsucker, and will take a couple of capons.

"A. You, being a justice of the peace, are a rascally villain, and keep a company of thieves and traitors to do mischief.

"B. You are a beetle-headed justice, an ass, a coxcomb, etc.

"A. And you are a vermin, a corrupt man, and a hypocrite."

The dialogue might be continued almost *ad infinitum* by any two gentlemen who chose to refer to Comyn's *Digest*, and great part of it would be very much more picturesque than decent.

With respect to the effect of the truth of the matters charged upon the right to recover damages for any slander, verbal or written, and also with respect to the definition of malice, there is a marked difference between the crime and the civil injury. Speaking broadly, proof of the truth of the matter complained of has always been regarded for a great length of time as a complete answer to a claim for damages, inasmuch as a man is held to be entitled only to a reputation founded on truth; so that the publication of the truth about him may be a crime as against the State, but can be no injury to him. On the other hand, proof that a man has said or written of another that which, being libellous, was not true, has been held to entitle the plaintiff to dam-

ages, however good the intention of the defendant may have been, except in certain excepted cases; for your good intentions are no reason why you should damage the character to which I have a right. The excepted cases are those in which it is thought expedient for carrying on the business of life that persons should be protected who make false statements to the disadvantage of others under an honest and reasonable belief in their truth. Such statements are described as privileged, and the occasions on which they are made are said to rebut the presumption of malice. In other and simpler words, men who attack each other's character falsely are not excused by an honest belief of the truth of what they say, except in certain cases. In a popular sketch like this it will be needless to enumerate the cases in question. The case of giving a servant's character is the illustration most commonly given; and it would not be very incorrect to say, in general terms, that wherever there is a moral duty incumbent on a man to give advice or to state an opinion which may be to the disadvantage of another, a mistake as to a matter of fact will not expose him to an action if it is made honestly. The peculiar interest of the case of *Hunter v. Sharpe*, to which we referred at the beginning of this article, is that, if it is good law, it most unquestionably recognizes what to Lord Ellenborough and Lord Kenyon would have appeared the monstrous and intolerable heresy that a journalist is under a moral duty to criticise his neighbors; and that if, in doing so, he exercises reasonable skill, and writes with proper moderation on the facts as he apprehends them, he is not responsible for honest mistakes. This certainly does carry the theory of privileged writing to a length to which we do not think it has ever been carried before, though the doctrine in question was contended for unsuccessfully in the case of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, in which an action was brought and damages were recovered by Dr. Campbell against the *Saturday Review* for making imputations on him which the jury found to be false; though they also found that the reviewer honestly believed them to be true, and though they might very probably have found, if they had been asked, that Dr. Campbell's

conduct in the matter which was the subject of the libel had been such as to suggest to the reviewer the conclusion which he did honestly draw from that conduct. The result of the case of *Hunter v. Sharpe* was a verdict for the plaintiff, with a farthing damages, and this practically put a stop to further litigation on the subject; for the plaintiff could not set aside a verdict which was found in his favor; and the defendant could not complain of a misdirection (if such it was) which was favorable to him, though the verdict was not. The question thus remains open for future discussion, but the journalists have on their side an argument more than they had before this case was decided. If the matter be viewed as one of policy and not of law, it certainly does seem hard that if people are practically allowed and encouraged to make a profession of discussing every kind of conduct and sitting in judgment on every sort of reputation, they should not be at liberty to suggest any conclusion whatever as to conduct or character which the facts before them reasonably suggest. If the facts are such that a rational man, honestly considering them, might naturally come to the conclusion that A. B. is an impostor, why may he not honestly state the facts and boldly avow the conclusion which he draws, without the fear of an action before his eyes if he happens in point of fact to be mistaken? It is perhaps natural in a public writer to overlook what might be said on the other side; and on the other hand it must be owned that it certainly is hard that I should be liable to be falsely accused of any offence which a volunteer accuser may honestly, but erroneously suppose me to have committed, and that when I have established my innocence I may nevertheless have to pay my accuser's costs because of his good intentions. Not that we mean to apply this observation to the particular case referred to in this article.

Chambers's Journal.

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

"PRIVILEGE! Privilege!" These were the words that greeted the ears of Charles I., as he quitted the House of Commons—

"where never king was (as they say), but once King Henry VIII."—after his bootless errand in quest of the Five Members. Speaker Lenthall had made way for him in the chair; and in answer to his command that the five members should be pointed out to him, had spoken the words which have shed a sort of historical glory round a life not otherwise illustrious: "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your majesty is pleased to demand of me."

The Five Members, so obnoxious to the king that he came himself to seize them in the very sanctuary of political freedom, had been duly warned by the Countess of Carlisle, and were not in the House. The king, baffled in his attempt, said something about his assurance that the House would send him the missing five, and walked to the door. Before the door had been closed behind him, he heard repeated again and again the words which are quoted at the beginning of this article. It is proposed to consider what these words meant, and to trace their history from their first appearance to the time when their meaning was fully declared.

It is customary for the Speaker at the opening of every parliament, to ask the sovereign to recognize the rights and privileges of the House of Commons, in a form of address which was first adopted in the sixth year of Henry VIII., and which, "by humble petition to her majesty, lays claim to their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, especially to freedom from arrest and molestation of their persons and servants; to freedom of speech in debate; and free access to her Majesty whenever occasion shall require; and that the most favorable construction should be put upon all their proceedings." Some of these "ancient and undoubted rights and privileges" are almost coeval with the common law, and like it are unwritten; others of them are secured by statutes, and form part of the written law of the land.

The first time that any formal demand was made for the recognition of parliamentary privilege was in the first parlia-

ment of Henry IV., when Sir John Cheyne, after being presented to the king by the Commons as their Speaker, entreated the king's forbearance on account of any faults which might thereafter be seen in him; and for his companions he asked "qu'ils pourroient avoir leur libertee en parlement, come ils ont ewe devant ces heures; et que ceste protestation soit entree de record en Rolle de Parlement." Upon this the Roll says that the king thought the request "honest and reasonable," and granted it.

The privilege first particularly mentioned in the Speaker's petition is, "freedom from arrest and molestation of their persons and servants;" and by this is meant immunity from process and execution issuing out of the law courts of the kingdom, as well as from arrest upon the warrant of the king or a magistrate. It was considered so great an indignity to parliament that its members should be arrested by legal process, or assaulted by any violence; and the inconvenience of disabling a man who was a representative of so many others, and not merely a unit in the population, was considered to be so extreme, that at a very early period of its existence the House of Commons strove to establish "privilege" in both these respects; and, as we find by reference to the first statute of privilege that was passed, they procured an extension of this privilege to their servants.

This first statute of privilege recites, "because that Richard Chedder, Esquire, who was come to this parliament with Thomas Broke, knight, one of the knights chosen to the same parliament for the county of Somerset, and household servant with the said Thomas, was horribly beaten, wounded, blemished, and maimed by one John Salage, otherwise called John Savage; it is ordained and established that inasmuch as the same horrible deed was done within the time of the said parliament"—proclamation was to be made in the place where the deed was done; and if Savage should not surrender to the Court of King's Bench within three months, he was to pay double damages for the injury he had done, and also a fine to the king. "And moreover it is accorded in the same parliament, that in like manner shall it be done in time to come in like case."

By the 8 Henry VI., c. 1, the clergy of convocation and their "servants and familiars," are secured in the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges as the Lords and Commons of parliament; and the 11 Henry VI., c. 11, passed in consequence of the unheeded remonstrances of the House against several breaches of privilege, enacts that if any assault be made on any lord, knight of the shire, citizen, or burgess coming to parliament, "or to the council of the king by his commandment," the offender shall pay double damages to the party aggrieved, and a fine to the king. Although they thus protected themselves against gross common violence, the House does not seem to have established until a much later date the present measure of their privilege, which gives the members an immunity from all criminal process except in charges of treason, felony, breach of the peace, and contempts of court, which are in the nature of a crime; and even in such cases, before arrest can be properly made, the cause of it should be communicated to the House, in order that it may judge whether the offence charged be really such as to take it out of the protection of privilege.

In the 31 Henry VI., Thomas Thorp, Speaker of the House, was arrested at the suit of the Duke of York. The Commons complained, and demanded Thorp's release; the question was referred to the judges, who said that "they ought not to answer to that question, for it hath not been used aforetyme that the judges should in any wise determine the privilege of this high court of parliament, for it is so high and so mighty in its nature that it may make law, and that that is law it may make no law; and the determination and knowledge of that privilege belongeth to the lords of the parliament, and not to the justices." They said, however, that except in cases of treason, felony, or breach of the peace, the custom had ever been to release members of parliament who had been arrested. Notwithstanding this opinion, Thorp was kept in prison two years, and a new Speaker was chosen.

In Edward IV.'s time, the Commons tried to establish their privilege against any civil suit during the time of their session, but they had, as on several previous

occasions, to pass special acts of parliament for the liberation of some of their members who had been sued; and it was not till the reign of Henry VIII. that privilege was fully established.

In 1512 occurred Strode's case. Richard Strode was member for Plympton in Devonshire, and he introduced a bill into parliament for the removal of some corruptions which had crept into the government of the Cornish tin-mines. His general measure came foul of some local interests, and John Furse, under-steward of the Stannaries, prosecuted him in the court of the warden, where he was fined £120. This fine he refused to pay, so Furse got a warrant to arrest him, and Strode was "taken and imprisoned in a dungeon and a deep pit under ground in the castle of Lidford," a place which the parliamentary commissioners described as "one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm." He was, moreover, heavily ironed. The House of Commons took umbrage at these proceedings; set forth the facts in a petition to the king, and passed a bill which enacted "that all suits, accusations, condemnations, executions, fines, etc., put or had, or hereafter to be put or had, unto or upon the said Richard, and to every other of the person or persons afore specified that now be of this present parliament, or that of any parliament that hereafter shall be, for any bill, speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter or matters concerning the parliament to be communed and treated of, be utterly void and of none effect."

In 1543, George Ferrers, a member, was arrested on civil process, on his way to the House. The Commons sent their sergeant to demand his release; and when the jailers and sheriffs of London refused compliance, and also ill-treated the sergeant, they summoned the offenders, together with the plaintiff who had sued Ferrers, to the bar of the House, when they committed them to prison. In the course of the arguments which followed this act, the Commons took the ground that "all commandments and other acts proceeding from the nether House were to be done and executed by their sergeant without writ, only by show of his mace, which was his warrant;" and in this they were sustained by the king.

In Mary's reign, the members who were unfavorable to the court being too few to resist, discontinued their attendance in the House, and for this they were indicted in the Queen's Bench, fined, and imprisoned. Under Elizabeth, though there were many instances of arrest for outspokenness, as will be shown presently, there were not any proceeding upon private civil suits; but under her successor there came a case which Mr. Hallam mentions as having given occasion to a statute which is "the first legislative recognition of privilege." Sir Thomas Shirley, a member, was arrested for debt *before the meeting of parliament*. The House claimed him, and the warden of the Fleet refused to give him up, being under the impression that if he did so he should have to pay the debt out of his own pocket. The House sent him to the Tower, and kept him there till Sir Thomas was released by order of the king. In 1626, Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot were imprisoned on account of their conduct on the impeachment of Buckingham; and in the same year several members were imprisoned for refusing to subscribe to a general loan. In 1629, six members were flung into prison for their conduct on the occasion of Sir John Eliot's remonstrance being passed; and Sir John Eliot, Hollis and Valentine were put upon their trial for seditious speeches uttered in parliament. In 1640, Sir John Hotham and Mr. Bellasis were imprisoned for refusing to account to the council for their conduct in the House; and Crewe, the chairman of the committee on religion, was sent to the Tower for refusing to give up the petitions and complaints in his possession. Then came the attempted arrest of the Five Members—the last straw of kingly folly which broke the patient camel-back of the House of Commons. The circumstances are too well known to need repetition here; but it may be as well to notice the peculiar nature of the charge made against the members, and the peculiar method adopted to arrest them, in order better to understand the meaning of the resolutions which the House agreed to in consequence of the act.

The charge may be stated in the words of the king, taken from his speech to the House on the occasion of his coming to

make the arrest. "Yesterday I sent a sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason; whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message. And I must declare unto you here, that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power, than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege."

The specific charges of treason had been made by the Attorney-General in the House of Lords on the memorable 3d of January, and included accusations more or less connected with the conduct of the members in parliament, and also of having tampered with the army, and having invited the Scots to invade England. Mr. Francis, the king's sergeant, on the same day came to the House of Commons, and demanded in his majesty's name that Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerig, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode, who were accused of high treason, should be delivered to him. The House sent a deputation to the king to say that they would consider his message with all the attention the gravity of it deserved. They adjourned till the next morning at ten, when they were to sit as a Grand Committee; and the Speaker enjoined the accused members one by one to attend *de die in diem* in the House until further direction. Next day Charles came himself, having found his sergeant unsuccessful, and the result of his attempt is well known. The coming of the king for such a purpose was an aggravation of the outrage, for the reason given by Chief-Justice Markham to Edward IV.: "A subject may arrest for treason; the king cannot; for if the arrest be illegal, the party has no remedy against the king." And on the motion of Sir Simons d'Ewes in the Commons' Committee at Guildhall, it was declared a breach of privilege of parliament, and of the liberty of the subject, for any person to arrest any of the members by warrants under the king's own hand. If any of the members should be accused in a proper, legal way, the House was careful to say it would bring them to justice; but the proper way was for some

subject to accuse, and also to inform the House thereof before proceeding to arrest, in order that the House might judge as to the propriety or otherwise of the proposed arrest. "There is a double privilege we have in parliament," said Sir Simons—"the one final, the other temporary. Our final privilege extends to all civil causes and suits in law, and this continues during the parliament; the other privilege, which is temporary, extends to all capital causes, as treason or the like, in which the persons and goods of the members of both Houses are only freed from seizure till the Houses be first satisfied of their crimes, and so do deliver their bodies up to be committed to safe custody."

On the 21st December, 1670, Sir John Coventry, a member of the House, was waylaid in Pall Mall by some officers of the Guards and their friends, who wounded him severely, slit his nose, and otherwise disfigured him. The reason for this cowardly act was that, in a question of supply, it had been proposed that a tax should be levied upon playhouses, to which proposal the courtiers objected, saying that the King took his pleasure in them, and would the House tax the King's pleasure? Upon this Sir John Coventry rose and asked whether his Majesty's pleasure lay in the actors or the actresses; and this witticism being repeated from one to another, the Guards' officers got to hear it, and set upon Sir John in the manner described, "in order to teach him better manners." Parliament, however, took a very unfavorable view of their proceedings, and the 22 and 23 Car. II., c. 1, was passed, called An Act to Prevent Malicious Maiming and Wounding.

The members of the House of Commons at one time claimed the privilege of being exempted from all civil suits, on the ground that they must not be distracted from their duties in parliament; and so early as the time of Edward II. they sent writs of *superseatas* to the justices in cases where any of their members were parties to actions. In James I.'s time, suits were stayed by a letter from the Speaker to the justices; and this practice continued down to the end of the seventeenth century, when it was found to be so inconvenient, and to

be the cause of so much obstruction to justice, that the 12 and 13 William III., c. 3, was passed, authorizing suits against privileged persons in the courts at Westminster and those of the Duchy of Lancaster, to be instituted immediately after the dissolution or prorogation of parliament, till the meeting of the next parliament, and during any adjournment for more than fourteen days. The 11 Geo. II., c. 24, extended this right to suits in any court of record; and 10 Geo. 3, c. 50, and subsequent acts went still further, by providing that members of parliament might be coerced by any legal means in civil suits, by which other people might be coerced, excepting only that they should not be liable to arrest or imprisonment. In this act of Geo. III. the servants of members were not included, so that without any formal declaration of the fact, privilege of parliament was thenceforth lost to them.

The duration of privilege has never been ascertained by statute; but it seems, from the reports of several decided cases, that immemorial usage has fixed it at forty days before and forty days after each session. Originally it was intended that privilege should be in force sufficient time to allow of members coming to and going from their business in parliament.

Such contempts of court as are in the nature of a criminal offence, tending to a breach of the peace, etc., are not covered by privilege. In 1836, Mr. Lechmere Charlton, member for Ludlow and a barrister, appeared as counsel in a case which was to be heard before Mr. Brougham, then Master in Chancery. After the case had been part heard, Mr. Charlton sent a letter to Master Brougham, challenging some of his opinions, and threatening him in case of his refusal to alter them. Lord Chancellor Cottenham sent Mr. Charlton to the Fleet, and a committee of privileges reported to the House that in their opinion Mr. Charlton was not protected by privilege of parliament. In 1837, Mr. Long Wellesley, a member, carried off his infant daughter, a ward of Chancery, from the keeping of the guardians appointed by the court; and refusing to declare whither he had taken her, though asked in open court, was committed to the Fleet for contempt.

The exceptions of treason, felony, or breach of the peace, for which members were ever held liable to arrest if pursued in the right way, were extended by a resolution of the Commons, in 1641, to all indictable offences; in 1697, to forcible detainers and entries; and in 1763, on the occasion of John Wilkes's seizure, to printing and publishing seditious libels.

The right of "freedom of speech in debate" is coeval with the foundation of parliament, and instances of interference with it are nearly as ancient. Richard Haxey, in the time of Richard II., was a member of parliament; and in that capacity said that the excessive charges of the King's household ought to be diminished, "arising from the multitude of bishops and ladies who are there maintained at his cost." The king was very angry, and demanded that Haxey should be given up to him. The Commons surrendered him, and his life was saved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who claimed him as a clerk, "not of right, but of royal grace."

In the 33 Henry VI., Thomas Young, member for Bristol, was seized by the king, because of a motion he had brought forward, "that the king having no issue, the Duke of York be declared heir." But these were in troublous times. Henry VII., when advised to notice the conduct of More (afterwards Sir Thomas More), in recommending the House to refuse a subsidy required by the king for his daughter Margaret's dowry, declined to touch him, being unwilling "to infringe the ancient liberties of that House, which would have been odiously taken." Henry VIII. seems to have equally respected the privileges of parliament. In Mary's time "the French ambassador says several members of parliament were imprisoned for freedom of speech."

Under Elizabeth there are abundant instances of breach of privilege in the matter of speech. Paul Wentworth was imprisoned for his language in a debate upon the Succession question; Strickland for his bill on liturgical reform; Bell was reprimanded by the council for his bill against monopolies; Peter Wentworth was committed for sketching out a plan of civil and religious freedom—he refused to plead before the Star Chamber, and

was released by the House of Commons. Later on, Peter Wentworth was again in trouble with three other members, for meddling with church affairs; and Morrice was imprisoned for having brought forward a motion against the abuses of the High Commission. This was in 1593, the year in which the Lord Keeper, when opening parliament, told the Commons: "Liberty of speech is granted you, but you must know what privilege you have, not to speak every man what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter; but your privilege is 'aye' or 'no.'" The House acted in most of these cases as became its dignity, and the queen always yielded in time to avoid any serious conflict. Her successor was not so prudent, and was more violent; and besides imprisoning some of the leading members, he had the hardihood to erase with his own hand, from the journal of the House, the famous protestation of 18th December, 1621, which asserted "that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdictions of parliament, are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England."

The principal affront offered to parliament in the succeeding reign has been already noticed, and the greater contains the many less. The ninth article of the Bill of Rights declares "that freedom of speech and debate on proceedings in parliament ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of parliament;" and in 1668, the House of Lords had already reversed the judgment of the Court of King's Bench given in 1641, against Sir John Eliot, Mr. Hollis and Mr. Valentine, in the last case where freedom of speech was directly impeached.

Privilege, although it covers anything spoken in the House, does not cover published speeches; and it has been held that where a newspaper published an incorrect report of a speech delivered in the House, and the member corrected his speech, which was then republished, he was liable to be sued in damages for a libel contained in the speech, although it had been delivered in parliament.

Free access to the sovereign, the third privilege claimed for the Commons by the Speaker, means free access for the whole House collectively only, and not

for the members individually. This latter privilege is enjoyed by Peers, as members of the sovereign's grand council.

Breaches of privilege may be many: an enumeration of some of them will best point out those heads of privilege which rest not so much upon statutory declarations as upon the *lex non scripta* of parliament.

1. It is breach of privilege to notice anything which is passing in the House, as when Elizabeth sent an order forbidding the Commons to proceed with the bill on religion; when she reprimanded them for a bill against purveyance; when James I. ordered the House not to go on with the bill for enforcing the recusancy laws; and when Charles I., by the Lord Keeper, directed the Commons not to meddle in charges against the Duke of Buckingham.

2. It is a breach of privilege to print or publish anything relating to the proceedings of either House without leave of the House; but although the daily reports of the newspapers are consequently within this rule, the House, for obvious reasons, forbears to notice them so long as they are faithful accounts of what has been said and done in the House. When, however, the report is unfaithful or untrue, the House may take notice of it as a breach of privilege, and commit the wrongdoer to custody. Such a step was taken in 1801 against the publisher of one of the daily papers. On the other hand, it was held, up to the beginning of the present reign, that privilege did not protect from an action for libel a person who published parliamentary proceedings, and who in doing so published a libel, which, so long as it did not go beyond the walls of the House, was covered by the privilege of the place. An action having been sustained against Messrs. Hansard on this account, the 3 and 4 Vict., c. 9, was passed to give summary protection to persons publishing by order of the House; and a certificate from the Speaker of such order having been given, would now stop a suit.

3. It is a breach of privilege to publish evidence taken before a select committee until it has been reported to the House; to challenge a member; to offer

him a bribe; to tamper with witnesses; to misrepresent a member; to speak or write insulting words about the character or proceedings of parliament; to disobey the general or particular orders of either House; to interfere with the officers of either House in the discharge of their duty; to threaten members—as in 1827, when H. C. Jennings wrote to Mr. Secretary Peel, and threatened to contradict his speeches from the gallery; to summon a member on a jury, or to serve him with a *subpoena*. The exemption from jury service and *subpoenas* rests upon the supposition that members must be always attending to their duties in parliament; but if asked to give evidence in a case, a member might be compelled to give it by order of the House.

The method by which the House enforces its orders is by a warrant under the Speaker's hand to the sergeant-at-arms, who may even break doors to secure his prisoner, though he must not get admission to an intended prisoner's house, and wait till the owner comes. The Lords can imprison for a fixed time, but the Commons only to the end of the session, and prisoners in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms are liberated by the mere fact of the termination of the session. When a person is committed to custody by the House, he cannot be discharged by the judges, nor can the court inquire into the cause of commitment, nor into the form of it, though it may be objectionable on the ground of informality.

Breach of privilege is purged by submission to the mercy of the House, an act which, according to custom, must be done in person, on the offender's knees, at the bar of the House.

Contemporary Review.

ROBERT BROWNING.

* FIRST PAPER.

It is now thirty years since the publication of the first poem that bore Mr. Browning's name on its title page, and, with the one exception of the Laureate, no reputation has during that period advanced so steadily. If his popularity does not as yet approach that of Mr.

Tennyson, if the readers of *Paracelsus* or the *Dramatis Personæ* are to be counted by thousands, and those of the *Idyls of the King* and *Enoch Arden* by tens of thousands, there are yet not wanting judges who, recognizing the characteristic excellences of each, see in Mr. Browning, with all the drawbacks of obscurity, abruptness, and an indifference to beauty of form or subject amounting almost to scorn, some elements of a higher poetic greatness than they find even in the high thoughts and perfect melody of his great rival. If we may venture to forecast the history of English poetry during the coming quarter of a century, we are tempted to predict that, if the followers of the one are likely to be the more numerous, those of the other will take a higher place and exercise a more lasting influence. If echoes of Tennysonian melodies float through the groves of Parnassus and are caught up by the young aspirants who climb its slopes, there will be some who, treading more devious paths, the *avia Pieridum loca*, will show that they have followed their master to the wilder and more solitary crags, and learned from him to breathe their keener air. If, as the history of literature leads us to expect, a true poet, while he is more than the resultant of all poetic forces previously in operation, is yet, consciously or unconsciously, the heir of those that have gone before him—taking up their excellences as part of the riches of his own treasury, talents with which he is to “occupy,” that the Giver may, at the last, receive His own with usury—we may anticipate that the next representative poet of this century will show that he has learned lessons from both the great “masters of those who sing,” to whom we have listened. It may be idle to speculate on a perfection which lies beyond our reach, and we must remember, even in such speculations, that, as things are, the highest excellence in any art is never attained by any mere process of study and combination; but if one were to dream, Frankenstein-like, of the creation of a poet who should interpret the thoughts and meet the wants of this age of ours, we should be tempted to imagine one who should combine with the Laureate's serener thought and more ex-

quisite music, Mr. Browning's power of perceiving and portraying, with dramatic vividness, the subtle processes of thought and feeling in the most widely contrasted characters. It is due to the honored memory of a great name that we should give utterance, while we are living in this ideal cloud-land, to the wish that the coming poet may inherit also from the author of the *Christian Year*, what is ethically higher than either of these gifts, and can as little be dispensed with in our conceptions of a perfect poetry—his reverence for holiness as distinct from power, his sympathy with the gentler, more tender, more mystical and, as it were, sacramental aspects of Nature—the heart as of a little child clinging to the skirts of his Father's robe, and afraid, with a filial fear, of venturing beyond the boundaries of the home which his Father has assigned him. Imitation, of course, conscious or unconscious, of either poet is comparatively easy. As there are reproductions of Mr. Tennyson's serene calmness and Mr. Browning's abruptness, so there are, and will be, of Mr. Keble's devotion; but these, in the absence of the higher vitality which can originate as well as combine, will simply pass, respectively, into luscious sweetness, or spasmodic obscurity, or sentimental pietism. And yet it will remain true that, in the *genesis* of the poet we are imagining, no one of these elements could be dispensed with without loss. If the conceit of Dryden's epigram on *Paradise Lost*—

"The force of Nature could no farther go;
To form a third she joined the other two"—

fails to represent the process by which Homer and Virgil contributed to form a Milton, there is yet no doubt that he was far other than he would have been had they not written, and that much of what he wrote is distinctly traceable to them; and in like manner, it may be, the critics of the twentieth century will be able to point out the influence of Browning, Tennyson, and Keble on some bard who may at the present moment be in long clothes, or reading for honors by the banks of Cam or Isis, or, at the farthest, waiting with tremulous expectation for the decision of a publisher.

In entering, as we purpose to do, on an estimate of the writings of the poet whose name stands at the head of this article, it must be remembered that his fame, such as it is, has been attained under conditions singularly unfavorable. His first poem, *Paracelsus*, published in 1836, gave indeed promise of the highest excellence, and its merits were recognized by many critics; but *Stratford*, which appeared in 1837, in spite of all Mr. Macready's efforts to perfect its representation on the stage, was unquestionably a failure there, and could hardly be said to have succeeded as a book; and the next poem, published in 1840, *Sordello*, was then, and continues still, at once in the intricacy of its plot and the obscurity of its language, the most repellent of all his poems, perhaps of all poems ever written by a man of true poetic power. In vain, once and again, the reader, tempted by the delusive promise of the opening line,

"Who will may hear Sordello's story told,"

girds himself to the task; in vain he tries to use the page-headings, which profess to give him an analysis of the history, as clews to guide him through the labyrinth; in vain he gets glimpses here and there of pictures sketched with a master's hand, or even into that which forms the main theme—the story of the inner life of a character oscillating between the work of a minstrel and a soldier, writing poems or acting them. He remains to the last embarrassed and confused, uncertain as to the political relations of Ferrara and Mantua, of Ecelin and Azzo and Salin-guerra, still more so as to the human life which is portrayed as developing itself on this stage and among these surroundings. It presents itself as a curious problem to an inquiring intellect, What would be the result of an examination paper in *Sordello*, set before competitors, let us say, for the Indian Civil Service, of average intellect and culture, who had been offered their choice of that or the *Mahabharata*? We do not now notice this characteristic as giving an adequate account of the poem itself, but as helping us to estimate its effect on Mr. Browning's reputation. This, we think it will be allowed, was simply negative. It came as a *minus*, not a *plus* quantity,

on his side of the account with readers and critics. They look, for the most part, to a writer's second and third works as decisive of his future career, indicating whether the first, if that were successful, was the beginning or the end, the promise of the work of a strong man or the exhausting effort of a precocious and fevered intellect; whether the author has had the wisdom to profit by experience, correcting his faults and developing his excellences, or takes to an evil mannerism in which the weeds of affectation and unreality choke the good seed of genius. What is most promising in the opening career of Mr. Robert Buchanan is that each volume that he has published since the first has been really an advance on its predecessor, and has been recognized as such. It will take Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, a long quarantine, even after the brilliant and deserved success of his *Atalanta in Calydon*, before he regains the position which he has forfeited by the pruriency of *Chastelard* and the mingled misotheism and Messalinism of the volume which his first publishers wisely withdrew from a circulation on which they ought never to have ventured. *Sordello*, it need hardly be said, showed neither feebleness nor pruriency, but the defiance offered in it, not only to the conventional standard of form and structure and beauty, but to the craving of the reader for something more than a Chinese puzzle, enigma within enigma, was likely to be quite as perilous to the reputation of the writer.

The next stage in Mr. Browning's progress, though it included many of his noblest works, had even less in its favor, as regards the usual outward conditions of success. Few poems of equal worth, probably, have ever presented themselves, for the first time, with so little regard to outward comeliness as those published between 1842 and 1846 under the quaint title of *Bells and Pomegranates*. Shilling numbers, appearing at irregular intervals, in yellow paper covers, with the small type and double columns which we just tolerate in collected editions of the works of great poets, but which we never learn to love;—it was in spite of these that Mr. Browning's reputation had to struggle forward till it became fame. When

we think of the care and cost lavished by Messrs. Moxon, and Strahan, and Macmillan, on the volumes of poetry which have issued from their presses during the last few years, it is hard to suppress a wish that a like attractiveness had been given to the works of a far greater poet than any they have lately introduced to us, still harder not to admire the genius and strength which could afford to do without it.

As it was, however, the years covered by the publication of *Bells and Pomegranates* were years, every way, of growth. They included many of the poems which his admirers most love, the whole series of the dramas and dramatic lyrics, which have since been republished,* and though as yet the circulation was not large, the writer's name became more and more known, and a welcome was secured for anything that might follow. In 1849, *Paracelsus* and most, if not all, of the poems which had appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates* were republished, without that somewhat affected title, and they were followed, in 1850, by what are in some respects the most characteristic and the highest in their aim of all, *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*. After an interval of five years, in 1855, with every mark of full maturity and power, appeared two volumes, under the title of *Men and Women*, including, among other memorable poems, the *Epistle of*

* It may interest those who only know the poems in their later forms to learn in what order they appeared in this series:

- I. Pippa Passes.
- II. King Victor and King Charles.
- III. Dramatic Lyrics.
- IV. The Revolt of the Druses.
- V. The Blot on the 'Scutcheon.
- VI. Colombe's Birthday.
- VII. Romances and Lyrics.
- VIII. Luria and the Soul's Tragedy.

It may be noted further (1) that some of the shorter poems thus published, *Rudel* and *Cristina*, were then grouped under the head of *Queen-Worship*, and are now printed far apart; (2) that one of the most startling of all Mr. Browning's writings, *Porphyria*, which is now left to explain itself, then appeared in Part III. as one of a series of poems under the title of *Madhouse Cells*, and so had its tale half-told in advance; (3) that Part VII. included the magnificent fragment of *Saul*, which, with a rare felicity, the author afterwards completed, so that it became, as we venture to think, the noblest utterance of his genius.

Karshish, Bishop Blougram's Apology, and the wonderful completion of *Saul*. Then came another collected republication of these, and all previously printed, in 1863, followed by the *Dramatis Personæ* in 1864. The strength of one who is not impatient for popularity and can afford to wait, while others of far inferior power catch the clamorous applause of the day, had at last done its work. The more authoritative Reviews, which are supposed to constitute the highest critical tribunal* in our courts of literature, at last with various degrees of heartiness and discernment, recognized the fame which had been won without them; and though Longfellow and Tupper are still, perhaps, the favorite poets of middle-class readers, there is, hardly a sixth-form boy or undergraduate of any culture who would not bracket together the names of Tennyson and Browning as the great poets of our time, and discuss with his fellows, in study talks or at debating clubs, which of the two stands on the highest level of excellence.

Mr. Browning has himself portrayed with his usual vividness, in what, so far as we know, is the one prose publication that bears his name, the desire which we feel to be able to connect a public career like that which has just been traced with the facts of the writer's life. Speaking of one whose genius, like his own, is essentially creative, he says:

"We ask, Did a soul's delight in its own extended sphere of vision set it, for the gratification of an insuppressible power, on labor, as other men are set on rest? Or did a sense of duty or of love lead it to communicate its own sensations to mankind? Did an irresistible sympathy with men compel it to bring down and suit its own provision of knowledge or of beauty to their narrow scope? Did the personality of such an one stand like an open watch-tower in the midst of the territory it is erected to gaze on, and were the storms and

calms the stars and meteors its watchman was wont to report of, the habitual variegations of his every-day life, as they glanced across its open roof, or lay reflected on its four-square parapet?"

For us, however, strong as may be the wish to know—stronger in proportion to the rare fortune which brought together in this case, as husband and wife, two minds so singularly gifted—reverence for the sanctity of home life, and for the sorrow of one who is still living in the midst of us, is stronger still; and, much as we may speculate in our thoughts on the influence which the poet and poetess, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, exercised on each other's minds, we must pass, after one tribute of mournful admiration to the memory of the one, to deal with the other, with no other knowledge and on no other data than such as are *publici juris* in his writings.

We are disposed to commence this inquiry with the solitary prose essay from which we have already quoted, rather than from any of Mr. Browning's poems. It is characteristic of his genius (if we may be permitted to use one of the cant words of the day) that he is the least *subjective*—in other words, the least egoistic of poets. He impersonates a thousand characters. He seldom speaks to us in his own. His verse does not tell us (except as the result of a wide induction) what he aims at, what are his thoughts as to the *calling* of a poet, and the conditions of the highest excellence attainable by him. The paper of which we speak in part fills up the blank. Writing of Shelley, the English poet of whom he speaks with most reverence—

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?"—

he is led to treat of poetry in general, and of the relation in which a great poet stands to his predecessors, contemporaries, and followers. From this preface, accordingly, we learn what Mr. Browning has deliberately recognized as the principles of his art, just as we learn from Wordsworth's "Preface to the Lyrical

* By far the ablest of these notices, in many respects a satisfying critical estimate of Mr. Browning's characteristics as a poet, is to be found in the *National Review*, vol. 47. The *Edinburgh Review*, in 1864, has "a sincere respect for Mr. Browning's literary industry," but finds it "a subject of amazement that poems of so obscure and uninviting a character should find numerous readers;" and thinking "his works deficient in the qualities we should desire to find (in) them," does not believe they "will survive, except as a curiosity and a puzzle."

* *Introductory Essay to Shelley's Letters*, published by Moxon in 1853. The letters afterwards turned out to be forgeries—hardly, we think, clever ones; but the value of the Essay remains unaffected by the discovery.

Ballads" what determined him in his choice of subjects and mode of treatment, or find in Mr. Keble's "Prælections" on the "Vis medica" the "healing and soothing influence" of true poetry, or his article on Sacred Poetry in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 63,* what he deliberately aimed at in his tenderness and beauty. In each case a comparison of the principles with the results attained will show some successes and some failures. Possibly the failures will be found to be fewest, the successes most complete, when the writer was thinking least about his principles, and when therefore they were fashioning his thoughts and language most entirely.

Thus, to take one instance, Mr. Browning, speaking of the class of writers to which he himself belongs—objective, dramatic, realistic—dwells on "the poet's double faculty of seeing external objects more clearly, widely, and deeply than is possible to the average mind; at the same time that he is so acquainted and in sympathy with its narrower comprehension as to be careful to supply it with no other materials than it can combine into an intelligible whole." It is of course true that this faculty is a condition of excellence, that a poet who is not understood fails of his end; but one is tempted to ask whether Mr. Browning's estimate of the "average mind" leads him to think that it is capable of "combining into an intelligible whole" the materials with which he has presented it in *Sor-*

dello. Perhaps, however, the Augustinian rule, *distingue tempora*, will come to our aid in answering this question. This may, we think, be fairly regarded as of the nature of a Palinodia, an indirect confession that he had learned wisdom from the comparative failure of what had almost every merit but this one of being intelligible, and was resolved for the future, not indeed to take the beaten paths, but to mount up on slopes, and by crags, where adventurous readers could at least follow him. They may still have Alps to climb, but they are no longer defied and baffled by a Matterhorn.

Having thus spoken of the objective poet, he passes on to the idealist. Of him Mr. Browning speaks in words which have somewhat of the Æschylean grandeur of his own verse:

"Not what man sees but what God sees, the Ideas of Plato, seeds of creation lying burningly on the Divine hand—it is towards these he struggles. . . . He is a seer rather than a fashioner, and what he produces will be less a work than an affluence."

There is, he adds, "no reason why these two modes of poetic faculty may not issue hereafter from the same poet in successive perfect works."

He is constrained to add, however, that as yet there has been no example of this union. The two elements have mingled in different proportions in many writers. No one has yet produced from the same pen the highest masterpieces. Mr. Browning might, we think, have pointed to the wonderful myriad-minded objectivity of the plays of Shakespeare as contrasted with the intense subjectivity of the sonnets, as the nearest approach in the history of literature to the union or succession of which he speaks.* We

* It seems worth while to give a few characteristic excerpts from the article in question: "If grave, simple, sustained melodies—if tones of deep but subdued emotion, are what our minds naturally suggest to us upon the mention of sacred music, why should there not be something analogous, a kind of plain chant, in sacred poetry also? fervent, yet sober; awful, but engaging. . . . The worshippers of Baal may be rude and frantic in their cries and gestures; but the true Prophet, speaking to or of the true God, is all dignity and calmness. . . . One great business of sacred poetry, as of sacred music, is to quiet and sober the feelings of the penitent." Of all English poets, Spenser is for him "preeminently the sacred poet of his country." The *Fairy Queen* is "a continual deliberate endeavor to enlist the restless intellect and chivalrous feeling of an inquiring and romantic age on the side of goodness and faith, of purity and justice." Milton he characterizes as "partaking largely of the vindictive and republican spirit which he has assigned to Satan," and showing "a want of purity and spirituality in his conception of heaven and its joys."

* On Mr. Gerald Massey's theory as to the Sonnets, they, of course, are themselves, for the most part, essentially and intensely dramatic, and reveal but little of Shakespeare's own history and feeling. But that theory, ingenious as it is, and much as we are disposed to believe what professes to clear a dark and painful mystery, seems to us to fail when we bring it to a crucial instance. It is hardly credible that Sonnet XX. could have been written for Elizabeth Vernon, or indeed for any woman, as "an interested and loving listener;" and we are compelled to fall back, however reluctantly, on Mr. Hallam's judgment (*History of Literature*, iii., chap. 5), that the whole series, marvellous as are its melody of language and sub-

venture to express the hope that the passing notice that such a thing was possible implies that he himself was aiming at it—that he thought, at least, that he might one day thus complete his task. Few gifts would be more precious than a book in which he would lay aside the mask for once, resist the temptation to add to the endless series of his *Dramatis Personæ*, and tell us, as Mr. Tennyson has done in *In Memoriam*, what he himself has thought and felt and believed on the problems of man's life and of the universe. One great charm of his later poems is, as we shall see, that they approximate more closely to this excellence than did the earlier.

Not less suggestive, as unconsciously autobiographical, are the words in which he describes the gradual degeneracy that follows on the absence of originating and creative power. A "school" gets formed on the model of a great poet, "living on the tradition of a fact, the convention of a moral, the straw of last year's harvest." Then, at last, unless there is

the grace of thought, belongs to a strange and morbid phase of feeling. So interpreted, they exhibit, we believe, a coherent, though a sufficiently painful history. The period to which the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" belong, was obviously one of sensuousness and lubricity of thought; and with him, especially in his earlier plays, as with the other dramatists of his time, there is a strange delight in dwelling even on the more repulsive features of impure life, and allusive jesting, such as passed current in the stews, crops up too frequently everywhere. Even when the fermentation was over, and the good wine was cleared, there was a twang of the old life in it.

* Few better examples of the difference in form and feeling between our two greatest living poets can be given than the short poems in which they have respectively embodied almost identically the same thought. Mr. Tennyson in "The Flower," says gracefully of himself what others have often said of him:

"Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed;
Up there came a flower,
The people said a weed.

"To and fro they went
Through my garden bower,
And muttering discontent—
Cursed me and my flower.

"Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

"Sowed it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower!'

absolutely no hope of recovery from this imbecility, a new poet rises up, "prodigal of objects for men's outer and not inner sight," replacing, with his fresh imagery and new objects, "this intellectual rumination of food swallowed long ago." Few readers, we think, will fail to recognize in Mr. Browning one whose influence on their minds has been of this character; and far removed as we believe the egotism of thus writing of himself would be from his character, the words point, we believe, also to what he aimed at, still more at what he purposed resolutely to avoid, and so throw light on what is most characteristic in his poetry. The poets of a past generation, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, had passed away, and young men of thought and culture, to whom the words of this one or that among them had been as a spell, unsealing their eyes and teaching them to look on nature and on man, or into their

"Read my little fable,
He that runs may read,
Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed,

"And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed,
And now again the people
Call it but a weed."

Mr. Browning, in his "Popularity," starts with a different parable:

"I'll say—a fisher on the sand
By Tyre the old, with ocean plunder
A netful brought to hand.

"Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Inclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And colored like Astarte's eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells?

"Enough to furnish Solomon
Such hangings for his cedar-house,
That, when gold-robed he took the throne
In that abyss of blue, the Spouse
Might swear his presence shone

"Most like the centre spike of gold
Which burns deep in the bluebell's womb,
What time with ardors manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and over-bold.

"Mere conchs I not fit for warp or woof!
Till cunning comes to pound and squeeze
And clarify—refine to proof
The liquor filtered by degrees,
While the world stands aloof.

"And there's the extract, flaked and fine,
And priced and salable at last;
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
To paint the Future from the Past,
Put blue into their line.

"Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue—direct crowns his cap:
Nokes outlures Stokes in azure feasts—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge got John Keats?"

own souls, with new insight, were fashioning themselves after their model, as men of like calibre are reproducing the tones of Tennyson and Browning now. But he, for his part, resolved to be no gatherer of sheaves in fields which had been sown by others, no disciple of any Rabbi or Rabban in the schools of literature; and he brought with him the power to see and speak, which made the resolve, not, as it too often is, a spasmodic straining after a spurious originality, but the source and spring of a new excellence. Of all the poets of our time he is the least imitative, the least conventional. Sometimes, we may be allowed to think, he seems, like the school of artists who have been most conspicuous for their protest against the traditions of routine, to have "o'erleapt the mark and fallen on the other side," outraging the love of beauty, which is more than a mere acquiescence in decorum, by a deliberate preference for the ugly, the grotesque, the horrible.

There is much truth, at any rate, in the warning words in which he paints the results of the absence of any true originality:

"All the bad poetry in the world . . . shows a thing, not as it is to mankind generally, nor as it is to the particular describer" (*sc.*, has neither the excellence of objective nor that of subjective poetry), "but as it is supposed to be for some unreal, neutral mood, midway between both, and of value to neither, and living its brief minute through the indolence of whoever accepts it, or his incapacity to denounce a cheat."

We must find room, before we pass on to Mr. Browning's poetry, for yet another extract, in which—in words which, if they are sometimes obscure, are throughout noble—he tells us what are his thoughts as to the calling and office of a poet. Here also we seem to trace the secret of much that is most characteristic in him, indications of the ideal at which he aimed, and nothing short of which can ultimately satisfy him. If readers find the length of the one sentence which forms the extract somewhat unmanageable and oppressive, we may plead that we have given them little more than the half of that sentence as it appears in the original. He speaks there of—

"The whole poet's function of beholding

with an understanding keenness the universe, nature, and man in their actual state of perfection in imperfection; the whole poet's virtue of being untempted by the manifold partial development of beauty and good on every side into leaving them the ultimates he found them, induced by the facility of the gratification of his own sense of those qualities, or by the pleasure of acquiescence in the shortcomings of his predecessors and the pain of disturbing their conventionalisms; the whole poet's virtue, I repeat, of looking higher than any manifestation yet made of both beauty and good in order to suggest from the utmost actual realization of the one a corresponding capability in the other, and out of the calm, purity, and energy of nature, to reconstitute and store up for the forthcoming stage of man's being, a gift in repayment of that former gift, in which man's own thought and passion had been lavished by the poet on the else incompleated magnificence of the sunrise, the else uninterpreted mystery of the lake, so drawing out, lifting up, and assimilating this ideal of a future man, thus descried as possible, to the present reality of the poet's soul already arrived at the higher state of development, and still aspirant to elevate and extend itself, in conformity with its still improving perceptions of, no longer the eventual human, but the actual Divine."

Whatever doubt may hang upon the meaning of parts of this; however strong may be our wish that some practiced hand would break it up into shorter and more intelligible sentences, we feel as we read it that our hearts burn within us. The man who so speaks, if he is true to himself, will have no light thoughts or poor estimate of the work which he has gifts to accomplish. He is "the heir of all the ages," and he is bound to transmit that inheritance, enlarged, widened, and enriched, to those that follow him. And in proportion as he rises to the thought of a human excellence higher than any he has known, he learns also not to lose himself in a dream of merely human progress and perfectibility, but to rest in the thought of what God is and what He works, to find Him "not far from every one of us." A new light is thrown upon nature when it is thought of as the veil through which we see glimpses of his glory. A new light is thrown upon the life of a man when we think of it as part of a Divine order, working out His will.

We pass to Mr. Browning's better known works. And here, difficult as it is to label and group works which are not

written to be classified in a museum, we think it will help us to attempt some kind of generic division. Mr. Browning's own classification of his shorter poems under "Lyrics," "Romances," "Men and Women," does not seem to us a very felicitous one. The romances and lyrics might change places almost *ad libitum*, and every one of them might legitimately come under the last title. It will not be thought altogether an artificial arrangement if we take them in the following order :

I. Poems dramatic in their structure.

II. Lyrics and Romances, dramatic in character though not in structure, and dealing chiefly with passions which have man, as such, for their object.

III. Poems representing forms, true or false, healthy or morbid, of religious life.

Wishing, as we do, to attempt an estimate of the influence which Mr. Browning is likely to exercise on the thought and feeling of our own time in that which is of deepest moment, and to compare it with that of the other two poets whom we have named as "equalled with him," we do not say in power, but at least in "renown" and the extent of their influence, we shall venture to treat of the last-named group with what would otherwise be a disproportionate fullness.

I. In the one instance in which, so far as we know, Mr. Browning encountered the ordeal of dramatic representation, the result was confessedly a failure, and most readers of his other dramas will probably agree in feeling that they would rather read them than see them acted; that they require more effort of thought than is compatible with the conditions of the stage; that, even as dramas to be read, they move somewhat heavily. The special excellence of his genius is not that which enables him to exhibit the thoughts and passions of men in continuous action one upon another, or even to present the story which forms the framework of a drama with the clearness for which a spectator or reader naturally looks. Given a character with some marked idiosyncrasy, the more morbid and exceptional the better, and a combination of circumstances, also exceptional and strange, and the soliloquy in which he will paint all the marvellous windings

and shiftings of thought, the intensities and ferocities of passion, the mingling of high and low, noble and base, will hold us spellbound by its subtle power and startling truthfulness. But when soliloquy passes into dialogue, we feel that this morbid anatomy interferes with its life and naturalness. He shows us how people think rather than how they speak. The privilege of a dramatic "aside" is stretched to its utmost tether in order to enable hearers to watch with a minute introspection the inner workings of each agent's mind. We are kept perpetually on the stretch, piecing together half-dropped hints and fragmentary sentences, watching for the links of the story which form the plot, and too often getting but a dim notion of it at last. Wearisome and monotonous as is the Euripidean plan of opening a tragedy with a *précis* of the state of affairs in general up to the commencement of the action of the drama, we are at times tempted to wish for some clew to guide us through the mazes of Mr. Browning's labyrinths. The popularity of *Pippa Passes* as compared with the *Revolt of the Druses* or the *Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, is, we think, an illustration of what has just been said. For here there is no plot, but only a series of pictures, and short, almost momentary action in each of them, and there is a prologue which announces the whole structure of the coming poem. Pippa, a girl of Asolo, wakes to her New-Year's holiday. She will make the most of it:

"This one day I have leave to go,
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by
the names
Of the Happiest Four in Asolo."

And she tells the story of these Four as she sees it, and then goes forth on her day's enjoyment. Each scene is brought before us, all the hot passion, and wild mirth, and yearning sorrow, and treacherous worldliness, of which the girl knew so little; and as she "passes," singing in her innocent, unconscious joy, her words fall on men's hearts with a strange power to bless, as calling them to purity, truth, courage, reverence. She has come into closest contact with passions which she never knew, with vileness from

which her purity would have shrunk; she has altered the whole current of lives which seemed at an infinite distance from her, and she returns to her room at night, little knowing what she has done, and sings herself to sleep with the hymn with which she began the day, and of which its events since the morning have been so wonderful an illustration:

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first."

Next to this in clearness, with nothing but the simplest of plots, and with hardly more than two characters, one playing on and unfolding the weakness of the other, is *A Soul's Tragedy*. A mob-leader, claiming the merit of a deed of patriotic vengeance which was not his, trading on the fame of it, rising to supreme power, then losing in that falsehood all true nobleness, becoming sensual, corrupt, servile, till at last the astute Machiavellian politician who has seen "twenty-three leaders of revolutions" entraps him in his own snare, puts him to shame, and registers him as the "twenty-fourth;"—this moves on simply and naturally enough, and the reader is never embarrassed, as in the other plays, by vain efforts to recollect what has gone before, and connect it with what is coming next. In one point, however, the *Soul's Tragedy* stands almost alone in its departure from the conventional type of tragedy. It has, of course, been common enough to mingle blank verse and prose in the same drama, leaving the latter to the less noble, assigning the former to the more heroic characters. Here, however, Mr. Browning wishes to symbolize the truth that the noble aspirations of the patriot degenerate into the ignoble baseness of the ambitious demagogue, and he does so by making everybody discourse in verse in the first part of the play, and, with an equal uniformity, talk prose in the second. As with every bold stroke of art, there is, at first, a certain effectiveness in this, but the second and permanent impression which it leaves is that there is something of the nature of a trick in it, true neither to the ideal of poetry nor the reality of actual life. We are compelled to look on it as an *exemplar vitii imitabile*.

We would fain speak more fully of our author's other dramas, but our limits warn us that we must be brief, and we must leave all but *Strafford* and *Paracelsus* unnoticed. These are at once the most interesting in their subjects, and the most conspicuous for their power. The former has the additional interest of challenging comparison with a tragedy on the same subject by another writer, who, if his life had been prolonged, and energy and brightness had ripened into strength, might have occupied one of the foremost places in the literature of our time. As it is, those who were not his personal friends remember John Sterling chiefly in connection with other names, with those of Hare and Carlyle, and Maurice and Trench; but had his tragedy of *Strafford*, published in 1843,* been the first of a progressive series instead of standing by itself, he would have won, long ere this, the fame which his early associates seem to have so confidently expected for him. As it is, we think, most readers will find his *Strafford* at least the easier of the two. Living as are many touches of Mr. Browning's portraiture of the stern but not relentless Wentworth, and interesting as are the features to which he gives prominence of an early friendship between him and Pym, of passionate devotion to him on the part of Lady Carlisle, the play suffers from the intricacy of plot, the multitude of half-spoken thoughts, and dark hints, which we have before noticed as characteristic of all Mr. Browning's dramas. *We question, however, whether the subject was well chosen by either dramatist. Attractive as are the great characters and great events of history to a writer of essentially dramatic genius, he needs to remember that these are precisely the subjects which are most familiar to his readers, and in which therefore they expect most, and are most likely to be disappointed, whether the author reproduces what they know al-

* It is singular that a writer like Sterling, living in close contact with the current literature of the time should have brought out his *Strafford* without any reference to Mr. Browning's, though the latter had been published six years before. If this apparent ignorance were also real, it is a striking instance of the slow progress of Mr. Browning's reputation.

ready, or startles long-cherished feelings by a divergence from it. We know the great scenes of Strafford's life—how he wrote to Laud and Charles (neither writer, by the way, seems to have utilized the "thorough" correspondence with the former as he might have done),—what he spoke at his trial; and the dramatist is therefore exposed to the risk of telling a twice-told tale, or, if he seeks to escape that difficulty by fixing on an episode in his life, of giving a factitious importance to what is in itself subordinate. History must absolutely, or relatively, be remote enough to have lost somewhat of the precision of its outline before it can safely be taken by any but a poet of the highest order—even if by him—as the subject-matter of a drama. In proportion to the greater fullness with which we know the history of the last three centuries in all their details is the difficulty of so treating them. The Revolution of 1688 would be a far more difficult subject for a dramatic writer of our own time than the Wars of the Roses were for Shakespeare.

Paracelsus stands on a very different footing, and is a singularly happy result, at once of close research into the life of a comparatively unknown thinker, and of the power, out of a few scattered hints, to exhibit at least an ideally true portrait of the man. A byword, hitherto, for the worst forms of charlatanry, so that his very name, Bombastus, has been stamped on the inflated language of impostors and braggadocios—just keeping his place in biographical dictionaries as having introduced the medicinal use of antimony and calomel and laudanum, he becomes, in Mr. Browning's hands, the type of genius, with its high hopes and ambitions struggling upwards, and its love of fame, power, enjoyment dragging it downwards; oscillating this way and that; turning to the memory of friendship with purer and simpler souls, sympathizing with the power to enjoy which he himself has lost. In many respects, of course, the dramatic development of such a character reminds us of the opening scenes of *Faust*; and it is hard to think that Mr. Browning would have written as he did but for the influence of the marvellous and, if one may so speak, quickening and generative

power of that poem. In Mr. Browning's drama, however, there is a special feature, and one of great beauty. The love of knowledge in *Paracelsus* is contrasted, not as in *Faust* with the mocking demon of sensuality and skepticism, and the simple, child-like innocence of Margaret, but, as in the character of Aprile, with a soul loving art and beauty for their own sakes, resting in them as ends with a passionate and intense delight. We know of no portraiture, in the whole range of Mr. Browning's poetry, more unique and original than this, and it is drawn not only, as are all his characters, with a Shakespearian power, but with a wonderful tenderness and beauty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Macmillan's Magazine.

A VISIT TO UPPER EGYPT IN THE HOT SEASON.

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD FALGRAVE.

A WHOLE preface of delays, unavoidable in any part of the Eastern East, most unavoidable in Egypt, is at last exhausted, and I am on board his Royal Highness the Viceroy of Egypt's Nile steamer, the *Sey'yideeyah*, with — Beg for companion. He is commissioner for the Egyptian, I for the British and American Governments; we are on our way to examine the complaints brought by a Gerent of the Powers. I have the honor to represent against an official of the former rule. Of the voyage I must say nothing for want of space, till such time as our steam was let off under the walls of Luxor.

Spite of business, spite of Khamseen winds, and a more than Indian heat, we managed during the days we passed here to visit all the widespread wonders of this most ancient capital. In some respects it fell short of, in others much exceeded, my expectations. To give a clearer view of so extensive a field, let me put in one visit made at different times, and group interrupted fragments into a united whole.

Anchored close under a sandy bank of nearly thirty feet high, nothing of Luxor and the east was visible to us from the

deck of our steamer where she lay. To the west the view was indeed open; fields and plain for some miles, with the lofty rock of Kornah, whence the name of a large village close underneath, towering beyond; but the ruins themselves were shut out from sight by the low water level.

We scrambled up the eastern bank as best we might. Landing-places in the European sense of the term are unknown in Egypt, save where the Viceroy himself occasionally disembarks. Thebes is hardly likely to attract him; there are no factories or Frankfort money-lenders here. Once arrived at the top, Luxor, with its monuments, stood before us, only a few yards distant. Their castle-like appearance has given the place its Arab name of El-Aksor, or "the Castles," abbreviated into Luxor by European pronunciation.

A huge temple—for such it seems to have been—has left a series of ruins to form a kind of backbone to half the modern hovel-built village, much as the skeleton of an elephant might be overcrusted with anthills. Right opposite where we had landed, were some fourteen immense columns, with huge umbrella-like capitals, the whole surmounted by an architrave of proportionate blocks of stone; half buried in sand, these pillars are still about thirty feet high; mud cottages of the modern "lesser man" nestle between their shafts. The capitals still bear traces of painting; the shafts are smooth, and of that rich yellow-tinted stone which harmonizes so well with Egyptian light and sky. Further on to the south are four ranges, more or less shivered, of smaller but more graceful pillars; they belong to that early style in which alone, amid the monuments of Egypt, the mind is gratified by an idea of beauty. The entablature of each column is nearly square; below this is a lotus-bud capital inverted, then a smooth shaft; further down a ribbed undershaft, resembling many stems coalesced into one. Here, too, the mud walls of modern denizens have filled up most of the intervening spaces. Still further to the south are the remains of large chambers, with walls of Cyclopean architecture, seemingly only a sanctuary and inner apartments, perhaps for the

priests; and above, and among these, stands a straggling brick house, once tenanted by a French Vice-consul, now the residence of Lady Duff-Gordon. Its courtyard is full of statues collected and brought hither; some, in hard granite, rose or black, are remarkable for the polish of their execution—dog and cat-headed figures, or sleepy human forms. It is a pity that they are not conveyed to the museum for which they have been long destined.

Returning to the north, a space equal about to that which we have just traversed is crowded with small peasant buildings, mounds of decomposed brick, a mosque, an Arab school, and other like constructions, all containing, and in great measure concealing, stone walls, pillars, hieroglyphics, and even entire rooms belonging to the old building. To make out fully and understand its plan, half a village would have to be cleared away. But on an open piece of ground in front rise the two thick and slanting piles of masonry that form the Propylæum; the main entrance lies between them. At a little distance is the one remaining decorative obelisk; the other adorns the "Place de Concorde" at Paris. Right before the Propylæum three gigantic statues, breast-deep in sand and village dust, with faces brutally mutilated, still keep watch; their fourth brother has disappeared.

Such are the principal ruins of Luxor, in proportion and style one of the most favorable specimens left us by old Egypt. But it is also one of those in most imminent danger of total destruction, for the Nile, whose strange vagaries are here absolutely uncontrolled, is daily and hourly eating away the eastern bank, on which it stands. Its date and history are well known; they reach back to the faded glories, if glories, of the past. But even now its colonnades, its massive walls, its pyramidal Propylæum and lonely obelisk, standing out all black above the Nile shore against the shining morning sky, or reddened into fire by the western sun, have a strange dead beauty, belonging not to other ages only, but almost to another world.

From Luxor to Karnak our cavalcade—for we are all on horseback, leaving donkeys to Cofts, effendis, and travellers

—leads a short mile northwards through fields and stunted vegetation, for the ground is too high to be fully reached by the vivifying waters of the Nile, that only life of Egypt. Now we are close under the most colossal structures of man's world, the Pyramids themselves scarcely excepted. Let us approach them in succession. First to the south, and leaving just on one side the hovels of the modern half Bedouin village, we traverse a thick-set avenue of Sphinxes; each holds a small human figure between mutilated fore-paws; monster and man are all alike decapitated. Passing these we come on the southern portal, a structure full seventy feet in height, and belonging to the tasteless reigns of the Ptolemies, when all idea of beauty and effect had long since been lost, and that of size alone remained. Like most buildings, early or late, it is covered with huge insculptured figures of kings and gods, gods and kings, besides smaller hieroglyphics *ad infinitum*; every face has been carefully erased. Of the outer wall, connecting this gate with the others, little is left; but what still remains consists of huge stone blocks, without clamps, cement, or other adjunct of stability than their own weight.

At some distance further on, and within what once was an inclosure, stands the first temple, its courts and chambers on the one unvarying plan, common to all such structures in un-inventive Egypt; its sculptures indicate various gods, kings too, among whom the ever-recurring Rameses, First, Second, or Third, is conspicuous; by good fortune, one of Rameses II.'s best bas-relief portraits, a delicate feminine-seeming face, has remained unscathed. The style of building, earlier in date than the portal, is massive, but not graceful.

But the wonder of Karnak is the so-called Palace—it may have been as well a tribunal hall, or some kind of forum—next beyond. The entrance, looking west, is between gigantic wedge-shaped walls of solid masonry, each even now, when half-buried in Nile deposit, some forty to fifty feet above the ground level. Their thickness is truly enormous; on one side of the inner entrance the *savans* of the French republican armies have carved, high up, names, dates, and as-

tronomical observations; a slight intellectual scratch on the old features of brute strength. Hence we come on a vast open court, traversed by a double range of proportionate columns, most broken; shivered statues, granite hewn, guard the second gate, whence we enter the wondrous hall, a forest of huge pillars, for an approximate idea of which I must refer to pictures, photographs, and, but in second rank, *ex-professo* descriptions; yet, after all, it must be seen to be rightly understood. Once this hall was roofed in, and several of its stone rafters still lie athwart, connecting the cumbrous capitals; the centre and wider passage boasted a second or upper story, and must have attained full a hundred feet in height, from floor to floor. Walls and pillars are covered with hieroglyphics and figures, some of tolerably good detail; but their general effect is detrimental, because without order or arrangement. Each succeeding monarch or high priest cut his emblem or likeness, his dog or hawk-headed god, as fancy took him; some even carved theirs over the work of their predecessors, like ill-bred travellers, scratching names and common-places on an edifice, or advertising placards, over-plastering each other on a wall. Every outline, every stone, every sculpture bears witness to huge despotic power, superstition, and bad taste. The one redeeming feature is the idea of strength—never, perhaps, carried further by man—and of its accompanying quality, abidance.

Beyond the hall, and continuous with the great central avenue, which traverses it from west to east, we came on a chaos of ruins, tumbled blocks, and fragments of statues, from amid which emerge, fresh and unpright as on their first day, two noble granite obelisks; the loftier, indeed the loftiest monolith in the world, measures, base and all, some ninety feet in height. A strange contrast, close by its foot, lies the wreck of a colossal effigy of similar material; its destruction, a work of labor and time, was doubtless occasioned by its human form. These, and their duplicates now gone—for obelisks and everything else in the Palace seem to have been symmetrically double—formed the centre-piece of the great edifice. Follows to the east a waste of

walls and columns; among them, and better preserved than the rest, is a small nor inelegant temple, once desecrated into a Coptic church, and where uncouth saints are daubed over, and half conceal uncouth gods; further on stand some pseudo-caryatid pillars: such are not uncommon in Egyptian architecture. Last and alone, for the side-walls have fallen into heaps, a gigantic gate, the eastern, marks the outer circuit; through and on either side of its span, glitters on a fair extent of fields and villages, tall palms and tufted acacias; and far off the jagged mountain range that hides from view Koseyr and the Red sea. Three almost similar peaks, in close conjunction, merited of old a dedication to the Egyptian Trinity, or quasi-Trinity, in whose honor it still retains the name of Thot.

Within the ruins of Karnak are many objects of great, but of antiquarian, rather than of artistic, interest. Yet, even this latter is claimed by the portrait, for such it is, of Cleopatra; her full-lipped voluptuous face may be seen any day reproduced among the famous dancing-girls and prostitutes of Upper Egypt. Around one of the inner courts also bas-relief sculpture images, not unsuccessfully, fruits, flowers, plants, birds, and beasts. Amid these last, a bull with three horns, doubtless a very sacred personage in his day, makes a conspicuous figure. But, after all, the great wonder of Karnak is Karnak itself, taken as a whole. Rightly to appreciate it one should climb—I did so—on one of its lofty though ruinous walls, and look down and around on its wilderness of columns, standing, leaning, or prostrate, on its shattered masonry in huge riven masses, its dark vaults, lofty gates, and Propylæa, its still towering obelisks, and vast extent of ruin. The sight reminded me most of some views of old Yucatan; only this is on a larger scale. Egyptian antiquity differs, too, from Mexican in the total absence of vegetation, whether independent or parasitic, among its stones; no creepers, no ivy, not so much as a moss or lichen, stains dry bones of the dead past.

We will now return to Luxor and the steamer, take the jolly boat, and cross the river. Long before we reach the western bank, our boat sticks fast in

the mud, and the soldier-sailor crew have to carry us on shore as best they may; we reach thus a low shelving beach, lately left dry by the diminished stream, and planted with melons. We mount our horses, cross what is at high-Nile a large island, and redescend to traverse the waterless bed of a second branch of the river. Here a large bull buffalo charges our party full tilt; then bounds away, tossing his ugly head, as my negro gallops fiercely against him, and gives him the contents of a double-barrelled fowling-piece, only loaded, I regret to say, with small shot. Half an hour's ride more to the northwest, through rich fields, mostly unreaped for want of hands—the Viceroy best knows where they are—and we reach a grove of ithel, my old Arab friend, but here called athel. Through its feathery branches we descry the façade of the Temple of Kornah, so called from the neighboring village, itself named after the mountain under which it stands. Kornah means "horn," a word expressive of the bold and precipitous character of the mountain itself. The temple resembles in style that of Luxor, but surpasses it in elegance of proportion, with something of Doric simplicity; it seemed to me the most favorable specimen left us by the builders of ancient Egypt. It belongs to the earlier dynasties.

We could now see far off in the plain on our left, and against the yellow mountain side, the dark outlines of Medinat-Haboo, of the Ramesseum, of Deyr and its vaults, and the great twin statues of Greek-named Memnon. But behind the mountain of Kornah, at a distance of three miles, or rather more, lie the famous "Abwab-el-Molook"—literally, "Gates of the Kings," and, in fact, their tombs. Now, in the burning April of Upper Egypt, it was a point of some importance for us to visit this spot, the most distant of all, and to return thence before noon-day, the more so that the road thither lies amid bare rocks, which reflect the sun's rays like a reverberating furnace. Remounting—for I had alighted to sketch the temple, and my companions to rest—we turned our horses' heads towards the western mountain, and soon entered on the winding gorge.

This valley, or rather cleft, is indeed natural in the main, but art has done much to render it what it now is; projecting rocks have been cut away, the slope has been levelled, and in some places the entire face of the mountain shaved off—partly, it would seem, for appearance sake, partly to widen the passage. This was of old time a fashionable promenade for the inhabitants of the neighboring capital, a favorite lounge or drive when some anniversary took them to visit the cemetery, or when their own innate and superstitious gloom made the tombs their customary resort. Now solitude, and lifelessness, silence, and the bare sterility of ages, better give the grandeur of death, familiarized into littleness by the obtrusive paraphernalia of the proto-Egyptian habits. Disguised by the flower-chaplet of the Greek, removed from sight by the funeral pyre of the Hindoo, the idea of death stands forth hideously prominent among the Egyptians, the pet object of their contemplation, in gaudy and repulsive evidence. But did not also the asceticism of Christianity, corner-stoned as it is on a death's head, originate among the Egyptian Antonies and Macarius, of the "Bitter Lakes," and the salt desert between Alexandria and Cairo?

These reflections were not, however, mine, at least in subjective apprehension, at the time of our then ride up the valley. On the contrary, a bright sun, a keen morning air, horseback, and the consciousness of being once more in the "khāla," or free desert, encouraged a more cheerful and healthful train of thought, of Arab, not of Egyptian vein. All I could have desired—and I did desire it much more than the visit to any Ramesseum or king's tomb—was to follow on the mountain passes through to the open space beyond, where four days tracked westerly conduct to the Great Oasis, seldom visited, and itself the portal to further and still less explored regions, Darfoor and Central Africa. The route is, I am assured, safe from any danger unless what tropical Nature herself occasions to the African traveller—the scarcity of water hereabouts ridding the wayfarer from the apprehension of Bedouins, while the black races further on, if unprovoked into hostility, are of all

uncivilized men the least unfriendly to the stranger.

But for this, leisure and means were not, and, alas! still are not, mine; so, leaving the open road aside, we continued to thread the rock of "Abwab-el-Molook," to where it terminates in a mountain-hewn *cul-de-sac*, the cemetery itself. Piles of rubbish, the tokens of recent excavation, and the degradations of time, have rendered the original rock-disposition of the space round which the tombs are hewn but half discernible. It is a wide amphitheatre, formed by a depression in the mountain, partly natural, partly artificial. One after another small square entrances appear in the rock; each leads down to inner chambers hewn out to a great distance, where the dead once reposed—once: for Persian conqueror, Greek colonist, Coptic bigot, Arab fanatic or spoiler, and European antiquarian, have left but few undisturbed tenants—a sad result of so much pains to remain in hidden quiet.

The tomb of Rameses II. is a fair sample of what one meets with, more or less, in all the rest. A square-hewn passage of ten or twelve feet each way, gradually descending into the mountain; on either side small apartments communicating with the central gallery; then a large hall, or divan, supported on pillars; after this a second and more rapid descent, another hall, more apartments, and passages, blocked up at the further end. The walls are everywhere painted with emblems, and in them consists the chief interest in the place. These paintings have, with scarce an exception, reference to one of three things—namely, either the land of Egypt itself, its river and produce; or the Divine protection afforded to its kings and rulers; or to the state of souls after death. These three topics are handled in illustrations which bear in every line, every shape, the impress of those corresponding principles—serfdom, divine right, and superstition. The cowed attitudes of the laborers, their groupage in bands, each presided over by an official twice the ordinary human size—as in some mediæval paintings—their very uniformity of dress and feature, all indicate, if not slavery, at least forced labor and selfish dependence. Meanwhile the kings, huge in stature and

portrayed in the most gorgeous colors, are never without some equally gay and monstrous divinity at their side; while a caressing attitude, and an outstretched hand, imply patronage, while yet admitting a certain fraternity of relation between the king and the god. Louis XIV. or James I. might have directed the artist of such groups, and perhaps rewarded.

But the most frequent topic here is "that undiscovered country"—no undiscovered country, however, to Egyptian imagination. The God of Justice presides, the soul is presented, weighed in scales which Michael borrowed in after times; then received into Elysian seats and divine society, or transformed into a swine, and handed over to tormentors, orthodox devils with hooks and crooks, and ministers of the wrath to come. Even the descent of the corpse into the tomb, painted along the sides of the very gallery by which it actually passed, is opposed by black serpents and wicked things; death-bed terrors anticipative of a final, though for a king, doubtless a favorable judgment. Further analogies with the dogmatic accessories of Christianity are readily traceable; nor is it, perhaps, unworthy of notice, that the conventional sign of divine and regal power—the two are synonymous in the Egyptian as in the Stuart school—is everywhere a cross.

The colors are generally fresh, and in their shades and combinations alone does good taste find a refuge. In these tombs, and among other relics of old Thebes, I saw the traces of those famous mutilations which have occasioned so violent an outcry against the Prussian Professor Lepsius and his associates. An unjust outcry, for the occasional removal of a piece of painting or sculpture for transfer to the Berlin Museum is a proceeding blamed by no nation where their own museums or professors are concerned. And if, in course of the removal, more damage has chanced than might seem in exact proportion with the object attained, we in particular should not forget to look at home, and at the Elgin marbles. The forgery of new hieroglyphics and inscriptions is a much more serious charge, and one from which the Doctor has never, I fear, obtained a satisfactory acquittal.

Emerging from sepulchral gloom into the universal glare of the mid-day sun on white rocks, we rode back by the way on which we had come, and then turning to the right kept under the immediate slope of the mountain, between it and the Nile plain, passed the hovels of modern Kornah, and countless excavations in the rocks above, till we reached the Ramesseum where it stands near the cliff, and with about two miles of level between it and the river. Luxor is almost exactly opposite, on the east; and the two seated colossi, well known to fame and photographers are on a line between.

This Ramesseum, or rather what remains of it—for it is a mere fragment—is a temple commemorative, it would seem, of great victories achieved by Egyptian arms in Palestine and Syria. It faces the east, and is still guarded by its solid and slanting Propyleum, much of which is fallen into mountain heaps, but more is yet standing. Westward some fifty yards begins the temple, its portico supported on pillars of Egyptian ungracefulness, their bad taste yet further enhanced by heavy caryatides stuck on, so to speak, to their outer side. On the wall of the portico is scratched, I cannot say sculptured, Rameses himself, colossal in a colossal war-chariot, a colossal bow in his hand; before him, figure over figure in a defiance of perspective that a Chinese might envy, are his victorious troops and their conquered enemies, the latter tumbled heels over heads, some into what is meant to represent water, some under the horses' hoofs. On either side chariots are the order of the day; one only Syrian figure is mounted on horseback. The temple stands just beyond; its sculptures are a shade better than those of the portico: one elaborate bas-relief, in which a god feeds Rameses from the tree of immortality, displays a design and execution worthy a better idea. All the numerous portraits of Rameses give the same handsome and beardless youth, with features almost feminine, and much more delicate than the average Egyptian cast, whether old or modern. I have indeed often seen analogous faces among the Berbers—that curious race, now denizens of the Nile valley between Upper Egypt and Nubia

Proper, dissimilar both from Coft and from negro in lineaments as in character; men of some stamp, harsh and proud, narrow-minded but firm, disagreeable customers to my mind, but from whom rulers might spring—rulers at least of whom the Hanoverian dynasty may afford the lowest, as a Ramesis or a Sesostri the highest type; barren kings, good for conquerors and taskmasters, useless to all else. Right in front of the temple, amid fragments of its lesser black-porphry brethren, lies the wreck of that unparalleled granite colossus, once Rameses, now a wellnigh shapeless mass. I measured its mutilated toes; they were five feet and a half across; judge, then, of the entire statue; and this, throne and all, of one sole block, polished too. How the man who caused it to be put up in his honor lived long enough to have this monster effigy of his hewn out of the iron quarries of Assouan, brought hither, carved, perfected, furnished, and set up, is a strange problem. Scarce less a problem is it who can have thrown it down, who broken it up; a thousand steam sledgehammers would seem insufficient to the task. Thus it lies, retaining just shape enough to show what it was, and, where man's spite has spared it, perfect in finish as thousands of years ago; the ground far away is strewn with its boulder fragments.

We sat under the black shadows of the portico—Egyptian shadows, like Egyptian nights, are very dark, possibly from the density of the valley atmosphere, perpetually saturated with Nile exhalations—and, made our noon-day meal, Arab fashion. I leave my companions to talk or sleep, and roam for two good hours of intense sun among the ruins, sketching and earning melancholy thoughts and a bad headache. At last day declines westward, and we remount to visit the remaining great group of ruins, known by the name of "Medinat-Haboo."

This lies at no great distance from the Ramesseum southwards, but almost hidden from view by ugly black masses of earth and mouldering brick, belonging to the modern village, itself now mere ruins, ever since Mohammed-Alee destroyed it and scattered its robber inhabitants. A long curved ridge in the plain further

down towards the river marks the site of the ancient hippodrome; it has never been cleared out.

"Palace of the Ptolemies;" at least, often so called; but, in fact, Medinat-Haboo owes to the Ptolemies only some paltry additions—a miserable Propylæum and entrance, with some colonnades and chambers, where the heaviness of old Egyptian architecture is combined with the meanness of a sham; Regent's Park, though of an earlier date, and on Egyptian, not on Greek model. And here, no less than there, imitation gives the weakness, not the success, of what it would represent. Follow old Cyclopean courts, chambers, pillars, and statues; everything of exaggerated solidity, and affording much for amazement, little for admiration. The sculptures engraved on the walls are especially curious. Among these a lion-hunt reminds one of similar representations at Nineveh; the lions are very fierce, and the Nimrodian monarch transfixes them with arrows at the unsportsmanlike distance of a yard or so; then comes a complicated sea-fight, in which the ships are the only intelligible indication that the affair is not on dry land. Much more remains to be dug out at Medinat-Haboo, and will probably so remain under the unintelligent system of its present selfish rulers, and the jealous monopoly of directors, such as Mariette Beg and his fellows.

Last we visited the double statue of Rameses, miscalled Memnon; they belong to the great central avenue which once traversed the capital from Luxor to the Ramesseum, due east to due west. Karnak must have formed the north-eastern angle, and the Medinat-Haboo the northwestern; a diagonal line connecting them would pass by the double colossus, which seems to have occupied the central point of the city. At the northwestern angle the Temple of Kornah marks where the road to the royal cemetery quitted the city and entered the mountains.

Luxor, Karnak, Kornah, Ramesseum, Medinat-Haboo, and the intervening ruins, all belong to the one and the same huge city, the Thebes of Egypt. Within historical memory the site was yet one, not divided as now; for the Nile, instead of flowing west of Luxor and Karnak,

thus separating one half of ancient Thebes from the other, followed a much more easterly course under the mountains on the Red Sea side, leaving the Libyan plain wide and unbroken. Indeed it is said to have adopted its present direction only two centuries since. Now ploughing up the mid-level, and wandering as at random among the ruins, it undermines some, silts up others, and will probably sweep not a few clean away—Luxor, for example. A few thousand years more, and Herodotus and the Ghizah Pyramids will probably alone remain to vindicate for Rameses and his brethren the eternity they sought to secure by so much labor and costly forethought.

The situation of Thebes, as the river formerly ran, was admirably adapted for a capital of that time; a noble plain, nowhere wider or richer in Upper Egypt, constantly refreshed by the free play of the winds from north, east, and west, closing in southwards only; while direct land communications lead on one side to Koseyr, that ancient harbor and deposit of Arab commerce, and on the other to the great oasis of the "Wah," once of Jupiter Ammon, and thence right to Central Africa; north and south passes the great liquid and ever open road of the Nile. We should remember that in the days, those ancient days, when Thebes flourished, the staple trade of Egypt lay all with Africa and Arabia; at a much later date, Greek influence and the growing importance of the Mediterranean coast, brought the capital down towards the Delta, and ultimately fixed it at Alexandria on the northern shore. But Greece only entered Egypt to degenerate, and to help Egypt to degenerate in turn; the best days of the Nile valley were certainly the earliest.

We remained at Luxor above a fortnight, cross-examining witnesses, verifying documents and the like. Hard work, and rendered still harder by the character of those with whom we had to deal—that most shuffling, servile, and unsatisfactory race, the "fellahs" of Egypt. True, they have in common with most Orientals, a certain superficiality of good qualities which renders their intercourse tolerable while "outside to outside," in Arab phrase—that is, so long as no business is concerned, and within the mere

interchange of social or conventional politeness. But no sooner does an interest enter, a hope, a fear, than adieu to all shadow of truth, fair-dealing, or manliness of any sort soever. Great, too, I regret, to say, is their stupidity—not for nothing is the ass the archæo-typical animal of Egypt; in obstinacy, too, the "fellah" reminds me of the above-named quadruped, or surpasses. With such materials had we to labor from morning to night; happy when, out of an entire day's investigation, we had extracted, unwittingly or unwillingly, so far as our informants were concerned, a single grain of truth.

While at Luxor we celebrated—I say "we," incorporating myself with my Turkish steamer and companionship—the "Korban-Beyram," that great annual feast commemorative of Abraham's well-known offering; a celebrity which all over the Mohammedan world images what is passing at Mecca at the very hour. It is the being present at Mecca and there joining in this festivity, called in Arabic "Eyd-ed-Doheyya," or "Feast of the Victims"—better, "of the forenoon sacrifices"—that, in conjunction with its preceding vigil of "Wakfat-'Arafat," that is, station of 'Arafat—confers on the visitant of the sacred city the authentic title of "Hajjee" or pilgrim. If he perform his Mecca-ward journey at other times of the year, it is no longer "Hajj"—that is, "pilgrimage"—but simply "Zee'arah," or "visit."

In company with Lady Gordon I attended the feast, there to witness a scene very imposing when well gone through, which in this case it decidedly was not.

The worshippers were drawn up in long lines on an open plot of ground, where every Tuesday a fair used to be held, according to the custom generally adopted from Diar-Bekir to Yemen, by which each several village becomes, in weekly, monthly, or yearly rotation, the centre of traffic for a considerable circumference. Behind was the common cemetery, unrivalled, irregular, and shamefully neglected—this, too, a customary state of things in Egypt, where the fellahs are too brutalized in life to feel the indecency of dishonored death, though indeed of superstition regarding their dead they have enough and to

spare. Right in our faces glittered the morning sun; for the relative position of Luxor and Mecca brings the Kiblah, or compass-point of prayer, for the former little south of due east.

We posted ourselves to the rear of the assembly—for to take up a position in front of them might put the congregation in danger of seeming to worship you instead of God, a serious mistake—and waited like all else the arrival of the Hejjajees, a holy Luxor family, claiming descent from a certain village saint sur-named the Hejjaj; his family name and date I have forgotten; indeed the entire individual, no less than his pedigree, seemed to my mind scarcely less apocryphal than St. Joachim and Anna. However, his tomb—not St. Joachim's, but the Hejjaj's—with the sempiternal cupola over it, adjoins the mosque, and to the saintly tenant prayers are made and vows offered just as to any local hamlet patron, Greek or Catholic, and with about equal result. His progeny, real or supposed, occupy a very high place in Luxor veneration; from them Muftees, Khateebes, Imams, Saints, etc., are selected at need; they take precedence in public solemnities, and, like all their class, receive presents. Now, "*il y a de la dignite à se faire attendre*"—and our friends, well knowing that they were sure to be waited for, took care not to lose their privilege of coming late. At last a howling sort of chant, the identical tune which the old cow died of, and which does duty on all occasions, from a marriage to a funeral, announced their approach, Sheykh and all; they advanced procession-wise, bearing banners, red and green, embroidered with the eternal "La Ilah illa Allah," and took their place in the foremost ranks. One of them, the Khateeb of the day, occupied the mid van; and a canopy was extemporized for his dignity from the clustered banners lately borne before him. A large black stone, just retaining form enough to announce it the fragment of some old Egyptian king or god, became his pulpit; and on this, after previously shaking it to test its solidity, the Khateeb mounted, staff in hand, and began his say.

Now, in the discourse appropriate to the 'Eyd or feast, it is customary to ar-

range certain periods, each concluding with the well-known formula "Allaho Akbar," intoned in a sonorous voice: whereon the whole assembly, like one man, are to take up the burden, repeating in half chant, "Allaho Akbar, Allaho Akbar, Allaho Akbar, w' la Ilah illa Allah; Allaho Akbar, Allaho Akbar w' l'illah el hamd." This recitative, breaking out at frequent intervals from a great multitude, is imposing in the extreme; I have heard it often in crowded mosques, and never without a thrill at the deep, united, concentrated, fanaticism it implies. But here at Luxor the effect was exactly reversed, neither Khateeb, though a born saint, nor congregation, knowing how to go through it properly; only an irregular buzz was to be heard, without time or measure; while the words of the preacher and the responses of the people were alike drowned in the chattering, scolding, quarrelling, and screeching of the women and children, who, excluded by custom from direct participation in the public prayers, now grouped themselves around with utter contempt of stillness, reverence, or order; while the men were some too quick at their prayers and prostrations, others too slow: an Irish scene altogether. At last discourse and ceremonies came to the end which sun in our faces, dust in our eyes, and cackling in our ears had made us long since desire, and everybody jumped up, to wish the Sheykh many happy returns of the day, and to obtain his special benediction by kissing his hand. This manœuvre they executed with such vehemence as to undo his turban, discompose his robes, and still more his patience; till the holy man set about blessing them in right good earnest, but with his stick, and returned each kiss of devotion by a loving cudgel-thwack over the head. Not a whit did this proceeding shake their faith, however, or diminish their reverence: country idols have on occasions like this the luck over town ones. A second conclusion to be drawn by my readers is, that wherever Wahha-bee doctrines and practices, or rather non-practices, may prevail, they are not to be sought for among the peasants of Upper Egypt.

The rest of the day passed in slaughtering the victims—each family must

offer one—and next in eating them. A Bedouin kind of dish, boiled meat and sopped bread, is first of all served up on this day; its cookery commemorates the habits of those who first founded this solemnity, the Arabs of Arabia, where boiling is the exclusive culinary preparation.

Popular Science Review.

THE GEOLOGY OF SINAI.

BY THE REV. E. W. HOLLAND, M. A.

FROM our very childhood we have been taught to regard the Peninsula of Sinai as a hallowed land, yielding the palm of sanctity to Palestine alone. As the scene of the giving of the law; as the natural cradle selected by God for the development and growth of His chosen people into an independent nation; as the region to which the Prophet Elijah directed his steps in his memorable flight from the cruel Jezebel; as the probable abode of the Apostle St. Paul, when he withdrew to Arabia after his miraculous conversion, it is indeed a land full of sacred associations. But, apart from its great Biblical interest, it is in many other respects one of the most remarkable districts on the face of the earth.

Its geographical position has rendered it the connecting link between Asia and Africa. In the rocks which compose its mountains; in the shells which strew its northern and southern shores; in its scanty fauna and flora, we may trace that bond of union which connects the physical characteristics of the great African and Asiatic continents. Bounded also as it is on the north by the land of Palestine and the Mediterranean sea; separated from Egypt on the west by the narrow strip of desert which forms the Isthmus of Suez, and from the once powerful kingdom of Arabia on the east by the depression of the Wady el-Arabah; encircled on the south by the two arms of the Red sea, now known by the names of the Gulf of Akaba and the Gulf of Suez, each of which has at different periods formed a highway for commerce between the Indian Ocean and the Northern world, the Peninsula of Sinai has long maintained a degree of contact with civilization which the barren

character of its dreary wilderness would otherwise have denied it, and it has played its part in the rise and fall of some of the greatest nations of the East.

The peculiar physical features of the peninsula, no less than its geographical position, have marked it out as a country of note. To them it has owed a large extent of the influence which it has exerted at different periods over mankind; and it cannot but prove a subject of deep interest to trace out their leading characteristics and origin.

It is a country in the history of which geology occupies a more than usually prominent position. Being essentially a desert region, yet at the same time almost entirely destitute of that mantle of sand which has enveloped and concealed the natural features of so large a portion of the African deserts, it owes its grandeur, no less than its barrenness, to the nature of the rocks of which it is composed. It is difficult for those who live in such a land as ours, which owes its charms to its luxuriant vegetation, to conceive how a country which is described as being almost entirely devoid of vegetation, can have any pretensions to beauty. Yet, apart from all its sacred associations, I know of no country which impresses itself more vividly upon the senses than the southern portion of the Peninsula of Sinai. "It combines the three grand features of earthly scenery—the sea, the desert, and the mountains." The lack of vegetation is compensated for by the bright colors of its rocks, which, when lighted up by the rising or setting sun, produce an effect the beauty of which it is impossible to describe; the want of rivers and lakes is supplied by the frequent views of the deep blue sea, which present themselves from almost every point in the Sinaitic range; and the wild grandeur of the mountains, ever varying in form and structure, dispels the monotony which the absence of trees would otherwise beget.

The northern portion of the peninsula, which is generally known by the name or the Desert of et-Tih, or "the Wanderings," is very different in its character from the southern. Here the granite and sandstone rocks give way to limestones; and the mountains lose their bright coloring and fantastic forms, and

assume a tabular outline and glaring whiteness, of which the eyes of the traveller soon weary.

The hydrography no less than the geology of these two portions of the peninsula, naturally leads us to separate the one from the other, and describe them as independent districts. This course I shall now follow. But in order to render my description of the country intelligible, I must first explain the meaning of the Arab word "Wady," which I shall be compelled frequently to use, since there is no English word which exactly corresponds to the idea expressed by it. The word "valley," perhaps, most nearly expresses it; yet even that word, comprehensive as it is, does not include the full meaning of the Arab "wady," which is applied equally to describe the broad valley of several miles in width; or the narrow course of the mountain torrent with its rugged bed and overhanging cliffs, which scarce permit the loaded camel to force its way between them; or, again, the slight depression in a plain, the depth of which may barely suffice to afford a channel for its drainage. The northern desert of the Tih is still but little known—in fact, a large portion of it yet remains entirely unexplored. A few travellers have crossed it from different points, and have published rough sketches of the routes they have taken; but we have not sufficient data for any accurate description of it. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few general remarks upon its character, grounded chiefly upon observations of my own during two hurried journeys across it—the first undertaken in 1861, when I rode from the southern pass of Rakineh in the Jebel et-Tih, by the castle of Nûkhl, and Beersheba, to Hebron; the second in 1865, when I traversed the desert on foot from Akaba to Suez, following the course of the Hadj route, or road taken by the pilgrims from Egypt to Mecca.

This desert may be briefly described as consisting of an extensive plateau of limestone rock, supported and inclosed on the south by a long range of mountains, which, commencing on the west, runs for a distance of nearly sixty miles almost parallel to the Gulf of Suez, under the name of Jebel er-Râhah; and then changing its name to that of Jebel et-

Tih, and circling round towards the east, shapes its course in the form of a festoon, suspended from the heads of the two gulfs of Suez and Akaba. Throughout its whole course, this range presents a singularly unbroken and tabular outline, especially the western portion of it; the eastern portion appears to be broken up into several almost parallel ranges as it approaches Akaba.

The plateau of the Tih is bounded on the east, and separated from the valley of the Arabah by the range of mountains which stretches down from the Dead sea to the head of the Gulf of Akaba.

The best maps represent the northeast portion of this plateau as being drained by wadies flowing into the Arabah, which conveys their waters to the Dead sea. But the whole of the remaining portion is drained by the numerous branches of the Wady el-Arish, which empties itself into the Mediterranean sea, about fifty miles south of Gaza, and which formed the ancient boundary between Egypt and Palestine, under the name of the River of Egypt. Its surface presents a succession of large undulating plains, studded with low mountain ranges, which appear generally to run from south to north; its rocks are composed chiefly of calcareous limestone, which in some places is very rich in Echinodermata and other fossils; its plains are hard and pebbly, often covered with numerous flints of dark color, which contrast strangely with the glaring whiteness of its mountains. The southern and more elevated portion of this plateau is singularly barren, but as it slopes northwards, and the branches of the Wady el-Arish increase in number and size, the vegetation increases in proportion. The fall being small, the water often stands in the broad shallow wadies for a considerable time, and leaves large tracts of alluvial deposit, which, if properly cultivated, would yield an abundant harvest. I have seen several acres of this soil ploughed up for corn within a few miles of Nûkhl, though in consequence of the dearth of rain it had not been sown. From this point northwards every day's journey shows a visible increase in the amount of vegetation, and before reaching the ruins of el-Abdeh the country assumes the character of downs, the low-

rounded hills being covered with tufts of grass; the wadies in this portion of the desert abound in the spring with anemones and other flowers, some of which the Englishman may recognize as garden friends in his own country; and the ruins of walls built across the water-courses to support terraces, and heaps of loose stones gathered from the fields, give evidence of cultivation having been carried on in ancient times to a considerable extent. This district of the Tih has evidently changed much since the commencement of our era. Ruins of considerable towns mark the former existence of a large population, where now a few wandering hordes of Bedouins are alone to be found. The desert has again claimed as its own the land that was formerly rescued from its grasp. Unchecked, it still advances, slowly indeed here, but more rapidly and steadily along the coast of the Mediterranean and on the borders of the Isthmus of Suez, under the resistless influence of overwhelming sand-drifts. Of the supply of water in the desert of the Tih I cannot speak with certainty; in the southern portion it appears to be very scanty, but is, no doubt, much more abundant in the more mountainous districts on the northeast, and in the basin of the Wady el-Arish.

We turn now to the southern division of the peninsula, which includes the granitic and sandstone districts, and the large plains which extend along the shore of the Gulf of Suez, that is, the whole of the country to the south of the mountain ranges of Jebel er-Râhah and Jebel et-Tih. The limestone of the Tih is separated from the mountains of the Târ (the name given by the Arabs to the mountainous district in the south of the peninsula) by a belt of sand called the Debbet-er-Ramleh, which stretches across nearly the whole breadth of the peninsula; and this is the only tract of sand which is to be found in this district. My readers will have learned by this time that a desert is not necessarily a level expanse of sand, almost entirely devoid of vegetation. Such indeed are many of the deserts of Africa, perfect "seas" of sand, as they are sometimes called by the natives; but this popular idea of a desert is for the most part a very erroneous one, and has been the cause of great misunder-

ing as to the features of "the Desert of Sinai." The district of the Târ is essentially a mountainous region, so much so, that one of the great difficulties which travellers have met with has been to find in it a plain or valley sufficiently large to contain the tents of the Israelite host. It has been called "the Alps unclothed;" and next to the wild grandeur of its mountains, the most striking peculiarity that meets the eye of the traveller who has just left the rich valley of the Nile is the absence of vegetation, and the barrenness of its rocks. A very remarkable succession of plains extends along the western coast of the peninsula from Suez to the southernmost point of Ras Mohammed. The most striking peculiarity of these plains, the ancient wilderness of Etham, or Shur, is about seventy miles long, and from twelve to fifteen miles broad, being bounded on the east by the range of Jebel er-Râhah, which has already been described. This plain may be said to extend as far south as Jebel Hummâm, a ridge of calcareous limestone, which forms a bold promontory, cutting off all farther advance along the shore; about ten miles north of this point, however, the sandstone hills between Wady Ghurundel and the spring of Abu Suweirah interrupts the progress of the plain for a time. The traveller who is journeying southward along the coast is forced to make a circuit round the back of Jebel Hummâm, but south of this mountain he again arrives at a succession of smaller plains, three in number, which together occupy a space of about thirty miles in length, being separated from one another by low spurs of limestone, which run down so close to the sea as barely to leave sufficient room for a caravan to pass round them. The first of these three plains was that occupied by the Israelites during their encampment by the Red Sea which is mentioned in Numbers 33: 10; the two latter, perhaps, were both included in the Wilderness of Sin. The sandstone hills which inclose the lower portion of the Wady Feiran form a barrier which separates these plains from that of el-Kâa, a plain nearly ninety miles in length, running unbroken by any mountain until it reaches the southern promontory of Ras Mohammed; the northern portion of it, however, is sepa-

rated from the sea by the range of Jebel Hemam. These shore-plains are by no means destitute of vegetation. That between Suez and Jebel Hummâm most travellers have described as being especially barren; but this has been because they have taken the upper road; had they journeyed along the coast, their account of it would have been very different. The upper portion of the plain, that is, the portion nearest to the range of Jebel er-Râhah, is certainly sterile enough; but along the coast a line of low hills of sand is found, which intercept the drainage to the sea, and have caused the formation of a considerable tract of alluvial deposit, affording good pasturage for the camels of the Terrabein Arabs, and abounding with thickets of tamarisks and other bushes. The three smaller plains which lie between Jebel Hummâm and Wady Feiran are evidently flooded more or less during the winter months by the flow of water down the numerous wadies which open out upon them, and the less elevated parts are studded with numerous shrubs and herbs. The northern portion of the large plain of el-Kâa, receives the whole of the drainage from the western side of Serbal, which, aided by some local springs, gives birth, near the little seaport of Tor, to an oasis which can boast of the richest palm-groves in the peninsula; the southern portion of this plain is more elevated and consequently more barren; though even here occasional depressions occur along the coast, which afford pasture grounds for the flocks of the few Arabs who live in the neighboring mountains.

There are traces of extensive denudation in some of these shore-plains: the level of the old wilderness of Etham was evidently at one time some five or six feet higher than it is at the present time, and the huge boulders which strew the northern portion of it bear testimony to its having formed at some period a seabed.

The general character of the shore-plains is that of a bed of hard gravel, often covered with a coating of dark flints, which not unfrequently present a curiously wrinkled surface, caused by the drifting sand.

The granitic district forms a centre round which are gathered the other rocks,

which are found in the southern division of Sinai. It constitutes, as it were, the backbone of the peninsula, and is especially interesting as containing Jebel Mûsa, now generally recognized as the true Mount Sinai, and other mountains which have at various times been rival claimants to that honor, or to which tradition has attached some sacred association.

This district consists of rugged masses of mountains heaped together in such intricate confusion as to baffle all attempt at accurate description. The basins of the various wadies which drain its waters run into one another in such a manner that it is difficult to master the puzzle they present, or to grasp any definite idea of the nature of the district viewed as a whole. The wadies, deeply cut by the winter torrents through the rocky barriers which hem them in, wind and course in every direction. The mountains, it has been said, look as if "they were an ocean of lava which, while its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still." It is only when he has mounted to the summit of one of the highest central peaks, whence he can look down upon the minor ranges dwarfed by a somewhat distant view, and can see the larger masses arranging themselves into more distinct groups, that the traveller really comprehends the leading features of the country. Mount St. Catherine is, I believe, the highest peak in the whole peninsula of Sinai, being, as proved by my aneroid, 8063 feet in height, while Jebel Um Shaumer, which has long been regarded as the highest, is only 8030. This mountain, therefore, not only on account of its being the most lofty, but also from its central position, shall be selected as a standing point from which to take a general view of the granitic district.

Looking southward the mountains are seen to form one long ridge, which extends to the very southernmost point of the peninsula: perhaps the shape of the mountains may be thought almost too irregular to take the name of a ridge, lofty and massive spurs being thrust out on either side, and bold irregular peaks frequently interrupting their line; but, speaking in general terms, the watershed may be described as running along a cen-

tral line drawn through the south of the peninsula, from Mount St. Catherine to Ras Mohammed, and from this line the wadies appear to find their way more directly to the sea on either side than is the case farther to the north. The only mountain of any fame in this region is that of Um Shaumer, which lies on the southwest, and which has generally been described as shrouded in mystery; why I know not, except it be that travellers have been more ready to listen to the stories of the Arabs concerning a mountain which has seldom been visited. I myself must own to having been somewhat disappointed, after all that I heard about it, in finding in it no mystery to unravel. Eight hours' walk from the convent of St. Catherine landed me on its summit; its ascent was not more difficult than that of Jebel Serbal; and the mysterious noises that my Arab tried to make me believe that I had heard were easily traced to a rock set in motion by a herd of ibex which bounded up the mountain before me.

The northern portion of the granitic district is more worthy of our notice. No mountain group indeed stands prominently forward on the east, but on the northwest is seen the massive cluster of Jebel Serbal, which, if not the loftiest, is certainly the most imposing-looking mountain in the whole peninsula. We cannot, indeed, from the position in which we are viewing it, see its various peaks; but it owes its grandeur to its massive form, no less than to its jagged outline, and with its bold spurs and deeply-cut wadies thrust down on the one side to the Wady Feiran, and on the other to the broad plain of el-Kaa, it stands unrivalled as the monarch of Sinaitic mountains. One cannot wonder that tradition has fixed upon it as the scene of the giving of the Law; but a closer inspection of it proves the fallacy of such tradition. It stands in reality far removed from the plain of el-Kaa, separated from it by a broad strip of mountainous ground: it is a mountain which could not by any possibility be surrounded by bounds, either on the one side or on the other. The Wady Feiran, in which the supporters of its claims assert that the encampment of the Israelites must have been placed, is confined and

narrow; the wadies which flow into Wady Feiran from Jebel Serbal are still less suitable for a large encampment. In no way does this mountain seem to agree with the account which we have in the Bible of Mount Sinai. Jebel Mûsa alone, of all the mountains of the peninsula, appears to answer the requirements of the Bible narrative; that mountain, which we look down upon from the summit of Mount St. Catherine, lying to the north-east, close beneath our feet, stands apart from the mountains which surround it, and rears up its sides so precipitously, that it may indeed be described as a mountain "that can be touched." To the north of it extends a broad plain, the plain of er-Râhah, inclosed by mountains on either side, and forming a natural amphitheatre, where "the people could remove and stand afar off," and listen to the wondrous voice of God, which came forth from the mountain before them. Two lofty peaks, with a deep cleft between them, immediately overhang and face this plain. These form the well-known Râs Sûsâfeh. On the opposite side of the mountain rises a yet higher peak, crowned with a little chapel, and known as the summit of Jebel Mûsa; yet this peak stands so far back that it is not visible from any portion of the plain of er-Râhah. The top of the mountain between the several peaks contains a fertile basin, which may easily be reached from three different sides of the mountain, the easiest road being that which leads up from the plain, at the point where it flows into the Wady Es-Sheikh; from this point I have reached the basin with ease in three quarters of an hour. The Wady Shueib on the one side, in which stands the famous convent of St. Catherine, the Wady Bostân on the other—rather than the Wady Leja, as has generally been stated—separate this mountain from those on either side of it; and though it is not so lofty as other mountains around it, its isolated position and precipitous sides rising boldly from the plain at its foot, render its appearance far more imposing than even that of Mount St. Catherine, which towers above it, but loses its height to the eye, owing to its more confined position and more gradual ascent.

The granitic district is the best water-

ed and the most fertile portion of the peninsula. Having the greatest elevation, it naturally receives the largest amount of rain, which, owing to the impermeable nature of its rocks, and the frequent occurrence of basins, such as is found on the summit of Jebel Mûsa, does not always flow off so quickly as in the other districts. There are indeed few perennial streams to be found, either here or elsewhere, throughout Sinai; the wadies form huge stone drains, which convey the water rapidly away to the sea; a thick stratum of stones and rubble generally fills the lower portion of their beds, and under this the water flows unseen, except in times of floods, or when, as in Wady Feiran, or in Wady Hibrân, it is forced to the surface by rocky barriers narrowing and contracting their courses. It is not, however, till one wanders over the mountain on foot, or visits the Arab encampments towards evening, and sees the bundles of herbs which the men and children bring home for the camels and goats, that one can form any just estimation of the amount of vegetation which the rocks conceal. The mere passer-by also is apt to overlook the quantity of pasturage afforded by many of the wadies; this evidently varies much, according to the season of the year, and the amount of rain which falls in the winter months, and it is sometimes increased in an almost miraculous manner by the heavy rains accompanying thunder storms at other times.

So far I have spoken only of the rocks of this central district under the general term "granitic;" I will now endeavor to describe their geological features more accurately. They appear to be principally composed of syenite, especially in the more elevated districts, such as Mount St. Catherine, Jebel Mûsa, and Jebel Serbal; but hornblende, quartzose, and porphyritic rocks are not uncommon. The mountains are frequently seamed from top to bottom with veins of porphyry, greenstone, and basalt, which gives them a peculiar striped appearance, and adds much to their beauty. This is especially remarkable on the east of the well-known Wady Mokatteb, and in some of the wadies on the road between Jebel Mûsa and Akaba. Felspar and porphyry oc-

cur largely near Ras Mohammed, and gneiss and mica-schist are found in the neighborhood of Wady Mokatteb. The rock of Moses, which lies in the Wady Leja, near Jebel Mûsa, and which tradition says followed the children of Israel in their wanderings through the desert, is a mass of granite, with crystals of white and pink felspar and quartz, across which runs diagonally a vein of pure felspar, containing ten or twelve cracks in its surface which are said to be the mouths from which the water flowed for the different tribes. This rock is exactly fourteen feet in height and seventeen feet in breadth at its broadest part. The veins which seam the mountains have frequently been described as rich in metallic ores. This appears, however, to be a mistake. Cretaceous limestone, with numerous bands of flints, occurs in large masses in the northwest of the Tûr district, in conjunction with sandstone, and also on the northwest of Jebel Serbal: at the latter spot nummulitic limestone also occurs; near Tor and Ras Mohammed a limestone of a more recent formation is found.

In several parts of the peninsula the granitic mountains are capped by a stratum of sandstone of considerable thickness, which gives them a peculiar castellated appearance. The stratification of this sandstone appears always to be perfectly horizontal, and there can therefore be little doubt that it was deposited after the upheaval of the igneous rocks; an additional proof that this was the case is also afforded by the absence of change in the nature of the sandstone, whenever it is found in close proximity to the granite. An equal absence of change is also to be observed where the limestone occurs in contact with the same rocks. The limestone apparently was deposited previously to the sandstone; an enormous denudation, however, must have taken place before the deposition of the latter; for masses of limestone, showing no signs of upheaval, occasionally occur at a much higher level than the sandstone; the thickness of the stratum of sandstone which was subsequently deposited must have exceeded two thousand feet. Whether the denudation that has since taken place has been caused by terrestrial or marine agency, is a question

that has yet to be solved. Considerable masses of sandstone occurring which contain a large percentage of calcareous matter render it probable that that rock was in process of formation while the limestone was still undergoing disintegration. Some slight upheaval of the igneous rocks appears to have taken place between the deposition of the limestone and the sandstone rocks, since the stratification of the former occasionally appears slightly disturbed, while that of the latter, which rests upon it, retains its horizontal position; but this upheaval must have been very gradual and local. The only traces of active volcanic agency which are now to be found in the peninsula are the boiling sulphur springs and hot caves of Jebel Hummâm, the traditional baths of King Pharaoh, and two warm springs which burst from the foot of a hill a little to the north of Tor, and are held in great repute by the Arabs for their medicinal powers.

The sandstone formation is especially interesting, as having formed the great mining district of the ancient Egyptians in Sinai, as is attested by the numerous tablets of hieroglyphics which are found at Wady Mughâra, and Serâbit-el-Kâdim. The aspect of the sandstone mountains is very different to that of the limestone and granite mountains. The limestone mountains present a tabular summit and steep sloping sides; the granite mountains may be recognized almost at any distance by their bold jagged peaks; the sandstone mountains form with their sides a series of steps, and are frequently pyramidal in shape. The sandstone is generally of a reddish ferruginous color, though its surface is for the most part covered with a dark brown oxide of iron, which is apparently formed by the decomposition of the rock. The Egyptian mines which have as yet been discovered are all turquoise mines, with the exception, perhaps, of those in Wady Nusb, which I have not visited. The turquoise appear to run more or less in veins, but their occurrence seems to be very uncertain; and it is difficult to understand how it could have been worth while for the Egyptians to carry on such extensive mining operations, unless the mines formerly yielded a more abundant return for labor than they do at the present day.

Most travellers who have visited Serâbit-el-Kâdim have described two heaps of copper-slag lying on each side of the ruined temple on the summit of that mountain, and many have written of the copper mines of Serâbit-el-Kâdim and Wady Mughâra. Specimens which have been brought from these supposed slag-heaps prove, however, most clearly that they are not slag-heaps at all, but merely a natural impure ore of iron and manganese; nor does there appear to be any copper at either spot, excepting a thin film of silicate which occurs at Serâbit-el-Kâdim. I have, however, in my possession some specimens of undoubted copper-slag from some heaps which Major MacDonald found near the west coast in Wady Shellal; and also some specimens of malachite and carbonate of copper; which prove not only that copper exists in the peninsula, but that it has been worked and smelted.

In the neighborhood of Wady Mughâra and Wady Mokatteb beds of siliceous brown iron ore occur in the sandstone rock, which appear to have been worked at some period. Stone hammers and flakes of flint are found round this spot, which must either have been used by the captives of the Egyptians, who would appear to have been condemned to work in their mines, or by a later race—perhaps by the authors of the famous Sinaitic inscriptions, whom I believe further research will prove to have been a colony of the Nabathæans, established in the more fertile neighborhood of Jebel Serbal, for the purpose of working the mines in the Peninsula of Sinai, between the years B.C. 200 and A.D. 200.

Considerable beds of beautifully crystallized salt are found in the sandstone district, as clear and white as it is possible for salt to be; no fossil organisms, however, seem as yet to have been found, except a portion of the stem of a plant, and a few other vegetable remains. The geological changes that have taken place in the Peninsula of Sinai in historic times I believe to have been very small. Of the agencies which are now at work in modifying the surface of the country, the chemical action of the atmosphere would seem to play an important part in destroying the ferruginous cement, which binds the particles of the sandstone to-

gether, and thus decomposing the rock. The wind, no doubt, bearing with it the drifting sand, also aids in the work of destruction. Frost and rain are, perhaps, the most powerful agents in the more elevated portions of the peninsula. In the winter months the higher ranges of mountains are covered with snow, and I have even seen, at the foot of Jebel Mûsa, a basin of water frozen over after six o'clock in the morning, at the very end of March. The traveller often suffers more from the cold of the nights than he does from the heat of the days. During December and January a large fall of rain generally takes place, and, owing to the nakedness of the mountains and the steepness of the wadies, the torrents acquire enormous power, as is testified by the size of the boulders which are seen in their courses. The perennial streams and springs are too few and feeble to effect much change. The organic agencies are hardly worthy of mention, with the exception of the coral, which must tend much to alter the nature of the coast line; yet the scanty supply of vegetation which clothes the wadies and plains aids in collecting and binding together the drifting sand and alluvial deposits.

The question of the raised beaches, especially at the head of the Gulf of Suez, is one of great interest. I am inclined to believe that the shore has not risen to any great extent since the time of the Exodus, and that the flooding of the Bitter Lakes in the Isthmus of Suez has been effected at different periods by the cutting of artificial canals. The explorations of the French engineers engaged in making the Suez Canal will, perhaps, aid in solving this problem. If, however, it be proved that a considerable elevation of the coast has taken place since the Exodus, unless we can prove that a subsequent degradation of the shore-plains has also occurred, we shall have to alter our opinions regarding the route taken by the Israelites on their march to Sinai, since large portions of these plains are now but a few feet only above the level of the sea, and would, therefore, before their elevation have been submerged. I feel confident, however, that future explorations in the Peninsula of Sinai will tend not to weaken but to strengthen

our belief in the sacred narrative. And I trust that, before long, a more careful survey of the country may be made, which, no doubt, will place in our hands fresh proofs of the truth of that history, and will make us better acquainted with the features of a country which stands almost without a rival in its interest for mankind.

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SHAKESPEARE IN DOMESTIC LIFE.*

AMONG the vexed questions that have engaged the literary world during the last thirty or forty years, that of Shakespeare's sonnets has held a conspicuous place. After having been all but forgotten for more than a century, these sonnets, when republished, so far from awakening admiration, seem to have been viewed by the blundering, self-conceited critics of George III.'s days, actually with disgust—Steevens declaring that "the strongest act of Parliament would not be strong enough to compel their being read," while Malone oracularly pronounces them "a jumble of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense." It was reserved for the deeper feeling, the clearer insight of the poet, to recognize and welcome these exquisite gems; and Wordsworth and Coleridge rejoiced as over the discovery of long-buried treasure at the reappearance of Shakespeare's sonnets.

By both these true poets the sonnets seem to have been viewed as a miscellaneous collection. Dr. Drake, some sixty years ago, was the first to adopt what has been called "the personal theory," and it was he, too, who pointed out the Earl of Southampton as the "friend" to whom the greater number were addressed. Mr. Boaden, who also advocated the personal theory, considered that the Earl of Pembroke was the friend, and in this opinion he is joined by Mr. Hallam. These discoveries, as Mr. Gerald Massey truly remarks, "reached their climax" when Mr. Charles Armitage Brown's strange work appeared in 1838,

* *Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before Interpreted; His Private Friends Identified; together with a recovered Likeness of Himself.* By GERALD MASSEY. Longmans & Co.

in which he asserts the sonnets to be strictly autobiographical, and devoted to the praiseworthy purpose of celebrating Shakespeare's intrigue with a married woman, whom he in the sequel kindly resigns to his friend; "a theory," as Mr. Massey indignantly remarks, "adduced without one atom of proof; assuming that Shakespeare was a self-debaser and self-defamer, of a species that has no previous type, no after-copy."

It is strange to remember how eagerly this revolting theory was seized upon by some of the critics of that day, and it is strange to see how many commentators, even in the present, still uphold it, although all the careful research of Messrs. Hunter, Dyce, Collier, and Halliwell, have found not the slightest evidence for its support. We cannot but smile when we find some of these later writers, influenced, probably, by the *direct* testimony to Shakespeare's moral character, amiably conceding that if he sinned, he also very properly repented, and, therefore, we must not censure him too severely; while going yet further, a German critic, Dr. Ulrici, considers that, with marvellous self-denial, Shakespeare, having fallen, "set the matter forth as a warning to the world, and offered himself up for the good of others," although why he did not make this *amende* in the more tangible form of a pamphlet, like poor Green's *Groat's Worth of Wit Bought by a Million of Repentance*, instead of a series of sonnets, which have been stumbling-blocks to so many—a complete riddle—it is hard to understand.

In the work before us, Mr. Gerald Massey, after a very interesting, though too laudatory memoir of the Earl of Southampton, for whom, and at whose request he thinks the greater part of the sonnets were written, proceeds to class them as "personal" and "dramatic." The "personal" are those addressed by Shakespeare to the Earl; the "dramatic," those of the Earl to Elizabeth Vernon, of Elizabeth to him; and lastly, "the dark story of the sonnets," which he interprets as an intrigue between William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and Lady Rich, the Stella of Sidney's exquisite poems. In all this Mr. Massey has shown much ingenuity and displayed much eloquent argumentation; but we

cannot accept his conclusions. That the first seventeen, and many of the subsequent sonnets are addressed to Lord Southampton, we readily concede; but that those which are assigned to Southampton were written in his name we can scarcely allow, nor those written for his lady love, Elizabeth Vernon. Few young men would lament so pathetically the death of a father twelve years after, as to talk of "weeping afresh love's long since cancelled woe," nor would the nobleman, who on every journey was followed by a crowd of liveried retainers, represent himself alone as he "plods dully on," or his steed—always the young nobleman's pride—as "the beast that bears me," "my dull bearer," "the jade." The very homeliness of so many of these sonnets proves to us that several were written for persons in Shakespeare's own rank of life. Among those which Mr. Gerald Massey thinks were written for Elizabeth Vernon, we find some that could not be addressed to her lover. In the thirty-fourth, the line, "Ah! but those tears are pearls which thy love sheds," is simply ridiculous as addressed to a young man, and one about to go to the wars, but addressed by a lover to his lady, it is graceful enough; and prettily, too, in the following sonnet does he condone her passing inconstancy by the remark that, "roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud."

With regard to the "dark lady of the sonnets," we cannot accept Mr. Gerald Massey's interpretation. William Herbert, although the son of a most excellent and gifted woman, we know scarcely inherited even her beauty, much less her virtues. He was quite capable of forming a reckless attachment to a married woman, but there are insuperable objections to that woman being Lady Rich. That she was old enough to be his mother may not be a sufficient reason, but that she was the lost lady love of his gifted uncle, Sir Philip Sidney, looked upon—ere her *liaison* with Mountjoy—by Lady Pembroke as a very sister, must have made it difficult for the young boy to view her save as his aunt. And then, although faithless to the memory of peerless Sidney, she was ever believed to be true to Mountjoy; nor did even the scandal of the times ever

point out another lover. There is some most splendid writing in the chapter relating to this unfortunate beauty, who seems to have exercised a strangely witching spell, even from the tomb, over our author, although he never palliates her conduct; and he paints her gorgeous beauty, laying on touch after touch, until she stands before us in glowing loveliness, as though fresh from the hand of Giorgione or Titian. We cannot, however, help thinking with Mr. Dyce and Mr. Charles Knight, that, after all, there is no secret history concealed beneath Shakespeare's sonnets, but that they were composed on different subjects, often under an assumed character, and that after having been widely circulated in manuscript, they were at length collected together and published.

We thank Mr. Gerald Massey for his spirited vindication of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, strange that in the one case, upon such slight grounds, in the other on really no grounds at all, merely on bare conjecture, Shakespeare should have been represented as unhappy in his marriage, and then as engaged in a disgraceful intrigue with a married woman. Now, all the circumstances of his life, so far as we can trace them, refute both views, especially if we look at them in the light of his own times. It is, indeed, for want of close acquaintance with these times, that so many of Shakespeare's biographers have sadly blundered; and it is this acquaintance that renders Mr. Charles Knight's views of him, in many respects, far more correct. We think, however, that by carefully reexamining the details, though so few, of Shakespeare's domestic life, we may obtain a yet clearer view of him, and perhaps a new and unexpected light may be cast on his family relations.

It is about the middle of the sixteenth century that the name of "John Shakspeare" first meets us in the records of the good town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Homely enough are the entries, for in the one he is represented as proceeded against for the recovery of a debt of some eight pounds, and in the other he is fined, together with his neighbors, for neglecting to remove the dirt near his house in Henley-street. Much conjecture has been expended as to his calling,

but as in the action against him he is expressly termed a glover, there is no doubt that at this time such was his trade. That subsequently, when through his marriage he became a farm owner, and kept sheep, he became also a woolstapler, is very likely too. In 1557, John Shakespeare married a maiden of ancient family, although her father is designated merely as a husbandman—Mary Arden, seventh and youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, who died the year before, bequeathing to her what, in those days, might be considered a considerable amount of landed property.

John Shakespeare brought home his young bride to Henley-street, and here, little dreaming of the glory which should hereafter rest upon that lowly dwelling, they resided many years; and here their eight children were born; the third, immortal William, was born on April 23d, 1564. For many years the career of John Shakespeare seems to have been prosperous. He was high bailiff in 1569, and became chief alderman in 1571; but it will probably surprise many of our readers, that the father of our greatest poet, the burgess who attained the highest municipal offices, was unable even to sign his name. It is true this inability was shared by the majority of his brother aldermen, for of the nineteen who sign the document given in Charles Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare* only six write their names, while the rest make their marks. We must not, however, too hastily conclude from this that these men were uneducated, strange as it may appear; for we must bear in mind that grammar schools were plentiful, and in these every boy was put through a course of Latin, which would rather astonish the master of a "classical academy" in the present day. Lyly's capital Latin grammar was commanded on royal authority (Henry VIII.) "to be all and everywhere used," and competent judges have declared that the grammar schools of the sixteenth century supplied the elements of a scholarship to which later times can lay no claim. But they were "grammar schools," and in them—as will be seen in our public schools—no provision for teaching writing was made, and thus John Shakespeare, although uninitiated in even "pot-hooks and

hangers," was probably able to parse Virgil.

The inability of Shakespeare's father to write his name becomes, however, of importance in reference to the suggestion, so authoritatively made by some, that he was a Roman Catholic. Now the common mark, even to the present day, is a cross. This was the customary sign then; can we, therefore, imagine that an adherent of the ancient faith would reject the only opportunity legally offered of making that sign which he would gladly use on all occasions? But John Shakespeare makes a kind of figure which, perhaps, resembles a great A more than anything else, and this is used in his subsequent signatures. His wife, too, "made her mark," but she rejected the cross, and the signature resembles a very badly formed M, probably the initial of her baptismal name. Now, is it not more likely that John Shakespeare was a firm adherent of the reformed faith? one of those anxious to "do away with every remnant of Babylon," and to whom, therefore, crosses, as we learn from the records of those times, were objects, under every form, of especial abhorrence? But whatever were John Shakespeare's motives, there were plenty of his brother aldermen to follow his example, for of the twelve who are "marksmen," only three make the sign of the cross. This seems to us as though the feeling of attachment to the reformed faith was strong among the inhabitants of the good town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Nor is this unlikely: Coventry and Banbury, the very nests of early Puritanism, were within an easy distance, while the great Earl, second in power only to the Queen, and who dwelt in royal state at Kenilworth, had already proclaimed himself the protector of those who had unavailingly entered their protest against "an unfinished Reformation." The argument against John Shakespeare's adherence to the ancient faith may be further strengthened by the remembrance of the large acquaintance with the Scriptures our Shakespeare exhibits—not a mere textual knowledge, but an extensive acquaintance, especially with the historical portions. Were not these learnt in early boyhood from Cranmer's Bible, that most cherished posses-

sion of the Protestant, who, not many years before, had seen men led to the stake for merely using it?

And here in the pleasant though homely dwelling in Henley-street might the poet of all time be seen, some three hundred years ago, in his nurse's arms; then in his go-cart; and then able to trot by his proud father's side—for Willie was his son and heir, and for more than two years his only child. Who that looked upon that pretty boy, with his bright hazel eyes and noble expanse of forehead, dreamt then of his world-wide fame!

And then, after an interval of some years—for precocious learning was always denounced by our wiser forefathers—came the days of the hornbook and primer; and then the school days, when, under the rule of Thomas Hunt, he became a scholar in the grammar school of his native town. Ere long, Hunt was succeeded by Thomas Jenkins. The name is Welsh—was this Jenkins the prototype of choleric, good-cheer-loving Sir Hugh Evans of the "Merry Wives of Windsor?" the schoolmaster who so rigidly examined Willie Page in his accident, and his "nominative hig, hag, hog—pray you mark." Very possibly, we think; and many another quaint and humorous character we doubt not was photographed by that wondrous boy, and stored away in his mind to come forth fresh and vivid many years after.

We have referred to the competent instruction afforded in the grammar schools of the sixteenth century; the notion, therefore of Shakespeare being uneducated is wholly unfounded. That Johnson spoke slightly of his learning may be easily accounted for. It was an age of profound scholarship, and Ben Jonson took high place, and was celebrated as much for his learning as his poetry.

Thus, when he remarks—and it is in no unkind spirit—

"And tho' thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,"

he simply means that classical learning was not Shakespeare's "specialty," but that he had far higher gifts than a mere university education could bestow. Be it remembered, that what in the present day would pass for a fair amount of clas-

sical learning, 'would, in Shakespeare's time, be small indeed.

How pleasant would it be if we could recover some traces of the glad boyhood of our greatest poet. It was a stirring age, full of great marvels, of unlooked-for events. "Old things" had not as yet passed away, although there was so much that was new. The old traditions, the old romance that beautified so many a spot, still lingered, and the wild and wonderful of past ages mingled not inharmoniously with the wild and wonderful of a present time when the old world was convulsed to its centre, and a new world had been found. Many a solemn old-world story, many a quaint ballad must the boy have listened to—many a tale of the red rose and the white, told by men whose fathers fought at Bosworth hard by; and many a tale of adventure in far-off lands told by the maimed wayfarer, as he waited the renewal of his "pass." It has been conjectured that the "princely pleasures of Kenilworth" were displayed before the boy Shakespeare's eager eyes. We doubt much if children so young would have been allowed to accompany the worshipful aldermen of Stratford-upon-Avon; but much talk was there, doubtless, of that gorgeous series of pageants; and the boy was doubtless no unheeding listener. Dramatic exhibitions must, however, have been familiar to young Shakespeare. There were the Coventry plays—for many generations the boast of that ancient city, and considered of importance enough to be performed at Kenilworth before the queen. And as early as 1569, when John Shakespeare was high bailiff, "the queen's players" performed in the good town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and received nine shillings from the corporation.

Much misapprehension has existed as to the status of these early players, some writers having considered them as mere vagabonds, wandering from town to town like the gypsies—lawless men, only to be kept in awe by the stocks and the whipping-post. And yet, although many were objectionable in character, some were well respected, and decent men. The case really is, that when at the Reformation the acting of miracle plays by the trade companies ceased, the calling of the

actor became recognized; and many a scholar who boasted a university education became one of a "company" to perform those interludes and moralities, which did such good service in promoting it. As in those days it was necessary that every man should either belong to some trade-guild, or to some noble household, these players associated themselves under the patronage of some powerful nobleman, and, like the minstrels and trouvères of the Middle Ages, travelled from town to town. Their mode of proceeding is described in a curious old Puritan book, entitled *Mount Tabor*. "It is the manner when players come to town, they first attend the mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so get a license for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen; and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect to them."

Strange, doubtless, may it seem to some readers, that John Shakespeare, whom we have represented as ultra-Protestant, should have encouraged stage players; but his very encouragement is another proof that he was no adherent of the ancient faith, for the early stage was distinguished by fierce hostility to it. It is, indeed, curious to mark the extreme Protestantism of these earliest dramatic specimens—the interludes. Earnest exhortations to the spectators not to be "cozened by lying prestes," to search the Bible for themselves, to frequent sermons, and "godly converse," abound in them; while in many the ridicule cast upon saints' days, "corner-caps," but especially the surplice, almost anticipates the times of Martin Marprelate. The early drama fought a good fight in the cause of religious freedom, and not until late in Elizabeth's reign was the stage viewed as antagonistic to the pulpit. Mr. Charles Knight is wrong in charging the Puritans with beginning the strife, for the earliest denouncers of stage-plays are Northbrooke and Gosson, both of whom held livings in the Established Church. More truly, he remarks, that it is in these

rude interludes that we must seek for the foundation of the English drama, for it was not "created," even by Shakespeare and his great contemporaries, but was "formed by a course of steady progress, not by rapid transition." The authorities of the good town of Stratford-upon-Avon seem to have welcomed the visits of these wandering players, for there are many entries in the accounts of payments made to them in the course of the following years; and doubtless from these rude essays did the great poet of all time receive his first lessons.

But years pass on; the boy's school days are ended; and many have been the conjectures as to how the interval between quitting school and his early marriage was spent. That he was apprenticed to a woolstapler, was employed in a lawyer's office, was assistant in a school, are some of these; but stupid old Aubrey's assertion that he was apprenticed to a butcher, and when he killed a calf, would do it in a high style, "and make a speech," is the most extravagant of all—indeed, it is revolting. The poet who, by consent of all his contemporaries, was styled the "gentle Shakespeare;" he who sympathized so deeply with "the poor sequestered stag," whose feelings of pity went forth even to the "poor beetle which we tread upon," killing a calf "in a high style!" We should not have referred to this contemptible story, were it not that the testimony of Aubrey is still sometimes quoted in respect to Shakespeare's early life. Surely it is time that such a witness should be put out of court.

After carefulest inquiry, none of the many biographers of Shakespeare can discover more respecting him until his marriage, than that his father's circumstances had by the years 1578-9 become embarrassed. We then find John Shakespeare, together with his wife, mortgaging an estate for £40, and the following year parting with his wife's interest in two tenements for the sum of £4 (in both these instances we must take the sums at about four times their value, present money). From this time the connection of John Shakespeare with the corporation of Stratford appears to have been seldom. Some time later we find him assessed toward providing "pike-

men, billmen and archers," only half the sum charged to his brother aldermen; but even that is eventually unpaid, while he is also exempted from the weekly payment for the relief of the poor; and at length, in 1586, he resigns his alderman's gown. It seems, therefore, very likely that from some cause—blameless we are sure, for John Shakespeare never lost the respect of his townsmen, but dwelt among them to his latest day—our great poet's father sank into comparative poverty, just when his gifted son was preparing to enter the world. The family in 1580 consisted of five children, William being the eldest, and the youngest an infant in arms.

Would that we could find some record, however slight, of how these years preceding Shakespeare's early marriage were passed. The deer-stealing tradition, although believed in by Mr. Collier, seems to us apocryphal. Certainly the doggerel ballad ascribed to Shakespeare was never written by him. But how natural was it that the rustics who saw the noble boy wandering among the green solitudes of that ancient forest which still stretched along the western boundary of Warwickshire, should believe that love of the most cherished sport of our forefathers alone led him thither? Indeed, in love of forest scenery Shakespeare is loyally true to the old English feeling. "Merry it is in the fayre forest," felt our Shakespeare, heartily as the nameless minstrel of the olden times. And what exquisite glimpses of forest scenery he has given us! How he seems, too, to have lingered over the remembrance of the haunts of his blithe childhood, when in one of his later plays he gives the very name Arden to the forest where Jacques wandered and Rosalind played her pretty masquerading fancies! It is his marvellous dramatic power, his magic skill as painter of men, that has thrown into the shade Shakespeare's exquisite feeling for natural scenery.

Warwickshire was a pleasant county in Shakespeare's day, when the remains of the great forest of Arden still boasted those splendid oaks and beeches which had given shelter to so many a generation of "bold outlaws;" and the southern part displayed such pastoral beauty, that Speed, rising almost into poetry,

celebrates its "meadowy pastures with their green mantles so embroidered with flowers, that from Edgehill we behold another Eden." And here the poet of all time, wandering in the blithe spring-tide of his days along the shady lanes, the grassy slopes, the leafy glades of pleasant, pastoral Warwickshire, met his future wife, Anne Hathaway.

Little can we learn when or where they first met, whether at some merry country feast or bridal, at some family gathering, or loitering along some green lanes. Indeed, until very lately, all we could learn was, that Anne Hathaway dwelt at Shottery, and was older than Shakespeare. The careful research of Mr. Halliwell has, however, discovered a copy of her father's will; and although this, of course, throws little light on Shakespeare's courtship, it supplies an interesting picture of a rural household in the days of Elizabeth.

This is dated September, 1581, and is the will of "Richard Hathaway, of Shot-tree, in the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon, husbandman." He leaves his sons, Thomas and John, £6 13s. 4d. each, and to William £10. His eldest son, Bartholomew, is left joint owner, with his mother Joan, of the farm; "and my will is, that he shall be a guide to my said wife in her husbandrye, and also a comforte to his brethrene and sisters to his power." The daughters, three in number, have each £6 13s. 4d.; their names are Agnes, Catherine, and Margaret. Some difficulty has been felt as to the name "Anne" not being found, and it has been thought that she was, perhaps, for some cause or other, not under her father's roof at the time; but when we see how very arbitrary was the spelling of those days, and the frequent carelessness of the scribes who were employed to draw up such documents, we think "Agnes" might have been inserted by mistake for Anne.*

There is a homely kindness in the subsequent bequests. Hathaway's god-children are to have "four pence a

piece," his two nieces "a sheep a piece of them," and his "trusty friends and neighbors, Stephen Burman and Foulke Sandells, my supervisors of this my last will, to have for their paynes twelve pence a piece of them." This will was not proved until the July of the following year, and as in the preamble Hathaway states that he is "sicke in bodye," his death must have been preceded by a long illness. It was probably during this time that young Shakespeare wooed and won Anne. The date of his "marriage bond" is in the November following Hathaway's death, and from the fact of Anne's eldest daughter being born in the following May, some biographers of Shakespeare have very harshly suggested that Anne had "loved not wisely, but too well." To readers, however, acquainted with the usages of these times, no vindication of Shakespeare or his bride will be needed, for they well know that during the sixteenth century, simple "troth-plight before witnesses" was viewed as legal wedlock, or, if especial secrecy were desired, the aid of some "Sir Oliver Martext," who stood ready to marry any willing couple "under a bush like a beggar," as Jacques irreverently says, could be easily invoked. Rather suggestive is it to find Shakespeare so frequently introducing stolen marriages into his plays. Did he, like Lysander, flee away with his Hermia through the fairy-haunted wood, or like young Fenton, rejected by the wealthy father, triumphantly bear off "sweet mistress Anne" from all his rivals?

Meanwhile Hathaway dies; his will is proved; and by its provisions, proof of his daughter's marriage would become necessary, that she might receive her legacy. But those furtive marriages, although recognized as binding, might have been viewed by the family, as they frequently were, with distrust. What is more likely, then, that mutual friends should suggest a second and more public wedding? It is to this that the "marriage bond," doubtless, refers, and that no disgrace was believed to attach to Anne, the long interval between her father's death in the summer and her marriage not until late in November proves; while that the friends of the Hathaways took part with the young couple is evident

* Even in Shakespeare's will Hamnet is spelled Hamlet, while in various documents we find his father's name spelled "Shagper," and even "Shaxberd." In the midland counties, Agnes is pronounced Annis, and this might easily be converted in common use into Anne.

from John Richardson, one of the witnesses, and Fowlke Sandells, one of the "supervisors" of Hathaway's will, being the two "bondsmen," who engage that "William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey be married together with once asking the bannes." Where this second marriage took place has not been discovered.

The same obscurity rests upon Shakespeare's early married life. Whether by the aid of the £6 13s. 4d. the young couple entered upon their simple house-keeping—for small as the sum appears, even taking it at its present value, between twenty and thirty pounds, it might be sufficient to provide the homely "plenshing" of those days—or whether they became inmates of the pleasant cottage of Shotterey, we know not. Probably the latter, for an old settle is still pointed to, which tradition reports Shakespeare used to occupy outside the door, and where, "o'er-canopied by lush wood-bines," he might sit, seeing dimly perchance as yet those bright and glowing visions, which ere long should take tangible form, and endure to all ages. Tradition reports that the young poet's bride was beautiful. It is little wonder if so, that Shakespeare, ever the worshipper of all loveliness, heeded not that disparity of years, which some of his biographers have so bitterly censured. Probably he never thought of it, for the English woman at twenty-six is in the full glow of her beauty; and when did ever youth of eighteen look forward to the changes twenty or thirty years might bring. But on this subject some of Shakespeare's biographers wax strangely indignant. Mr. de Quincey, as though just awakened from a grim opium dream, invests poor Anne with a gratuitous beard, actually quoting Sir Hugh Evans' remark about the old woman of Brentford's "great beard," to prove how bitterly Shakespeare repented the folly of marrying a wife eight years older than himself. Far more wisely does Charles Knight remark that "the history of most imaginative minds, probably of most men of great ability, would show that in the first loves, and in the early marriages of this class, the choice has generally fallen upon women older than themselves."

That so wayward a writer as De Quincey, or so imperfectly informed a critic

as Malone should, without any direct proof, peremptorily determine that Shakespeare's married life was unhappy, is not surprising; but that Mr. Collier should suspect it was so, while he has not supplied us with any additional evidence, is very strange. That soon after his marriage our great poet quitted Stratford for London may be easily accounted for, by his father's reduced circumstances, and the greater facilities for obtaining employment there; but it certainly seems unaccountable, if dislike to his wife drove Shakespeare to London, that he should have striven so hard to obtain a competency to enable him to return home again, actually, as Gerald Massey most truly says, "to live with his rustic wife, and buy for her the best house in Stratford."

We think the evidence of Shakespeare's own works may be appealed to on this subject. Where can we find such a galaxy of moral loveliness, of sweet and noble womanhood, as he has painted? What other dramatist ever marshalled so "goodly a company" of pure and high-minded women?—Hermione, Cordelia, Imogen, Portia, Isabella—we might exhaust the reader's patience ere the list was completed: and yet we are to believe that he, whose mind so dwelt upon these exquisite creations, had been cheated into a marriage with a cunning woman much older than himself, and was fain to flee away "from the humiliation of domestic feuds" into disreputable company in London. Few men whose hearth has been the seat of daily bitterness dwell with much complacency on scenes of domestic love; and few poets whose bright vision of youth has been rudely scattered by the unexpected tempest have cared to call up that bright vision again. Not so our Shakespeare; he is the poet of the domestic affections; and when we contemplate his many pictures of wifely excellence, is it altogether extravagant to believe that he drew from life?

From the Stratford register of baptisms, we learn that Shakespeare's eldest child, Susanna, was born in May, 1583; and in February, 1585, a son and a daughter, twins, Hamnet and Judith. No entry referring to Shakespeare or his family occurs after these for many years.

Thus, ere he became of age, our great poet was the father of three children, and doubtless it was about this time that he contemplated his journey to London. We cannot see any reason for believing that he fled disgracefully away from his native town, either from unwillingness to support his family, or because, as a very apocryphal tradition reports, he fell under the displeasure of the powerful knight of Charlcote for stealing his deer; for in after years "Master Shakespeare" was always looked upon with respect by his fellow-townsmen, termed "oure goode frende," and recognized quite as "a gentleman of worship" when, in his prosperous middle age, he returned again to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. It was not as the poet of whom all England might well be proud—for of this, the worthy burgesses had probably no idea—but as the thrifty, successful, and upright man of business, whose prosperity was a credit to them all, that they welcomed him. Surely it was misfortune, not disgrace, that drove the young husband and father so far away. A wife and three little children looked to the young man of twenty for bread, and the greatest of England's poets thought it no scorn to set forth and work hard to maintain them. With his marvellous dramatic genius, what calling could be so suitable as that of player and playwright; and, as we shall ere long find, what other calling would be so remunerative? It was probably in 1585 or 1586 that Shakespeare quitted Stratford. In the latter year we find the players were there, and about that time "the Earl of Leicester's servants" visited the town. To them he probably attached himself; for Burbage, in whose company we afterwards find him, was the manager; and he, as well as some of the others, were Warwickshire men.

There was much in the London of Elizabeth's days to attract the eye of the young poet, as well as to awaken his deepest interest; for the ancient city still boasted those beautiful structures which were her pride in the middle ages—those noble halls of her civic guilds, with carved roof and sunny oriel, rainbow-tinted with the proud blazonry of her merchant princes; and all the fine old churches with their pinnacled towers and spires of fairy fret-

work, and the long lines of picturesque houses, with their quaintly decorated gables. And then the beautiful river, rolling its ample current, silver clear as his own unpolluted Avon, and still displaying those flocks of swans which challenged the admiration of the Venetian ambassador a hundred years before; and the stately gardens which now, from the Temple to Whitehall, stretched to the waters' edge. And much was there in London habits and ways to interest the great painter of men in all ages. Every rank, every class, had here its representative; every vice, every virtue, every combination of character in those stirring times; and face to face with these stood mighty interests claiming the national mind with stern and commanding force. The times were too earnest for aught of trifling, and men set about their mere ordinary business, their very amusements, "with a will," as they quaintly phrased it; and thus the salient points of each character were brought out with a force and a vividness which we, in a day of stereotyped mannerism, can but faintly apprehend. Strange blunders are still made about this reign of Elizabeth, although, thanks to the reprints, and frequent publication of contemporary documents, we are beginning more truly to estimate it. But an age which for forty years maintained single-handed the great battle of the reformed faith against all Catholic Europe, which defied the mightiest power ever arrayed against us, and saw the proudest armament dashed helplessly to ruin on our coasts, an age in which the spirit of discovery went forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, which bequeathed to us our one only school of music, and a wealth of literature still unsurpassed, is an era well worthy our deepest study.

It was just at the most stirring period of this most stirring age that Shakespeare found himself in London. There were many sights then to be seen in these picturesque old streets. The long procession, when amid the tears of all London—of the whole land—Sir Phillip Sidney was borne to his grave in old St. Paul's; and then the blazing bonfires, and joyful psalm-singing and tables set in the streets to which all comers were welcome, when the discovery of Babington's plot filled

all hearts with gladness; and then the sterner joy, when London was awakened from midnight slumber, and every bell of her many churches rung out, at the news that the "false Duessa"—enemy far more dangerous to England than to the queen—was at length headless. And then followed "the Armada year," as it was long after called; and can we doubt that in all the eager and anxious excitement of the spring and summer, Shakespeare participated—he, whose inmost heart was so thoroughly English; he, who in his "King John" has enshrined so many bursts of the noblest patriotism? Like the rest of his plays, it is very uncertain when "King John" was written; it has always ranked among his earliest compositions; and we think that no one can read its magnificent outbursts of proud national feeling without believing that it was when this "isle set in the silver sea" was menaced by the mighty Armada, the as yet unknown dramatist summoned his fellow-countrymen to the rescue in these noble lines:

"England hath never yet, and never shall
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror.
Come the three corners of the world in
arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall
make us rue,
If England to herself do prove but true."

What more fitting motto could we take than these lines for the story of the defeated Armada?

We have remarked that Shakespeare most probably joined Burbage's company—a band of players, who, strollers during part of the year, occupied, during the greater part, the playhouse at Blackfriars—a substantial building, erected by Burbage in 1574, under the express sanction of the Earl of Leicester. This Blackfriars theatre was, for some years, a constant source of annoyance to the city authorities, and hence writers have hastily concluded that the calling of the actor was in Elizabeth's days, as it certainly was at the Restoration, disreputable. This view, like many others, has arisen simply from ignorance of our ancient municipal arrangements. As we have before remarked, each company of players was under the protection of some nobleman; and under his sanction they

claimed to set up their stage, and enact "playes and enterludes." On their journeys into the country, they seem to have treated the "worshipful mayors" and other civic authorities with some show of respect; although we fear that this was rather in hopes of the handsome largesse they expected to receive than from any abstract feeling of honor due to them; but in London the players seem to have considered themselves in right of their protectors as entitled to Court privileges. London was no common city; she claimed to be, and the claim was allowed, an *imperium in imperio*. The king's warrant, although verified by the huge hanging seal, was mere waste parchment within Temple Bar, "for lyke and after the manner of olde Troye"—and the crown lawyers, even of the Tudor dynasty, bowed to the apocryphal authority—the regal city had the right to maintain unlimited jurisdiction over all within her walls and liberties. Such were the century chartered rights of old London. Should certain tradesmen, then, be confined to certain localities, should the handicraftsman ply his, calling only under such restrictions as the corporation might impose, and should men belonging to none of the City companies, not even free of the City, summon crowds together, merely because they claimed the patronage of the Earl of Leicester, or even of the Lord Chamberlain? Hence arose a series of annoying squabbles; and in proud defiance of the Court, the City imposed every possible restriction on the players; while the players, from time to time, "showed up" these aldermen who had most harassed them in their plays, and sometimes in scoffing ballads. A comparison of his plays with those of contemporary playwrights will prove how far above all these little spites was our greatest dramatist.

Similar misapprehension of the usages of these times has led to the opinion that the *status* of the actor was still low and disreputable. Now, in Shakespeare's days, acting had only just been recognized as a separate profession. Men were living who could well recollect the plays performed by the trades' guilds, and dramatic performances in which they themselves had taken part. It was the

eager thirst of a rapidly advancing age for information that seems to have led to the establishment of the earliest English theatres. Great was the popular thirst for historical knowledge, and very interesting is it to remark how largely the early drama supplied that want. A simple thing was a dramatic performance in the reign of Elizabeth—little beyond bare recitation, but appealing far more to the mind and heart of an imaginative age than the melodramatic shows and elaborate machinery of modern times. And never did our forefathers seem tired of witnessing these plays. When a new historical drama appeared, it was sometimes performed six and eight times in the course of the day—especially if on a subject connected with English, or with almost contemporaneous history. Thus the blood of the horrible slaughter at Paris in 1572 had scarcely dried, ere the massacre of Paris appeared in a dramatic form on the stage; and scarcely had the welcome news of the death of hated Guise arrived, ere that fierce, reckless evildoer, conspicuous with his well-known crimson plume, appeared before the well-pleased audience, and received the death bullet amid their excited shouts. Thus the theatre was viewed, and not unwisely then, as a great school for the people.

From the character of these plays, it is evident that low, uneducated men, could not supply them; and thus we find the majority of writers, most of whom were also actors, were scholars—university men, who wrote M.A. after their names, and some of whom had contemplated taking orders. Many of these, as we find from the Shakespeare Society's, and Alleyn's papers, were needy and struggling indeed, but, with very few exceptions, they seem to have been respectable, family men. The correspondence of Edward Alleyn (the founder of Dulwich College), and his good wife, Joan, affords, indeed, as pleasant specimens of domestic affection and homely kindness as we can well find; and that the profligacy of Marlowe, and Green's cruel desertion of his wife and child, should have been so severely reprehended by their brother dramatists is proof that, as a class, they were honorable men. We may also here incidentally

remark, that the utter absence of women from the stage was at that early period of the acted drama most beneficial in a moral point of view.

We have remarked that probably about the year 1585 Shakespeare came to London. Would that we could obtain a glimpse, however faint, of how his first years were passed. That he became actor, and was soon after employed in altering or adapting plays for the stage, and, ere long, in writing new ones, we learn on good authority. That his gains were small, and perhaps very precarious, is likely enough; and that during this period, therefore, many of his sonnets were written, seems to us most probable. From the many curious traits of society which the "Shakespeare Society's" publications supply to us, we learn that nothing was more common than for the poorly-paid dramatists to add to their slender income by writing, what prosing Antony a Wood calls "trite things," by which he designates short pieces of poetry, which were then in very general request for almost every occurrence of domestic life. Most emphatically was the age of Elizabeth a poetical age. The influence of verse was potent everywhere, from the first noble of the land, who paid down so willingly unthought-of gold pieces, that the praises of "Oriana" might be sung in choicest verse, to "Tom Butcher," who actually wept, as the rude ballad of "Troy Town" was told him. And thus each birthday brought its tribute of verse; each present was duly accompanied by "choice poetry," written in the "fine Italian hand," and the farewell to the friend and the welcome that greeted his return were alike in rhyme. Now, for these purposes, the sonnet was most frequently used; and we think we could point to a score or two of Shakespeare's, which seem to us obviously intended to accompany presents, or to express friendly or amatory feelings. Indeed, for every kind of votive offering, the sonnet seems to have almost superseded every other kind of poem. Dedications to patrons, prologues to plays, letters, even dramatic speeches, are frequently regular sonnets. In Kyd's "Cornelia" (1580-2), Cicero replies to the heroine in a really fine sonnet, and the reader may be reminded

that one in the Shakespeare series made its previous appearance in one of his earliest plays, "Love's Labor Lost." Now, what is more likely than that Shakespeare, by writing such little pieces, blamelessly added to an income, as yet slender indeed?

On his first arrival, Shakespeare was doubtless alone; and amid all the stir and excitement of London scenes, would not his thoughts often dwell upon the pleasant cottage at Shottery, and Anne, with the twins on her knee, and little Susanna nestling close beside her? And then, might not that loveliest of his sonnets have been poured forth in unpremeditated sweetness?

"When in disgrace with Fortune, and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
Like the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to charge my state with kings."^{*}

We allow that our view of this beautiful sonnet is conjectural, but as thoroughly conjectural is the theory that Shakespeare fell into the toils of a bold bad woman, and proclaimed his disgrace a series of sonnets. Surely the feelings expressed in this are far more in character with what we really know of the dramatist who, though so young, achieved, in three or four short years, a high standing among his brethren, and a

share in the Blackfriars theatre, and then went on in prosperity and honor, even to his death, and far more so than is the other disgraceful view.

It is not until November, 1589, that we again meet with a direct notice of Shakespeare, but then we find charges were made against the London companies of "meddling on the stage with matters of state and religion," and in a document signed by sixteen shareholders "in the Blackfriars play-house," among whom Shakespeare is the twelfth, they declare they "have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state or religion unfit to be handled by them, or to be presented before lewd spectators." As the company continued playing, the charges were, doubtless, unsupported. This document in respect to Shakespeare's religion, is, however, very suggestive; for at this time the persecution so bitterly carried on by Whitgift against the stricter separatists was commencing. There was, therefore, probably much plain speaking at the Blackfriars house; for the actors, true to their traditional Low-Church views, were always, during the reign of Elizabeth, ready to attack High-Church pretensions, sure of meeting a hearty response from the well-pleased audience.

We think that Shakespeare, as soon as comfortably settled in London, brought his wife and family thither. We have no direct proof that he did so, it is true; but looking at domestic life in the reign of Elizabeth, we know it would have been impossible for him to have maintained a respectable standing, unless he had dwelt as a "householder," surrounded by his family. In the present day, we have little notion of the *prestige* attached in these days to that homely name. In the simple domestic arrangements of our forefathers, lodgings, boarding houses, chambers (in the modern sense we mean), were wholly unknown, and to keep house himself, or to sit at his father's table among the younger children, or dwell as "hired servant," with the master to whom he had served his apprenticeship, were the only alternatives offered to the young man in these times. Society recognized only "the family;" and for every one dwelling under the

* That this sonnet was written for Lord Southampton, as Mr. Gerald Massey supposes, cannot be maintained; for how could a wealthy nobleman, although under a temporary cloud at Court, characterize himself as "outcast"? What could he have to do with "this man's art and that man's scope"?—thoughts natural enough to the striving writer and actor. Besides, would an earl, lofty himself in station and accustomed to courts, be likely to think so highly of "the state of kings?"

same roof, the "householder" was responsible; and strict was the superintendence exercised by municipal and parochial authorities over him, and proportionably vigilant was his care expected to be. These remarks are not unnecessary; for the fact that we find most of our early dramatists householders, proves that they were certainly a far different class from the strolling vagabonds with whom they have often been compared.

The first notices we obtain of Shakespeare as a dramatist are but slight. Spencer's allusion, in his *Tears of the Muses*, to "Our pleasant Willie," has been supposed to refer to him; and also an allusion of Gabriel Harvey's somewhat later; but the first undoubted reference to him, and by a brother dramatist, is certainly that abusive passage in Green's *Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*. Green, the writer of some really fine plays, died, after a sad course of profligacy, in 1592, and in the above-named tract he bequeathes a warning to his reckless companions to avoid his vices, and follow more diligently their literary calling. Under the latter head, the poor dying man, probably chafing under some pecuniary disappointment, warns his brethren to beware of "an upstart crow, beautified in our feathers, that with his 'Tyger's' heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake scene* in a country." This allusion was plain enough, and Shakespeare very naturally complained; so a few weeks after, Henry Chettle, by whom the posthumous tract had been published, very courteously apologized in a tract, entitled *Kinde Heart's Dream*, declaring that he is "as sorry as if the original fault had been mine; because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." An important testimony this, both to the superior gifts of Shakespeare and to his unblemished moral character.

It is probable that many of Shake-

speare's earlier plays were written between 1585 and 1593. Some of the historical—those of "Henry VI.," the three parts, probably "Henry IV.," and we cannot but add "King John." "Love's Labor Lost," also, and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," belong to this period, to which Mr. Charles Knight would also refer the first sketch of "Hamlet" and that of "Romeo and Juliet." During 1592 and 1593, England was severely visited by the plague, and the theatres were shut. Probably it was this temporary suspension of his ordinary calling that induced Shakespeare to turn his attention to what would then be considered as a higher order of literature—the narrative poem; and thus we find he was engaged upon his "Venus and Adonis," which, early in 1593, was published, with the well-known dedication to Lord Southampton. This poem we find was received with great favor both by his patron and the public, and the following year saw the publication of his second poem, "Lucrece." That Southampton, for either of these poems, should have bestowed on Shakespeare, as Rowe tells us, the extravagant sum of £1000, when money was nearly fourfold its present value, is not to be believed; but that the well-pleased young earl paid him "right royally" we can willingly allow; and this acquires additional corroboration from the fact that Shakespeare, early in 1594, joined with Burbage in the proprietorship of the newly-built "Globe on the Bankside."

We have no authentic information as to the introduction of Shakespeare to his liberal patron. It was probably through Sir Thomas Heneage, who had married Southampton's mother, and who, as Treasurer of the Chamber, would be brought into frequent intercourse with the Lord Chamberlain's players. We think it very probable that the sonnets which Shakespeare addressed to Southampton might be written at the suggestion of the father-in-law, apprehensive of the dangers which must surround a young, wealthy, and impulsive noble, just entering upon court life, and naturally most anxious to see him suitably married. With Mr. Gerald Massey, we think that they were written after the "Venus and Adonis."

Meanwhile John Shakespeare, now advancing in years, seems still to have been under difficulties at Stratford. There appears no reason to doubt that his gifted son aided him to the best of his power, for we know that in his rising fortunes the father amply participated. But these were the early days of his career, so the father still struggled on with poverty. One document, however, which at first sight seems to prove this, will bear, we think, a far more important signification. This is a return, dated September, 1592, containing the names of "all such recusants as have been heretofore presented for not coming monthly to church, and yet are thought to forbear the church, for debt or fear of process, or for some other worse faults," etc. The names of six women and nine men are given, including that of "John Shakespeare," and opposite is written, "It is said these last nine come not to church for fear of process for debt." This might be likely enough; but another document shows that John Shakespeare only the month before had been engaged in the good town of Stratford in making inventories. Religious opinions were, therefore, doubtless the cause, and their fellow-townsmen, among whom these nine suspected "recusants" dwelt, kindly interposing between them and the harsh penalty of the law, preferred the plea "fear of process for debt." Doubtless John Shakespeare was a Catholic, argues Malone, and even Mr. Collier. Now, if we look at the date of this return, we shall find that it is made in the autumn of the very year, 1592, in which the act passed, "For the punishment of persons obstinately refusing to come to church, and persuading others to impugn the Queen's authority in ecclesiastical causes;" an act expressly directed against Puritanism, and which, as the reader may perhaps remember, caused so much unwelcome free speaking in the House of Commons, and led to the imprisonment of poor Mr. Attorney Morrice. This act was brought in under the express direction of Whitgift, furious at the spread of Puritan views, and especially at the wide circulation of the *Martin Mar Prelate* tracts. As there were now numerous separatists in the Midland counties, and as several of these tracts had been printed at Cov-

entry, we learn from many contemporary sources, that the inquiry after those, who, as the act farther recites, "were present at any unlawful assembly, or conventicle, or meeting, under color of any exercise of religion," was very severe. We have little doubt that the term "recusant" misled Malone and Mr. Collier, but from the time of the rise of Puritanism, especially of the stricter separatists, we shall find "recusant" used to signify these latter, and Papists designated as "Popish recusants." Stratford-upon-Avon, indeed, was most favorably situated in regard to Puritanism. Warwick, where the great Puritan leader Cartwright dwelt; Banbury, already famous for its preachers and psalm-singing weavers; Coventry, where Waldegrave almost openly printed some of the most violent *Mar Prelate* tracts, were all within a pleasant walk of some ten or twelve miles; while the lord of Warwick Castle, Fulke Greville, the early friend of Sidney, was looked up to as the great protector of the persecuted sect. Doubtless John Shakespeare was a "recusant," but not a "Popish recusant."

These proceedings took place about the close of the year 1592. John Shakespeare's gifted son was from thenceforward steadily advancing, and as we find no further notice of the father's pecuniary difficulties, we have no doubt that the son made ample provision for the old man. There seems every reason to believe that Shakespeare's wife and children were still resident with him in London, for, soon after, he is represented as a householder in Bishops-gate, near St. Helen's, and subsequently at Bankside: for, as we have before pointed out, none but a "family man" could become a householder. With his rising fortunes, Shakespeare evidently desired, like Sir Walter Scott, to become the founder of a family; and this is doubtless why only four years after his appearance as a needy man, we find John Shakespeare strangely applying to the Herald's College for a grant of arms! That this was on account of his son is evident, for the son, as an actor, could not write himself "gentleman;" but John Shakespeare had been high bailiff of his native town.

The importance of this fact is, however, in the additional proof it affords that Shakespeare's father could never have been suspected of "Papistry." With Puritanism the Herald's College had nothing to do; but the Popish faith was the proscribed religion, and bold must that recusant have been to challenge that rigid inquiry into his family and circumstances, which the grant of armorial bearings would involve.

In the course of the following year these arms were granted, the "bend sable charged with a spear," on its golden field. But it was with a crushed heart that Shakespeare would contemplate them; for the great sorrow of his life had then fallen upon him. In August, 1596, his only boy, Hamnet, died, at the age of almost twelve years. We have no particulars, save the record in the Stratford register; (for he was probably taken down to his native place to die;) nor has Shakespeare left any memorial of this sad loss. And yet we are to believe that, not content with forming a disgraceful attachment to a married woman, he must needs parade it before his friends in a series of sonnets! Ben Jonson, far more rugged than "gentle Shakespeare," wrote a tender epitaph on his infant daughter Mary, and mourned in sweet and saddest verse the death of his darling boy, when seven years old; but a heavier bereavement visited Shakespeare, and yet he who, we are told, unveiled his inmost heart in his sonnets, left that blameless sorrow unsung.

But with the loss of that child, whom he had, doubtless, looked upon so proudly as his heir, Shakespeare did not waywardly give up all interest in the future. The following year, we find him purchasing one of the best houses in Stratford, and forthwith causing it to be put in complete repair for the future residence of his family. He had still two daughters, Susanna, now fourteen, and Judith, the twin sister of his lost Hamnet. And then there was the wife. Was she the well-pleased sharer of his increasing wealth and honors; or the burden of which he would willingly be rid, and whose very existence he recognized in his "last will and testament" merely by the interpolated bequest of "my second best bed, with the furniture"? Now,

when we bear in mind that the only records we have of Anne Hathaway are her marriage bond, the register of the births of her children, and then the notice in the will, followed seven years after by the entry of her death, we shall really find that, excepting the strange bequest, there is nothing at all to disprove the belief that Shakespeare and his wife may have lived most happily together.

In the epitaph, evidently placed by her elder daughter on her tomb, and probably written by the husband, Dr. Hall, she is spoken of, not in terms of inflated eulogy, not in any of the "stock phrases" of the Latin epitaph, but as the gentle, pious, affectionate mother, whom the daughter, although a middle-aged woman, most lovingly mourns over.* "My mother, thou gavest me life and milk from thy bosom. Wee to me! for such gifts I can only offer a stone." But still she rejoices in the hope that the stone at our Lord's coming will be rolled away, then, "let the tomb remain closed, for my mother seeks the skies." Now, can we believe that a daughter with such feelings would coolly take possession of house and furniture, "plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever," while the real mistress of the house, her own mother, was thrust into some neglected corner with her "second best bed"? It is important to bear in mind here that views of the rights of "mistress of the family" were very high in Shakespeare's day, and that one of the most fruitful sources of conjugal bickering was interference with the wife in her household management. To "rule the household," to have sole possession of "the keys," was conceded as her right, even by the bitterest opponents of feminine sway; to have ignored his wife, therefore, during his lifetime, and to have "cut her off in his will with an old bed," would have aroused the fury of every old woman in Stratford, and covered the name of Shakespeare with disgrace.

* "Ubera tu, mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti:
Vae mihi; pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angelus
ore,
Exeat (ut) Christi corpus, imago tua?
Sed nil vota valent: venias cito, Christe, resur-
get,
Clausula licet tumulo; mater, et astra petot."

It has often appeared strange to us that what seems a very obvious reason for Shakespeare's conduct has never occurred to his biographers. It is, that Anne, soon after her marriage, became an invalid, and, probably ere his death, bedridden. In those days of imperfect sanitary arrangements, frequent were the instances of even young people stricken down by palsy, or disabled by chronic rheumatism; and when we are told that the house Shakespeare occupied about this time was at Bankside, we can not wonder if severe illness visited his family. What, then, more likely than that Shakespeare hastened his departure from London, hastened the extensive repairs at New Place, that in her native air, and surrounded by her relatives and friends, his wife might find her best chance of recovery? Surely this view suits better with the character of "gentle Shakespeare," as given by every contemporary. But Anne probably continued a helpless invalid; and then how natural that the elder daughter should take the government of the household—still, after her marriage, residing under her father's roof, and becoming executrix to his will, just as her mother would had she not been disabled. And as to specific bequests. What heeded the invalid—perhaps bedridden—"jewels and plate"? The second "best bed" was more important; and we can not but think that deep affection dictated that interpolation which has hitherto seemed unfeeling. Beds, during the middle ages, and throughout this century, were the most important articles of household furniture, for they were richly carved, and most expensively fitted. They were always specially bequeathed, and in the minute description of the "furniture," which always included "head-cloth and tester, four curtains, and counterpane," mostly of silk or damask, together with the ample bedding and "holland sheets," all most expensive, we perceive how valuable such bequests were. The "best bed"—which, indeed, like most best things, was rather for show than use—was, as Mr. Charles Knight has pointed out, mostly an "heirloom," and as such not bequeathable; but the second best was that of the master and mistress. It was, therefore, Anne's own accustomed bed; and with a

selling akin to that of his daughter, who laments that for all her mother's love, she can give her only a tomb, might not Shakespeare insert that clause in his will which bequeaths to the wife the only gift of any use in her helpless state, her bed? The view we have here taken we allow is conjectural, but if the chance key be found to fit each ward it would be unwise to reject it.

Shakespeare's connection with his native town seems now to become closer. Abram Sturley, a Stratford alderman, towards the close of the year 1597, requests his brother-in-law, then in London, to inquire "whether our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, is willing to invest money in farming the tithes of Stratford; he also writes again that he thinks Shakespeare would be very likely to accommodate them with a loan." The brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, meanwhile writes, "to my loving goodde frende and countryman, Mr. William Shakesppeare," earnestly requesting "your helpe with £30." This letter, as well as Sturley's, is very suggestive, inasmuch as from the phraseology used in both, the writers are evidently Puritans. Sturley addresses Quiney, "Most loving and beloved in the Lord," while Quiney closes his letter to the actor and playhouse proprietor with "the Lord be with you, and with us all, Amen." Such phraseology would never have been addressed to Ben Johnson, would scarcely have been addressed to Shakespeare, had the writer thought him averse to Puritan phraseology, or unaccustomed to its use; for when men go borrowing, they are, of course, most anxious not to give offence. It is most probable that Quiney obtained his request, for we subsequently find Shakespeare on friendly terms with him, and eighteen years after Quiney's son marries Shakespeare's younger daughter.

In the following year, 1598, the first printed recognition of Shakespeare's varied skill in poetry appears, and is important as proving the high rank he then held among writers. This is in Meeres' *Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury*, which consists of a very curious collection of extracts, on all subjects, from various authors. Thrown into the work, without much connection with it, is "a comparative discourse," offering criti-

cisms upon different contemporary writers; and in this, as Mr. Masson by careful search found, Shakespeare is noticed five times under different heads. First, generally, and then specially, as among the best English lyric poets, the best English tragic dramatists, the best English comic dramatists, and the best English elegiac poets. The "Discourse," while important as giving us the names of Shakespeare's known plays—for none had as yet been published with his name—is most valuable, as supplying us with the first hint respecting his sonnets. "As the soul of Euphorbus," says he, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his sugared sonnets among his private friends." We think the term "private friends" here refers to the sonnets being circulated among his friends in manuscript, rather than their being *addressed* to private friends. Unfortunately Meeres supplies no hint whereby we might learn how many, and which of these sonnets were then in circulation. Thus much is certain, that Shakespeare was already known and admired for his sonnets, and that neither he nor his friends felt there was aught in them that needed palliation or excuse. It is curious, as the same writer remarks, that immediately after Meeres' very laudatory mention of him, Shakespeare's name first appears on the title page of one of his plays, "Love's Labor Lost," and from henceforth those which had been published anonymously were printed with his name.

Meanwhile repairs went on at New Place, although Shakespeare does not seem to have wholly resided there till some time later. Some of the entries which refer to him are very homely. Thus, a load of stone is purchased of him, for which 10d. is paid; and inquiry is made as to the quantity of "corn and malte" possessed by the chief inhabitants, and Shakespeare is returned as having ten quarters. He also seems to have still done a little in money lending. Truly, our great dramatist was neither idle nor unthrifty. His singular business habits have been frequently remarked, and much surprise has been expressed by

some writers how the most powerful of dramatists, the sweetest of poets, should have "condescended"! to things of every-day life. Now the case really is that we may find many parallels—some in very recent times. The writer of this article was told, on the best possible authority, that the poet who sang the "little lowly celadine," and so felt "the witchery of the clear blue sky," was as thorough a man of business as any one in London. The ease with which he would run over a long account, the quickness with which he would detect a mistake, would have done honor to the sharpest bookseller "in the Row."

Shakespeare was now high, both in literary fame and in "worship," among his townsmen. In 1599 and 1600 many of his plays were published—all with his name—and also that well-known collection of small poems, the *Passionate Pilgrim*; while in 1602, in a deed of purchase of land, as he is styled "William Shakespeare, of Stratforde-upon-Avon," we perceive that, although not wholly retired from the stage, he now looked upon New Place as his home. John Shakespeare ended his long life in 1601, apparently under his son's roof, and the mother in 1605. It was in the comparative retirement of Stratford that Shakespeare's latest, and some of his finest tragedies were produced. "Lear," "Othello," probably "Macbeth"—although this was not published in his lifetime—and, among others, those delightful plays, "As you Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "The Tempest." In 1607, we find his eldest daughter married to "John Hall, gentleman, physician." In that age of early marriages, it seems strange that the daughter of a really wealthy man should not have married until she had reached the age of twenty-four. Now the helpless state of her mother would supply a reason; for the affectionate daughter would be unwilling to leave her. And thus we find that the Halls resided at New Place, and Shakespeare takes Dr. Hall with him on his visits to London, as though he had been his own son. Every glimpse we obtain of Shakespeare after his return to Stratford exhibits him as a worthy family man.

In the year 1609, a neat little quarto was published by Thomas Thorpe, simply

entitled *Shakespeare's Sonnets*. As the reader knows, they were published without Shakespeare's sanction; and how they came before the world, and who "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." really was, have been fruitful sources of controversy. Mr. Gerald Massey considers William Herbert to have been the "Mr. W. H.," but he was never "Mr. W. H.;" he was first Lord Herbert, and then Earl of Pembroke; nor were noblemen in those days willing to masquerade as "plain Mist'ers." Indeed, the notion that Southampton, Pembroke, Lady Rich, and Lady Southampton, could be called under any circumstances, Shakespeare's "private friends," argues an utter ignorance of society in his days. The "private friends" seem to us to mean those friends among whom copies had circulated, and from whom "Mr. W. H."—whoever he might be—had obtained them. The book was published, and all these sonnets, in which Mr. Armitage Brown, more than two hundred years after, discovered so disgraceful a history, were exhibited to the world. But we do not find Shakespeare taking any notice; surely the great dramatist thought that in his sonnets, as in his plays, he might represent scenes and characters with which he had no sympathy. Singularly enough, two years before "Lear" had been published, and a few months previous to the sonnets, a second edition, which bore the unusual title, "Mr. William Shakespeare: His true Chronicle Historie of the Life and Death of King Lear." It was, therefore, evidently very popular. Now, the reader will recollect that in this play the horrible scene of blinding the Earl of Glo'ster occurs. Glo'ster had been guilty of the same sin, which, we are told on the mere testimony of the sonnets, Shakespeare committed. "The Gods are just," says Edgar, "and of our pleasant vices

"Make instruments to scourge us."

But had Shakespeare been scourged? Can we believe that he would have dared to point thus to the vengeance of Heaven had he been the breaker of his marriage vow, even as Glo'ster.

We really can see no other solution to this "much vexed question" than what

has been called "the dramatic view:" that the sonnets are a collection of poems, some addressed to Lord Southampton, some struck off in the mere exercise of fancy—perhaps intended for insertion in his plays—many "written to order," but not the less beautiful on that account; and Meeres' phrase, "sugared sonnets," is suitable enough. The exquisite sweetness, both of thought and diction, abundantly warrants this phrase, while those that hint at a darker story, if viewed also as mere exercises of skill—perhaps they are fragments of an unfinished tragic poem—most forcibly bring out to our view that wide and marvellous range of imagination which, while it has charmed us with an Imogen, a Perdita, a "little dainty Ariel," has appalled us with a Lady Macbeth and an Iago.

Shakespeare's last days seem to have been spent in the bosom of a happy family. His regard for his eldest daughter and her husband is forcibly shown in his will. His younger daughter Judith, of whom there are few records, did not marry until two months before her father's death; and Thomas Quiney, son to the Puritan Richard Quiney before mentioned, became her husband. There seems great reason to believe that both Shakespeare's daughters were Puritans, and the singular entry in the accounts of the chamberlain of Stratford in 1614: "Item, for one quart of sack, and one quart of clarett winne, given to a preacher at the Newe Place, XXd," proves that Puritan ministers were accustomed to visit Shakespeare's family—an incidental corroboration this of our belief that his wife was a helpless invalid. In Puritan memoirs we find frequent instances of ministers, especially while "silenced," going on pastoral visits among those of their friends who, from age or sickness, were unable to avail themselves of their public ministrations. The present of the wine shows that the corporation were favorable to Puritanism, but we think it was purchased rather on the occasion of a sermon being preached before the high bailiff and aldermen, when wine and cakes were always provided, than as a gift. Surely the owner of New Place would himself supply his guest with wine.

We have little information respecting

the last years of Shakespeare's life, save that they were prosperous and honored. Although no longer personally connected with the stage, he still continued to write for it; and his fine plays on Roman history, and his "Timon of Athens," belong to this his latest period. It is a great error to suppose that the early Puritans denounced Shakespeare. Milton, among his earliest poems, has inscribed a most laudatory one to his memory; and we have found quotations from his works in many religious treatises. It was not until some twenty or thirty years after, and then, probably, irritated by Ben Jonson's rabid abuse, the Puritans denounced "stage plays," and among them those of a poet who never made a mock at religion, never wrote a syllable against *them*. It were greatly to be wished that some additional information respecting our chief poet might be found; meanwhile, rejoiced should we be if these remarks might do some service in rescuing his memory from the unmerited charges so recklessly cast upon it, and aid in proving that in his domestic relations, the "gentle Shakespeare," like the knight of chivalrous romance, was not only above reproach, but beyond suspicion.

FLAVIA.*

BY GEORGE SAND.

FLAVIA TO ROBERTINE.

MAY 1st, 185--.

It is some time since I wrote you, my dear Robertine; and when I think of my past follies, I hardly know how to begin my letter, and resume the narrative of my adventures; but I must do it, for if I should begin at the end you would understand nothing about it, and only think me a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

So, without preliminary observations, I enter at once upon my story.

We left it at my comments upon a little abusive paper.

I meant to go on with my investigations the next day, but I was prevented by Lady Rosamond's coming early in the morning, to invite my father and myself

to take a ride on horseback with her nieces.

I tried hard to have my father go without me, but it was impossible; besides, I thought I ought to take advantage of the opportunity to come to an explanation with Malcolm's mother.

At the first word I was able to say privately to her, in regard to the indefinitely prolonged absence of her son, she cut me short.

"Do not blame him, my dear," she said. "Malcolm has complied with my request, in absenting himself for a time. I have not liked to tell you so; and even now, wishing as I do to justify him in your eyes, I cannot possibly tell you my reasons. But they are weighty, believe me. There are circumstances in life when honor is far more imperative than interest. Do not suppose that any money matter whatever could induce me to exact of my son a moment's sacrifice, which may, alas! prove to be that of his happiness; for I see that you are offended with him, and that eight days hence, when he will return, it will probably be too late."

"No, my dear lady, it will be much too soon. Do not be offended; but your *eight days* throw light upon the matter. Are not your nieces to return to England in eight days?"

"What? Have you suspected?"

"More than that: I have heard Miss Ann's confession, sufficiently at least for me to know what I am to do. You have done the same thing, only two or three days earlier; and in order to save the poor child's feelings, you have sent Malcolm away, sacrificing him, good son that he is, rather than shorten the time which these poor little tom-tits have to spend with you."

"That is the truth, dear Flavia—the whole truth."

"Not the whole truth, dear friend: there is something more. It has not been so great a sacrifice to Malcolm as we would like to think it; and, indeed, he has not been sorry to escape. Let us throw up our cards. Malcolm does not love me."

"What are you saying?"

"Oh! he loves me like all the others, whom I have had such good reason not to wish to marry. He is in love with

* Continued from page 214.

me, just like Lord G——, or M. de S——, or the Marquis, or the Abbé."

"I beg of you, don't compare my son with that ridiculous Abbé."

"No, I do not compare them; but I say that, after being somewhat dazzled at the sight of my little person, Malcolm has fancied himself seized with a great love, in which his imagination has done the greater part, which is proved by his not esteeming me—by his not placing in me that confidence which you give me, and which, as a good mother and a generous woman, you have freely offered."

Thereupon Lady Rosamond exclaimed, and wanted to know what reason I had for attributing jealousy and suspicions to her son.

I refrained from an explanation of the facts. I did not wish to challenge a justification of Malcolm; I wanted to know how far he had been informed of his mother's overtures for him.

So instead of answering her, I put some adroit questions to her; and I ought to tell you that Lady Rosamond's statements were so clear and firm, that I am sure of her sincerity. Malcolm knows nothing.

This made me entirely at my ease in telling his mother that I felt less than ever in the mood for matrimony, and I begged her to let him understand this in her letters.

"Absence will cure your son," I said, "if, indeed, he is at all heart-sick. Direct all his solicitude to poor Miss Ann, whose affections certainly must in time touch and convince him."

This is Lady Rosamond's reply:

"My dear, I shall not say a word to my son about Miss Ann. It is enough that her face has been so transparent, that Malcolm must have guessed, at the same time that I did, the secret which she thinks she conceals so well. We have not mentioned the poor child's name; we have understood each other with half a word. She will go and forget him, or else die of consumption. I am really afraid of it, but cannot help it. If Malcolm could have loved her, I should have been very glad, for she is a charming girl. But he does not love her; for it is you whom *we* love! Do not say a word. I shall have courage to send her away hopeless, at least till you say de-

cidedly that you have an aversion to my son. In this last case, I will make him stay away for the present, and will keep my nieces a few days longer; after that I will be guided by circumstances."

I replied to Lady Rosamond that it was impossible for me to use the word aversion in regard to a son whom she loved so dearly; but I gave her my word of honor that I did not think it possible for me to decide to marry so young a man.

"Very well," said she, "we will say no more about him. If he is disappointed, it is my business to console him, and I will wait till he is with me before I take all hope from him. I will confine myself to not giving it to him in my letters. I know that he can bear it as soon as I can talk with him. Let us still be friends. There is no other cause for coolness between us, I hope?"

I embraced the lovely woman, and we talked of other matters.

The remainder of the day I saw that she was a little troubled; but she was none the less affectionate to me, and I let Miss Ann know how I had been at work for her, so that she was perfectly radiant, and almost passionate in her gratitude and tenderness toward me.

Happy child—loving without pride, perhaps without calculation, for the mere joy of loving!

That evening I felt a little sad, not at having given up Malcolm, but the smiling, happy future which I had dreamed of in my filial relation to his mother.

You pretend that I am entirely pre-occupied with my own happiness! You shall see that you are mistaken. I am as little calculating in my indifference as Miss Ann is in her passion.

Indeed every possible motive of self-interest should induce me to choose Malcolm. But I cannot get over my uneasiness at his singular conduct, shown in that of his friend the *incognito*, and my pride prevails over all other motives.

What if I should say that I am afraid of his doing something silly, which would make me disgusted with the thought of him!

But the stranger! You are anxious to know what has become of his fine projects on my account?

Very well—here it is:

I was a little melancholy, and a little disturbed besides. I tried again, when I bade my father good-night, to lead him to tell me the name and social position of this man. My father appeared not to remember having seen him. He was tired, and there is nothing so impenetrable as a sleepy father.

I went back to my room, and sent Gaëtana to bed, and as it was a magnificent night, I remained nearly an hour at my window, looking at the moon and listening to the nightingales.

I cannot say that I adore those creatures; besides I was disgusted at the Marchioness adoring them; but at last I was listening mechanically, without knowing why, when I heard another sound in the neglected garden beneath my windows.

A sound of furtive steps, of rustled branches!

Then I saw distinctly a man slowly walking at the side of a trellis in blossom.

I was frightened at first, thinking it was a bandit, the more so that I saw glittering at his side or in his hand something which looked like a weapon, but I was reassured, remembering that there are no brigands in this region, and by perceiving, moreover, with the help of my eye-glasses, that this bright object was a little metal box, which I had seen before in the hands of the stranger, on the day of my violet bouquet; it was from this box that the famous note had escaped. He wandered round this trellis for some time, perhaps because he had perceived me, and wanted to make me think that he was searching for something, when he was interrupted by my father's valet, who was taking a turn, nobody knows why, and who said, in a frightened voice, as he found himself face to face with the man:

"Who is that there?"

"It is I," replied the stranger. "Don't be afraid."

"Ah, you!" replied Baptiste, in a protecting tone. "What the devil are you doing at this time of night?"

"You know that your master has given me permission."

"Ah yes! yes! true! Under the rose laurels? Good luck and good night, M. —."

Here the servant pronounced a name of which I heard nothing but the termination *er*; for in the distance I had rather guessed than heard their words, and we can not guess at proper names.

Baptiste asked him if he had a key of the park to let himself out, and, on his replying in the affirmative, returned and shut up the house.

The stranger sat down upon a bank as if he had been at home, and remained there for some time, very quietly; then he suddenly sprang up, and I lost sight of him as he ran like a madman, shaking something white, a handkerchief no doubt, as a signal—for whom? Perhaps Malcolm, concealed under the rose laurels.

I waited and watched in vain; I saw nothing more.

I could scarcely contain myself. In the morning I questioned my father persistently, and complained of his allowing an idle fellow, of doubtful appearance, to walk at night under my windows.

My father smiled and said: "Do not be afraid of him; he is a madman, but a very harmless one, and I have no fear of his doing you any harm. Do not notice him."

"But who is he? What is his name? How did you come to know him?"

"I know him very slightly. I forget his name, but he is a very respectable man. He has been recommended to me."

"By Malcolm; was it not, papa?"

"By Malcolm, exactly. What do you care for that?"

"And he is a merchant?"

"Of silk stockings," replied my father, with a mock gravity which showed that all my questions had only amused him.

Then I stopped; but I was vexed, as you can believe. Is it possible that my father falls in with this inconceivable whim of Malcolm's, and this impertinent espionage?

I cannot make it clear, as I think it over. One of two things must be true; either some wicked tongue, the Marchioness, perhaps, has made Malcolm believe that I am carrying on some shameful intrigue, and the stranger has been charged to watch, night and day, to convince him of it, to which my father has

consented with the certainty of seeing *my innocence* triumph; or else Malcolm, jealous as a tiger, means to drive away all my admirers by having me compromised by a third party.

But can it be that my father has joined in such a silly and mean project? It is impossible.

But then what means that strange expression, which I have read over and over again, "*Isolate the coquette*"?

I have made a new discovery to-day. I went to see Lady Rosamond, and contrived in an unsuspecting way to have her show me her son's handwriting. Well, it was the same as that of the mysterious note. Malcolm with his own hand gave his spy the directions which he has followed so faithfully.

This threw me into such a passion that I seized the first opportunity to say again most peremptorily to his mother that I had weighed the matter, and that my refusal was decisive.

She replied only with a questionable smile, and I do not know why I begin to distrust her almost as much as Malcolm.

These suspicions became certainty when, on leaving her to go and say how-do-you-do to the tom-tits in their room, I met the stranger, face to face, in the gallery.

He was well dressed, and his hair in better order than usual, so that I did not recognize him at once, never having seen him so near.

I stopped to have time to examine him, and, as he passed without seeming to doubt that I was anything but a statue, I said boldly, "Good morning, sir," in my loudest and worst voice.

He jumped like a man starting from sleep, turned round, for he had passed by, and looked at me with half-shut eyes, as if he were even more near-sighted than myself. But he is not near-sighted, and that was only an additional impertinence.

At length, as I ogled him despotically, he concluded to answer me; "Good morning, madame," in a very pleasant and harmonious voice, which I must confess, disarmed me a little.

I will give you word for word, as far as possible, our queer exchange of sentences:

"Why do you call me *madame*, when

you know so well who I am? Is this a new injury?"

He passed his hand across his forehead, and with a perplexed air, replied:

"A new injury? But Madame—or Miss—I do not know you."

"You play your part very well, but your talents are wasted. I know every thing."

"Every thing?" he replied, with a suppressed smile; "Indeed, I am very glad to hear it."

And he was going to pass on, as if trying to get rid of a mad woman, when I stopped him by some pretty severe words.

I believe that I called him an awkward spy.

He turned again, a little angry, but still smiling, and his face had such an expression of protecting, compassionate kindness, that I felt an involuntary respect, as if I had to do with some great personage.

I descended a little, and he perceived it.

"You evidently mistake me for some one else."

"No. Is not your name Robert?"

"Not at all. It rhymes with it; but that is not my name."

"And what is your name?"

"It would not interest you. I am not of your society, and I have nothing to do with the people whom you associate with."

"You are telling an impudent falsehood."

"Upon my word, you are rather saucy! It is a pity, for you seem to be very pretty."

"You are an impertinent fellow."

"Oh, I do not think so."

"And a liar. I repeat it. You are intimately acquainted with Mr. Malcolm and his mother."

"His mother? No; I have seen her for a moment."

"And you do not know that you are at her house?"

"Why should not I have known it? I am absent-minded, I grant, but not to the degree"—

"And Malcolm. You have seen him too only a moment? Time enough to shake hands with him and receive his instructions."

"Ah, that is true; I received his instructions."

"I know—to 'watch and isolate'!"—

"*Flavia!* Say, has he told you that? Very well—you see I have not forgotten it. I am here for that very purpose."

"But then you have not had a near view of Flavia, or *Flavia*, as you choose to say in Italian."

"No, no, in Latin! I have never seen her? But I have! It is a rare creature, as I well know. In Switzerland, last year."

"What? Were you in Switzerland last year? Where?"

"Everywhere!"

"And I too, pretty nearly everywhere. I did not see you anywhere."

"Very likely. Why should you have seen me?"

"To be sure. You were not at that time in pursuit of this *Flavia*?"

"But I was! I had promised it."

"You grant it? Bravo! Why then do you take the trouble to speak of her in the third person?"

"I do not understand you."

"Go along! Do you want to make believe that you do not recognize her?"

"What? Do not recognize her? What do you mean to say? Since it is the same individual that has travelled!"—

"Thank you for the word! This *individual*, then"—

"Is here?"

"Undoubtedly, it is so. What next?"

He seemed so completely surprised, that I questioned whether he really recognized me, and, in order to see how far his absent-mindedness or impertinence would go, I asked him how this *individual* looked.

"I do not know yet," he replied frankly. "But it should have a black waist, a white collar."

"And a straw-colored skirt?" I added, glancing at the dress of chamberry gauze which I had had that very day. "You describe costumes very well, and your malice is so nonsensical."

"You have described Flavia very well," he replied, seating himself upon a bench in the gallery, between two large smoky pictures. "So I am malicious, am I? Upon my word, I am not at all so. But you seem to be an original young lady. Will you sit down?"

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"By your side, do you mean? It is you who are original!"

"Oh, stand, if you prefer it. As for myself, I am tired. I have been at least ten leagues to-day."

"I pity you! After having passed the night keeping watch in a garden, you must be very tired."

"Ah you know every thing, then?"

"I told you that I did! What did you find that was so interesting about that trellis?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Astonishing! Not the least mystery, not the slightest scandalous adventure?"

"Oh, my dear, I see you like to laugh. There is nothing scandalous in the mysteries I seek to discover. God's laws are the same for all beings, and to the eyes of nature there is no good and evil."

Believing that I was in company with a man of the vilest kind, an atheist into the bargain—that is to say, capable of anything—and whose familiarity threatened me with some insult, I turned my back, completely disgusted, and passed on to the room of the little English girls to talk about the rain and the fine weather.

My curiosity was absolutely satisfied. I felt only a profound disdain at the inexplicable conduct of Malcolm. I did not mention his name, notwithstanding Miss Ann's desire to hear me say again that I did not love him. I did more—I hated and despised him, for having given me over to the espionage of a brutal and insolent man, who had already been commissioned by some one else to follow and watch me.

On my return, as I stepped from the carriage, I saw this same man in the court of our own house, boldly staring at me.

Then I was so indignant that I went abruptly to my father and told him that I did not wish to remain another day in this house or in the country.

"Ah hah!" he exclaimed, "What does all this mean?"

I refused to explain. He treated it as caprice, and ridiculed me. I went to my room and wept; I was furious, and the worst of it was, I did not know why or wherefore.

The next morning my father yielded. All my wishes are his; he spoils me.

I reproached myself, for I saw that it was a sacrifice for him to give up a pleasant home, studies which he had resumed with eagerness, and which had for him the attraction of mystery, for he kept them hid from me, or imagined he did; and finally the hope of marrying the son of Lady Rosamond.

As to his lordship, I resolved to keep my heart at liberty, and, in spite of my reluctance to think about him, I set out for our friend's villa, determined to take her to task for the vagaries of her Benjamin, of which she could not be ignorant, since the spy had access to her house.

I arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning.

The ladies were taking tea in the gallery, which is the coolest part of our Italian dwellings.

I naturally went up the grand staircase. But the servants were sweeping it, and in order to escape the cloud of dust which they raised, I accidentally turned into a passage, which I supposed would lead to the other end of the gallery. But it led only to a chamber which was open.

By the arms and clothing I saw that I was in a man's apartment. By the portrait of Lady Rosamond set in the alcove, I was sure that it was Malcolm's. The door of the adjoining room was also open, and from it came a smell of camphor which set me coughing.

"Who is there?" asked a pleasant voice from this inner room, which I recognized as the voice of my spy.

I did not answer. I kept still. He, on his part, did not seem to have stirred.

In a moment I approached the door silently and looked in.

The room was full of boxes, and somewhat in confusion. In the middle was a large table, covered with a thousand incomprehensible things, of which I did not attempt to divine the use. At this table, his back toward me, sat the stranger, absorbed in reading.

I advanced a step, then another, taking care that he should not hear the rustling of my skirts.

I saw at last over his shoulder what he was alternately examining and reading.

Before him on the table he had a pretty yellow and black butterfly, impaled upon

a long pin, and tearing itself by its fluttering, while its executioner, insensible to its sufferings, was reading in a book erased with red and blue, and covered with marginal notes in pencil, a page, the title of which, in large letters, gave me a flash of surprise and fury. Imagine what was on this page:

SCALA FLAVIA.

Species, chelonidea. Genus, chelonida.
Liberia, Switzerland, and Dauphiny.

The naturalist examined his victim, now and then comparing it with the description in the book; for this Flavia, this chrysalis, whose opening Malcolm had charged him to watch for *night and day*, and *isolate the cocoon*—the true *Flavia of Malcolm* was—a butterfly!

At first I stood speechless; I did not as yet comprehend what has since become clear to me, but I saw well that I had made an enormous mistake, and my natural gayety regaining its ascendancy, I could not repress a loud burst of laughter, which made the naturalist suddenly turn round.

"Yes—there!" he said, with his rustic familiarity. "Is it you again? Do not come near the table, I beg you! You would do some mischief with your crinolines and your dangleings of bracelets. Go now; we will talk by and by, if you wish."

"No," said I; "we are going to talk now, for the last time, probably, and not long either. Hide this poor suffering creature. I promise not to come near your table. Answer me one question—do you know me or not?"

"I did not know you yesterday morning. Last evening I saw you go into the villa D—, and I learned that you were the daughter of M. de Ker—, who has rented the villa for the season, and who is a very excellent man. Are you satisfied? What next?"

"What next? Nothing! You must have thought me mad yesterday?"

"Well, yes. Further than that, I know nothing about it. Do you wish to talk entomology? I do not know how to talk to ladies. I am not a man of the world. I have said something which has displeased you. I do not know what. I ask your pardon for it. Is that enough?"

"It is enough. I grant it."

"Thank you!"

I left him to arrange his butterfly and went to our English girls. My ill humor was over. I had no bad feelings toward any one; but I thought I had good reason for declaring to Lady Rosamond that I would never be the companion of a naturalist.

"What! Do you think Malcolm a naturalist?"

"I know nothing about it; but he has a fancy for butterflies."

"That is true; but it does not amount to a mania."

"That will come. Such things are not done by halves. Look at my father: his passion for birds becomes stronger and more fanciful. The more it is opposed, the more it grows."

"And does it prevent your father from being the best of men, and from indulging you dreadfully? Where is there a happier daughter than you are?"

"Perhaps I shall not always be happy, for the very reason that I have been dreadfully indulged. And if I have been so indulged, it is not only because my father is the best of men, but because, moreover, this excellent man is so absorbed by a fixed idea, which has always prevented him from studying and knowing me. With all my heart I forgive this good father, who is almost an angel: he is so sincere, so pure, so gentle, so generous. I esteem any man whose passions are as innocent as his. I could make such a man my friend, but my husband—never!"

"You are wrong, my dear. A passion which disposes a man to be an angel (as you say, with good reason, of your father) is not simply innocent—it seems to be divine. Admitting that it renders him a little abstracted, and, perhaps, too tolerant, it is not for you, fond of freedom as you are, to complain of it."

"Just so. I should not have this love of freedom if I had not been left to enjoy it; and you see very well that it is this which keeps me from marrying."

"We go round in a blundering circle," said Lady Rosamond. "It is, then, a settled thing that you dislike Malcolm?"

"Let him marry his cousin, and I shall love them both as my best friends, next to yourself."

"So be it. I will do what I can. But

one word more. How have you found out this *entomology*, which has been kept such a secret from you?"

"Why has it been kept from me? You, then, have helped to deceive me."

"No; I know that my son tried to introduce M. Villemer to you."

"Ah!—is his name Villemer?"

"Do you care for his name?"

"Not at all: it is not a name."

"I beg your pardon. It is the name of a very learned man, for whom your father has the highest regard, and whom Malcolm loves as a brother."

"Ah, there you see the inconvenience of science for a man of the world. It leads him to make friends of impossible beings. You cannot persuade me that Malcolm will ever make his wife accept the society of a man who cannot even say *How-do-you-do?* and who does not seem to make the slightest distinction between a lady and a washerwoman."

"Then you have seen this poor M. Villemer?" smilingly asked Lady Rosamond.

"Yes; he will be a terrible nuisance who will place himself between Malcolm and his wife if you do not take heed."

"I do not think so. This nuisance has no wish to place himself anywhere except in the woods and rocks and fields where his nomadic existence can thrive in solitude. You met him at the convent. Malcolm wished to attract your attention to him. It was a pretext of his to introduce you to him, and reconcile you to natural history; but you expressed your opinion of *savans* and *amateurs* so decidedly that he kept silence. The poor child was ready to give up the pursuits which are a great amusement to him, without being too engrossing."

"I yield them to him with all my heart! Miss Ann, I have noticed, adores butterflies. She will help him to catch them, and I—as for me, I will still be the butterfly which will not let itself be caught."

EMILIUS TO MALCOLM.

EXTRACT.

May 2d.

As I have written you, it has opened; it could not be better, and I have prepared it with special care.

This reminds me to say that you are

out of pins numbers five and six, and that it will be well for you to bring them. I want some, also.

I chased to-day and last evening according to your directions. For eight days I was prevented by M. de Ker—'s catalogue. I did not like to refuse him this service, and besides it was well to earn a little money to continue my journey.

I give you the results of my chase.

Some *Lesies in chrys.*, in wood and bark.

Orphioniformis and *Rhingæformis*, very rare.

Brosiformis, not to be found; however, it is colder here than at Rome.

Zygacides, in flight—a first-rate one.

Medicaginus: variety *Stæchadis*; the same as in Piedmont.

A splendid piece of luck—the *Chelonia simplonica*, I believe in the larva.

Lasiocampa lineosa, opened yesterday. I will not describe them. You must see them. I really did not expect to find them here, but what does not one find!

I have been looking over my boxes; I have been delighted to find the *Anarta Cora* again. I found it last year in the environs of Kasan. It is much injured, but still very precious.

I cannot put my hand again upon one specimen (same country), still more rare, which I had intended for you: the *Anthophila purpurea* var. *Rosina*. It must be that it has crumbled into impalpable dust on the journey. As a consolation I have made, on your account, an exchange with the Florence cabinet. I gave given a magnificent sphynx *Oasis* for a pair of small *Arctia luctuosa*, which I have never seen except in Sicily. This will save you the journey.

I know that you have only an accidental interest in reptiles, still I must regret not being able to preserve a superb adder which I found coiled in a myrtle, and was on the point of seizing when a company of idlers made me lose it. I was in a fury about it, and for a little while could have beaten the fellows.

This is all which would interest you here, my dear friend. I say nothing of your mother and your friends, who probably write oftener than I do.

As for myself, dear Malcolm, I am the

happiest of men—I have faith! I shall come to it; I shall come to it—doubt it not. I shall seize this great mystery!

I say nothing against those branches of science which have absorbed me hitherto; every path leads to Rome. I say nothing against anatomy; that must be the beginning, but he who stops there is a mere self-dissector, and makes only an empty box of his brain. Only in living beings can we find the phenomena of life.

We will talk of all these things if you come soon, as I hope.

I am very comfortable—well-lodged, well-fed, well-entertained, with very kind hosts; M. de K—, a little narrow in his ideas of classification; his daughter, a very nice person. She has given me to understand that your friends have planned a match between you. Is it so? You would find it difficult to make her love nature; that is not her forte; but she has a good deal of vivacity.

Notwithstanding the pleasure I should have in seeing you again, I cannot perhaps wait for you more than eight days. I am impatient to see an operation which D— is to perform in Milan, at which he has invited me to be present. I shall go there early next month.

If I should not see you here, write to me, and give your commissions to your faithful friend,

EMILIUS VILLEMER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All the Year Round.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCIVAL.

THE session of the year in which Wellington took Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, and in which Napoleon retreated from Moscow, was an eventful one from its very commencement.

In the afternoon of May 19th, 1812, the lobby of the House of Commons was full of noisy politicians, discussing the recent grant of one hundred thousand pounds a year to the new Regent, the probabilities of a war with America, the extravagance of the new Park to which the Prince had given his name, the outrages of the Luddites, the prospects of Lord Castlereagh succeeding the Marquis

Wellesley as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the more than likelihood of Wellington again retiring to the Portuguese frontier. Old politicians were lamenting the deaths of Pitt and Fox (1805-6); grievance-mongers were button-holding impatient M.P.'s; place-hunting constituents were seeking their victims with the pertinacity of harriers that have lost their hare; men with claims, real or imaginary, on government (one among them especially brooding, soured, and malignant), were watching the opening doors. Through the crowd, unnoticed but by habitué of the House, passed Mr. Dundas, Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Mulgrave, and other members of the cabinet; but the prepossessing, courteous Premier had either not appeared or was hidden by the crowd round the door. That shrewd, hard-working, adroit man would soon be there, if he had not already come, and his followers and partisans were waiting, eager for his coming, and ardent for the debate, in which the Premier would calmly oppose the Catholic claims, or resist any more extended prosecution of the Peninsular war.

A slight murmur, at about a quarter past five, at last announced the long-expected minister. At that very moment the sharp ringing report of a pistol at the entrance of the lobby startled every one, both in the hall and in the adjacent committee rooms. There arose a cry of

"Murder—murder!"

"Shut the doors, prevent any one escaping."

Then a person, with his hand pressing his left breast, rushed from the cluster of members standing round the entrance, staggered towards the door of the House, groaned faintly, and fell forward on his face. Mr. Smith, member for Norwich, was the first to approach him. Thinking it some one in a fit, he walked round the fallen man, not at first recognizing his person, or knowing that he was wounded; but finding he did not stir, he instantly stooped to assist him, and on raising his head was horrified to discover that it was the Premier. Requesting the assistance of a bystander, the two men instantly raised Mr. Percival, carried

him between them into the room of the Speaker's secretary, and set him on a table resting in their arms. He was already not only speechless, but senseless, and blood was oozing fast from his mouth.

They felt his heart. In a few minutes the pulsation grew fainter. In ten minutes he was dead.

Mr. Lynn, a surgeon of Great George-street, instantly came and examined the body. He found a pistol bullet had struck the Premier on the left side, just over the fourth rib. It had penetrated three inches, and passed obliquely towards the heart, causing almost instant death.

The moment Mr. Percival fell, several voices had called out:

"That is the fellow."

"That is the man who fired the pistol."

The assassin was sitting, in a state of great agitation, on a bench by the fireplace, with one or two persons to the right of him. General Gascoyne, M.P. for Liverpool, with a soldier's promptitude, instantly sprang on him and clutching him by the breast of his coat and his neck, took the still smoking pistol from him, and told him that it was impossible that he could escape.

The murderer replied:

"I am the person who shot Mr. Percival, and I surrender myself."

Mr. J. Hume, member for Weymouth, also seized him, and took from his pocket a second pistol, ready primed and loaded with ball. Mr. Burgess, a solicitor of Mayfair, also helped to arrest the man, and to take him into the body of the house and give him into the custody of the messengers. The murderer's agitation had by this time entirely subsided. He seemed quite sane, grew perfectly calm, and commented on some slight inaccuracy in Mr. Burgess's statement.

General Gascoyne instantly recognized the assassin as John Bellingham, a man who had been a merchant in Liverpool. Three weeks before he had called on the General and requested his assistance in pressing his claims on parliament for redress for an unjust imprisonment at St. Petersburg, the resident ambassador having been applied to in vain. The General had recommended him to memorialize the Premier.

A great fear fell on the cabinet ministers that night when the news of the desperate and at first unaccountable assassination reached them. The Prince Regent, amid the vulgar and meretricious splendor of his pseudo-Oriental palace at Brighton, shook like a jelly. A massacre of ministers was apprehended; there were the wildest rumors current of Luddite outrages and revolutionary conspiracies. Mr. Percival, had, no doubt, been the first victim. Whose turn was to be next? Where could the sword be best aimed to reach the necks of the assassins? All was fear, gloom, and doubt! The people of England were known to be discontented; it might be necessary to use grape-shot and sabres to keep down their foolish and dangerous impatience for reform; besides, what was the correction of any abuse but an incipient revolution? "Scrape one barnacle from the vessel of state, as well stave and sink her at once in the Red Sea of Jacobinism!" screamed the political Chinese.

Many of those grave and eminent men who came with hushed step into the Speaker's drawing room, where the Premier lay dead, must, as they looked at the pale calm face, and, as the events of the life of the murdered man passed swiftly through their minds, have remembered the peroration of his speech as Attorney-General at the trial of Peltier, the French editor, in London for his libel against Napoleon: it seemed now almost like a presentiment of his own fate.

Replying to Mackintosh, Mr. Percival had then said (1802): "There is something so base and disgraceful—there is something so contrary to everything that belongs to the character of an Englishman—there is something so immoral in the idea of assassination, that the exhortation to assassinate this or any other chief magistrate would be a crime against the honorable feelings of the English law."

The biography of Mr. Percival is brief. He was the second son of the Earl of Egmont, and was born in 1762. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he went to the Bar in 1786, in spite of great shyness, soon became leader of the Midland Circuit, and in 1796 won his silk gown, became member for Northampton, and a

protégé of Pitt. When that minister fought Mr. Tierney, he kindly declared Mr. Percival competent to be his successor, and even to cope with Fox.

Percival supported Pitt in all his measures, especially in the mischievous and unnecessary war with France. Under Addington, the busy satellite became Attorney-General. He was legal adviser of the unhappy Princess of Wales, and, under the Duke of Portland, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, demanding £2000 a year, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, for surrendering his business at the bar. Parliament growing indignant, he reluctantly relinquished the appointment, and his friends trumpeted forth his patriotic disinterestedness. On the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1807, he became Premier.

Palpably a third-rate professional politician, scarcely fit to carry Lord Chatham's crutch, Percival was glorified by the suddenness of his melancholy death: his smooth ready talk was called eloquence; his quickness at figures, genius for finance; his obstinate and narrow-minded persecution of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, intrepidity and energy. Modern historians of his own party still idolize his memory as "a champion of the Protestant faith." It must be allowed that he was a good man; sincere, honest, and of unimpeachable integrity. Like Pitt, he died poor, though hundreds of millions had passed through his hands.

On the 15th of May, Bellingham was tried at the Old Bailey, before Sir James Mansfield, Baron Graham, and Mr. Justice Gross. Most of the aldermen were present, besides many noblemen and members of parliament. Mr. Alley (prisoner's counsel) objected to the prisoner being called upon to plead, and applied for postponement of trial, on ground that he had affidavits to prove prisoner insane. The court deciding that this application should not be granted, the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty."

The witnesses for prosecution having been examined, Bellingham proposed to leave his defence to his counsel, but was informed that prisoners' counsel were not allowed to address the court in defence. He then addressed the jury in a speech

of above an hour's length, interspersed with the reading of several documents. He had, he said, no personal malice against Mr. Percival. "The unfortunate lot had fallen upon him" as the leading member of the administration, which had repeatedly refused any address for the injuries he (the prisoner) had sustained in Russia. He had been engaged in business at Liverpool; in 1804 he went to Russia. His business being finished, he was about to leave Archangel for England, when a ship called the *Soleure*, insured at Lloyd's, was lost in the White sea. Lloyd's refusing to pay the insurance, Bellingham was suspected of having something to do with their refusal (though he had not), and, in consequence, he was seized in his carriage while passing the Russian frontier by order of the governor at Archangel, and imprisoned. He applied to the British ambassador, Lord Leveson Gower, who, having learnt from the military governor at Archangel that he was detained for a legal cause, and had conducted himself in a most indecorous manner, refused to interfere. His young wife, with an infant in arms, was obliged to make the journey to England alone. He himself, after suffering unheard-of hardships, kept in a miserable condition, and banded from prison to prison, in 1809 received at midnight his discharge from prison, and an order to quit the Russian dominions, with a pass; which was, in fact, an acknowledgment of the justice of his cause. Since his return to England, he had applied to the most influential men in the government, had been sent from one to another; last of all to Mr. Percival, who obstinately refused to sanction his claims in parliament. If he had met Lord Gower after his resolution was taken, he (Lord G.) should have received the ball, and not Mr. Percival. He concluded his defence by justifying the murder, on account of the injuries he had received from the Government. He disclaimed the plea of insanity.

The case was desperate, for the prisoner had stoutly denied his own insanity, and pleaded justification for his crime. Mr. Alley had only the one excuse to put forward—insanity. That is, not that the prisoner did not mean to shoot Mr.

Percival, but that he did so with a disordered mind.

The swearing was very hard. A lady from Southampton, who had known Bellingham from a child, declared that she believed him deranged, so far as related to his sufferings in Russia. She had never known him to be under restraint, but his father had died mad. A servant at a house in Milman-street, where Bellingham had lodged for four months, had thought the prisoner deranged for some time past, particularly just before the murder. The trial lasted eight hours. Lord Mansfield having summed up, the jury retired for ten minutes, and then returned a verdict of guilty. The Recorder passed sentence of death, directing that the prisoner's body should, after execution, be dissected and anatomized.

During the early part of the trial, which lasted eight hours, Bellingham trifled with the flowers which had been placed on the front of the dock. He read his defence in a fervid but calm manner, but occasionally shed tears. At the conclusion he requested a glass of water, as any speaker on indifferent subjects might have done. He listened to his sentence, however, with the most intense awe, and was led out of court overcome with grief.

Bellingham's antecedents were not very creditable, if the contemporaneous reports can be implicitly trusted. He seems to have been a turbulent, untoward, rather unprincipled adventurer, of a subtle, dangerous, rankling disposition, inflamed almost to madness by a long series of misfortunes. He was a native of St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, and was born in 1771. When he was only a year old, his father, a land surveyor, betraying symptoms of mental derangement, was sent to St. Luke's, but at the end of a year was discharged as incurable, and died soon after. At the age of fourteen John Bellingham was apprenticed to a jeweller; but ran away from his master. His mother then appealing to a Mr. Daw, her brother-in-law, to do something for her son, Daw fitted Bellingham out as a subaltern in an East India regiment. This was a social advance, and the lad's fortune seemed now secured; but ill fortune followed him.

The Hartwell, the transport in which he sailed, was wrecked, and he returned to England, abandoning his profession, for some unrecorded reason. Mr. Daw again came forward, and probably seeing a predisposition to commerce in the ex-soldier, advanced him money to purchase the business of a tinplate worker. But the unlucky man's house took fire soon afterwards, not without some suspicion (as usual in advantageous fires) falling upon the proprietor, and in 1794, Bellingham, the young tradesman, became bankrupt.

Bellingham then commenced business at Liverpool, without any capital, as an insurance broker, and married an Irish girl named Neville, by whom he had one child. They lived very unhappily, and she eventually supported herself as a milliner.

He then entered a merchant's office at Liverpool, his commercial expertness gaining him the confidence of some of the leading houses engaged in the Russian trade. He was sent out to Archangel as their commission agent, living at that great emporium of the Siberian trade in the White sea, to purchase furs, tea, hardware, tallow, flax, pitch and timber, for the English market. Here Bellingham was still very unfortunate or very dishonest, or perhaps both.

He drew bills on his principals to the amount of ten thousand pounds, squandered the money, and made no shipments of the tea, tallow, or furs so purchased. Returning to England, and failing to fulfil a contract entered into with some merchants of Hull, Bellingham was thrown into prison. He then a second time visited Archangel, but was again unlucky, and was about to return to England, finding the country getting too hot for him, some disagreeable thing having occurred about the insurance of a vessel, when he was arrested for private debts. He accused the Russian authorities loudly of corruption and injustice, claiming the protection of the English ambassador, Lord Leveson Gower, and also of Sir L. Sharp; but they, finding his arrest to be legal, and the matter not within their province, declined to interfere, and left him to the Russian tribunals.

Only those who know the profound corruption of Russian officials can imagine the misery of a provincial Russian prison. Filth, starvation, cruelty, and a hopeless delay of justice, are the smallest of the evils a prisoner so friendless would have had to encounter.

Five years of such slavery in such a climate, far from wife and children, in the middle of a life that had yet to be retrieved, was enough to have maddened better men than the future assassin of Percival.

Released at last, without trial and without redress, the very abruptness of the release going far to prove his innocence, to what happiness and welcome did this unhappy man return! To beg, to sue, to supplicate to the insolent door-keepers of the Marquis of Wellesley, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord L. Gower, Mr. A. Paget, Sir F. Burdett, and Mr. Percival. Day by day he must have found the faces of the men he importuned grow harder and colder. Day by day hope must have lessened, and hatred struck a deeper root. Day by day his heart must have sunk within him as he passed up the old street to receive the same rebuffs.

Learned gentlemen interested in the High Court of Procrastination, members of the Prolongation Board, and all branches of the How-not-to-do-it Office, let us beg you to take warning by the fate of Mr. Percival, and remember that while some great inventors die calmly of hope deferred, there may be rasher and more violent natures who from time to time may resort to more desperate measures, and wreak on some of you the wrongs entailed by an obstructive system. Justice delayed becomes injustice. Every inventor who dies of official neglect retards by his death the progress of our national civilization.

Bellingham suffered on the 18th of May.

When he entered the yard he walked firmly, and looking up calmly, observed, "Ah, it rains heavily!" He firmly and uniformly refused to express any contrition for his crime, or for Mr. Percival's fate; but he lamented the pain he had given Mrs. Percival and her children; he as steadily denied having any accom-

plíce, when questioned on these points by the sheriffs. In answer to the clergyman, Bellingham said:

"I thank God for having enabled me to meet my fate with so much fortitude and resignation."

He remarked to the hangman:

"Do everything properly, that I may not suffer more than is necessary."

To another he said:

"Draw the cord tighter; I don't wish to have the power of offering resistance."

He ascended the scaffold with a cheerful countenance and calm air, looked about him rapidly, but with no air of triumph or display. He at first objected to the cap being put over his face, but afterwards acquiesced. As the clock struck eight, and while the prisoner and the clergyman were still praying, the supporters of the internal square of the scaffold were struck away, and Bellingham dropped.

The revenge had been achieved, the penalty for the crime had been paid; and now, leaving the assassin unpitied and unwept on the dismal table of the hospital dissecting room, let us pass to the honored grave of the honest statesman. Perhaps the House of Commons, acting for the nation, received with enthusiasm the Prince's message recommending a parliamentary provision for the widow and children of the late Premier. On the 12th, Lord Castlereagh moved a resolution, which was carried by a large majority, that an annuity of two thousand pounds should be granted to Mrs. Percival, and a sum of fifty thousand pounds should be vested in trustees for the benefit of her twelve children. On the 14th, three hundred members of parliament, dressed in mourning, carried up the address in answer to the Regent's message.

During the proceedings relative to the generous grant, the influential members (Canning, etc.), in their laudable desire to express their sorrow for the murdered Premier, claimed for him the highest honors due to political genius. It was not then the time to show that Spencer Percival, though a useful and amiable man, was indisputably nothing more than a third-rate statesman.

Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF ARABIC PHILOSOPHY IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALB-MARLE-STREET, FEBRUARY 20, 1866.

BY KARL STANHOPE.

Few things in history are more striking than the encounter, in divers parts of Western Europe, between the rising tide of Mohammedan invasion and the settled races of Christendom. In Sicily the Saracens achieved a short-lived conquest, one curious token of which may still be traced in the modern name given to Etna of Mongibello, a name made up of the Latin *Mons* and the Arabic *Gebel*; both words meaning the same, and conjoined together by the mingled races of the time. At the mouth of the Tiber the victory of Pope Leo IV. over the Moslem marching on to Rome, even if it failed to be recorded by the muse of history, would be rescued from oblivion by the genius of art, since it forms the subject of one of Raphael's glorious frescoes in the Vatican. More to the northward the Arab conquerors of Spain, advancing into France, had passed the Garonne and wellnigh reached the Loire, when their progress was arrested and hurled back by Charles Martel. Then, after centuries, came the Crusades; then, after centuries more, the final expulsion of the Moslem from Granada, their last stronghold in Western Europe. All this course of history is more or less familiar to my present hearers. But perhaps they may never have had occasion to observe the remarkable fact, not noticed, indeed, in many histories, that the race which showed itself the inferior in warlike prowess, gained the upper hand in some main points of intellectual influence. While the Moslem had, for the most part, to yield to the Christians on the fields of battle, they acquired an ascendant in the schools of philosophy.

This intellectual or literary influence—a strange portent, surely, in an age of utter intolerance, when it was unusual to allow merit of any kind in a misbeliever—may be mainly ascribed to two men of high renown, Avicenna and

Averroes. Avicenna—whom, if we strove to be quite exact, we should call Aben Sina—flourished in Central Asia, and died in the year of Christ, 1037. Averroes—or, more precisely, Aben Roshd—was born at Cordova, and died, according to the best authorities, in the year of our Lord, 1198. Both are combined by Dante in two lines of his *Inferno*, where he enumerates the principal pagan worthies. I will give you Dante's lines as Mr. Cary renders them:

"Orpheus I marked, . . .
Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
That commentary vast, Averroes."^{*}

In like manner are they combined by Chaucer in his prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. Much may be ascribed to the genius of these two men. Yet in the middle ages, when books were few and critics fewer still, we may suspect that the two names were sometimes used in a collective or representative sense. We may think, perhaps, that all the lore of Central Asia was taken as summed up in Avicenna, as in Averroes all the lore of Mohammedan Spain.

The works of Avicenna, as is believed, were brought to Europe at the time of the Crusades in the form of a Latin translation, with which alone I have now to deal. This Latin version was put into type very soon after the discovery of printing, and there were several editions in the course of the sixteenth century, above all at Padua and Venice. Most of his treatises relate to his profession of medicine. But there are also some of a more general nature, and bearing on the great questions of philosophy.

The principal work of Avicenna is a so-called canon, in five books, on the art of healing. During several centuries, this canon may be said to have reigned supreme in the Christian schools of medicine. M. Jourdain, writing in the *Biographie Universelle*, about the year 1811, observes, that scarce a century back—in the last years, therefore, of Louis XIV.—the canon of Avicenna was still the text-book in both the Universities of Montpellier and Louvain. At present, it might be difficult to name

any book which is more entirely unread, or has fallen into more complete neglect. One of the last writers who seems to have paid it attention is Dr. Friend, the famous physician in the time of George I.; and he speaks of it in by no means favorable terms. "In general," says Dr. Friend, "Avicenna seems to be fond of multiplying the signs of distempers without any reason. He often, indeed, sets down some for essential symptoms which arise merely by accident, and have no immediate connection with the primary disease."

Of the numerous remedies which the works of Avicenna recommended, many seem in a high degree fanciful; yet some, perhaps—though we are unconscious that they rest on his authority—have survived to the present time. Thus when opals are still placed in the mouths of infant children, in preference to ivory or any hard substance, we may probably derive that practice from the words of Avicenna, where he declares that there is an occult or mysterious virtue in coral which makes it the highest of all remedies for the comfort of the gums. As is said in the quaint and semi-barbarous Latin of his translated works, "Summus est corallus in confortatione gingivæ."^{*} In other passages we find him share the common belief of his age as to the planetary influences: "If," he says, "those stars which are called unpropitious are in the ascendant, they bode decay to animated beings; but if those which are called propitious, then the signification is health."[†] In like manner he considers the efficacy of remedies as dependent on the wane or the increase of the moon.

Another authority on the healing art held in high estimation all through the middle ages was the School of Medicine at Salerno. That school was, as Gibbon expresses it, "the legitimate offspring of the Saracens." It was trained by Arabic professors; it was taught from Arabic books. Towards the year of Christ 1100, a curious little volume was compiled by John of Milan, one of the physicians of this school, and was dedicated to the King of England, but to which is not quite clear: "Anglorum

^{*} Averroës, che'l gran comentio feo.

^{*} *Op. Medicine*, vol. i., p. 287. Ed. 1608.

[†] *Op.*, vol. ii., p. 379.

Regi scribit Schola tota Salerni." This volume embodies some of the most approved maxims for health in Latin verses of the kind called *leonine*, that is, in rhyme according to the favorite fashion of the middle ages. Thus put into a popular form, these maxims appear to have enjoyed a high popularity until a recent period. They were annotated with great care by Arnald de Villanova. And to the edition of 1649 is prefixed an elaborate preface by Zacharias Sylvius, a physician of Rotterdam. The second chapter of his preface opens as follows: "There is scarce any physician in Holland but has frequently in his mouth the verses of the Salerno school, or who fails to quote them on every occasion." This, you see, is little more than two centuries ago.

Indeed, as I imagine, no doubt at all can exist that all through the middle ages the Arabic school of medicine was greatly superior to the Latin. There is a very able essay upon these points which appeared in the *National Review* at New-York in the month of July last.* I do not know the author's name, but I would recommend his essay to any one who might desire further information on this curious subject. He enumerates many of those barbarous modes of medical treatment which prevailed in Christendom through great part of the middle ages. I need mention only—the *hoplochryma*, as it was learnedly called, or anointing the instrument which inflicted a wound in the hopes of healing the wound itself; and the supposed cure of scrofulous diseases by the touch of royalty—a practice which, you may remember, was continued in England even down to the reign of Queen Anne.

The superior skill of the Arabic physicians seems indeed to have been admitted all through the dark period of the middle ages. It was mainly at the revival of letters that another appreciation arose. Thus we find Petrarch declare vehemently against the whole Arabic system, both in philosophy and medicine. But his main motive, I think, was national prejudice. In a Latin letter addressed to his friend Giovanni Dondi, he says that he shall not be easily persuaded that

any good thing can come out of Arabia. And in another part of his writings, Petrarch goes so far that he says he will not consent to be cured by any medicines if they bear an Arabic name.

I may add that in the darker ages the Saracen professors of medicine may, I think, be traced, not merely along the limits, but in the very heart of Christian Europe. Thus there was published in France fourteen years ago, a very curious record of the visitations of Eude Rigaud, Archbishop of Rouen, commencing in 1248, and I have found in this the mention of a Moorish physician on the banks of the Seine and in a company of Norman monks. *Magister Maurus physicus*. It may be observed on the other hand that the skill of the Arabic physicians never extended to Arabia properly so called. Nothing, at least, can be more unfavorable than the account of the healing art, past and present, in that country, recently given by Mr. Palgrave, in his most agreeable and ably written volumes of travel.

Reverting to Avicenna, not in his character of a physician, but of a philosopher, we shall find that he is disposed to distinguish between a higher and a lower spirit of intelligence in man, that is, as I apprehend it, between the life and the soul. He considers the vital spirit not so much as one, but rather as the aggregate of the different vital powers, taking after Galen the brain as the seat of thought, the heart as the seat of courage and other emotions, and the liver as the seat of the animal exertions or powers. In general, Avicenna seems only too ready to assign causes, sometimes with little discretion, for the various phenomena of created beings. But in some passages he shows a deeper humility and a truer wisdom. "This," he says, of one mysterious process, "is among the secrets known to God alone. All glory then be to God, who is the King of all, the source of truth and praise, the aim of our benediction, and the first of all things that have being."* Surely such words as these ought to have exempted Avicenna from the vague charges of impiety and atheism which some writers of the middle ages, as William of Auvergne, are I see quoted

* *National Quarterly Review*. New-York, July, 1865.

* *Op.*, vol. i., p. 924.

as having with much presumption brought against him.

The views of Avicenna on our spiritual nature are, however, best deduced from an essay, to which even in the Latin version there is given the title of *Almahad*. It is a book of some rarity. I endeavored in vain to obtain a copy in London, but it may be read, as I have read it, in the library of the British Museum. *Almahad*, then, is the condition or the place to which the soul of man will take its flight after his decease. The supreme happiness to which the soul aspires has here, he says, for obstacle the body. Therefore, in another life, its felicity will be in its separation and enfranchisement from its earthly trammels. Its reward would lie in the nearer contemplation of the Almighty, and of those sublime essentials which adore him. On the other hand, its punishment would lie in its exile and its distance from these. Some souls, however, which though perfect in speculation were not perfect in deeds, will be consigned to an intermediate sphere—the *Berzach* or purgatory—a mean between felicity and suffering. Thus it will be seen that the religious aspirations of Avicenna, although a Mohammedan in creed, have none of that material grossness which is commonly ascribed to the Paradise of Mohammed. On the contrary, adopting as they do the doctrine of a purgatory, they appear in close accordance with the teaching of Catholic theologians in that age.

Before I pass from Avicenna, I may mention another instance which has but lately come to light of the favor which he found in the West. The present Dean of St. Paul's has printed for the Philobiblon Society, a catalogue of the books of Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London. It bears date the year of our Lord 1303, and "this I apprehend," adds the Dean, "is the earliest priced catalogue known." Now one of the entries in it is *Liber Avicennæ*, priced at £5, which, according to the Dean's calculation, is equivalent to £150 of our present money. A strong proof of the estimation in which Avicenna was held at that period among the prelates of another creed.

I come now to Averroes. The writings of that philosopher are far more

voluminous than those of Avicenna; they had also an influence far more extensive and deep-rooted. Like those of his predecessor they were known to Christian Europe only through the medium of a Latin translation. Of late years, however, the original sources also appear to have been carefully explored. Special notice is due to the learned and able work of M. Ernest Renan, which in its revised and completed form appeared in 1861. It is free, so far as I can trace, from any such unhappy prepossession as on some other and incomparably more important subjects may justly detract so much from the weight belonging to the author, and it gives both the life and the doctrines of Averroes far more fully than within the limits of this lecture I could hope or attempt to do.

In philosophy, Averroes professed himself a follower of Aristotle, whose works—having them before him in an Arabic version of older date—he made the subject of a long and laborious commentary. I have said that he professed himself a follower of Aristotle—had I said a worshipper it would scarcely be too strong a term. Nothing can well exceed his adoration of his idol. "The doctrine of Aristotle," he says, "is the sovereign truth. The researches of Aristotle mark the limits of the human understanding, and there can be no dissent from anything that he has stated. The only doubt would be as to the right interpretation of his words, or as to the logical consequence to be deduced from them."*

But in noting this homage to the Stagirite, we should bear in mind that the other wise men of the East in the middle ages were nearly agreed on this point with Averroes. All of them were disposed to acknowledge Aristotle as their chief and master. How wonderful, I may say in passing, is this proof of the supremacy of the old Greek race, as shown in the instance of two men who stood to each other in the relation of pupil and preceptor! The pupil, Alexander the Great, by dint of military genius, subjuggates Asia! The preceptor, Aristotle, after the lapse of centuries and solely by the force of intellect, holds Asia in thrall again!

* See these passages in Renan, p. 55

In considering, however, the relation of the Arabic philosophers to those of ancient Greece, there are at the outset two remarks that present themselves. It is certain that in some places Averroes ascribes to Aristotle doctrines which Aristotle never held. Divers writers—as Bayle in his *Dictionary* draws them out in array—suppose that these errors of Averroes may have arisen from the faulty Arabic version that lay before him. But, as it seems to me, there is another conjecture at least equally probable. Some of the speculations of Averroes, as will be presently seen, were extremely bold. They greatly displeased the leading muftis. They exposed him to no small amount of obloquy and persecution in his latter years. What more natural then than that Averroes and his followers should endeavor to anticipate attacks like these, and bring forward their tenets with the great name of Aristotle as their shield?

In the second place it may be observed that the Arabic philosophers had studied the Greek literature only so far as regards the scientific branches of knowledge. Of all its other branches they were profoundly ignorant. They never seem to have read even a single line of Plato. They had never, perhaps, heard more than the names of Homer and Hesiod, of Sophocles and Pindar. In consequence they sometimes committed ludicrous mistakes. Thus in one passage Averroes, confounding together Heraclitus the philosopher, and Heracles, or as we say Hercules, the demi-god, asserts that there had existed in Greece a school of philosophers called the Herculeans, and that Socrates was the chief of that school! Thus, again, he supposes that Tragedy is only a rhetorical term for the art of praising, and Comedy only a rhetorical term for the art of turning into ridicule, and he goes on to contend that since the Koran has within it several passages of panegyric and also several passages of invective, the Koran is fairly entitled to the praise of containing both tragedies and comedies!

Avicenna and Averroes were, I think, exactly on a level in their study of Greek. Both could read it only by means of an Arabic translation; both applied themselves mainly to the same two authors,

Aristotle and Galen. But there was this difference between them: Avicenna desired to hold the balance even between his two Greeks; Averroes, on the other hand, in his almost idolatry for Aristotle, labored hard whenever Aristotle and Galen may differ to reconcile their views, but if reconciliation seemed impossible, he then invariably sided with the Stagite.

I may add that Averroes showed throughout a most unfriendly feeling towards his Arabian predecessors. He seldom refers to Avicenna but in disparaging terms, nor quotes his opinions unless with a view to gainsay them. This aversion was certainly real—not so the train of idle legends which has sprung from it. Thus, Vossius, a writer once of some archaic repute, is quoted by Brucker, in the third volume of his *History of Philosophy*, as alleging that Avicenna, having travelled to Cordova, was there seized by order of Averroes, and put to death in torment, upon a wheel. It may suffice, in answer to this ridiculous fable, to observe that Avicenna had died some ninety years before Averroes was born.

The instance of Averroes is another proof that a prophet hath no honor in his own country. His doctrine was of little or no mark among the Moslem communities. During his lifetime indeed, as we have seen, it excited sufficient notice to draw upon him a considerable degree of religious persecution. But after his decease it was speedily forgotten. Thus in his own Mohammedan sphere he left no followers and founded no school. It is shown by M. Renan, who gives the particular examples, that this author of eleven folio volumes, as since published in a Latin version, is not once mentioned even by name, in several lists of Mohammedan philosophers and other worthies, which were drawn up in the ensuing centuries, at Cairo, and other main seats of Oriental learning.

There might indeed, I think, be written a curious chapter enumerating what I may call the unconscious founders of sects—men who have died without the least suspicion or idea that after their death their name or their tenets would be assumed by a religious party. Such was the case with Averroes. Such was

the case also, for example, centuries afterwards, with Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, who, on his deathbed, had no reason whatever to foresee that a party would arise to be called the Jansenists in France.

The renown of Averroes is therefore entirely dependent on the great and extraordinary favor which his tenets found among the learned men, both Jews and Christians, of Western Europe. And first as to the Jews. When we consider how that people was persecuted and down-trodden, all through the middle ages—how without any fixed country of their own, they were driven to and fro from place to place, to escape the bigot and the spoiler—we must be struck at the indomitable spirit which enabled their chief men even amid these heavy trials still to apply themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. A list is given of eminent Jewish scholars from Maimonides downward, who, in their study of philosophy, have eagerly applied themselves to Averroes, translating his principal treatises from Arabic into Hebrew, and adopting as their own many of his tenets. Of these Jewish works upon points of philosophy, apart from the teaching of Averroes, the latest in point of time, and also, I should apprehend, by far the highest in point of ability, is that most ingenious dialogue in the Platonic manner, the *Phædo* of Moses Mendelssohn.

The Jewish people have indeed in a manner most remarkable combined two characteristics which at first sight may seem almost inconsistent with each other. While with inflexible determination they have clung to their ancient faith, they have been willing from time to time to bring into unison with it some of the principal philosophical speculations which arose. Thus, at the commencement of our era, Philo and his school at Alexandria drew to themselves, as is well known, several of the doctrines of Plato, and trod in the footsteps of the Neoplatonists. Thus, in like manner, Maimonides and his successors were willing to take as their guide in philosophical science Aristotle, under the sanction of the Arabic commentator.

Next, as to the Christian writers. The earliest of these who appears to

have translated Averroes or brought him into note in Western Europe, was our own countryman, the reputed wizard, Michael Scott. He is mentioned by Roger Bacon as having first brought forward certain books of Aristotle with certain learned commentaries, and we collect from other sources that these commentaries were no other than those of Averroes. "Through him," adds Roger Bacon, "the philosophy of Aristotle was glorified in the Latin sphere." "*Magnificata est Aristotelis philosophia apud Latinos.*" This he says was in the year of Christ 1230—that is, as my hearers will observe, in little more than thirty years from the death of Averroes.

Seen by the light of modern science, some of the deductions of Michael Scott from his Arabic source are not a little fantastic. They seem the stranger when, as in some cases, invested with the forms of the Aristotelian logic—forms which at one time were considered as affording one main security for the demonstration of truth. Here is a fragment, the Latin original of which is still preserved at Paris in the library of the Sorbonne: "The firmament of heaven is round, and all that is round is perfect, therefore the firmament of heaven is perfect. But everything that is perfect is free from motion, because it can want or seek no good gift which it has not already; and the firmament of heaven is perfect, therefore, the firmament of heaven also is free from motion." Accordingly, as Michael Scott goes on to say, any danger to the great celestial system would lie in the possible motion of its parts; and this, he adds, is what Averroes teaches.

Such then, as a translator of the recent Arabic and a novice in natural science, is the true position of that Michael Scott, who is no doubt far more familiar to you in his popular character of a magician as he is mentioned in Dante, and as Sir Walter Scott portrays him in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

"A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave
Him liated his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!"

The legend you will observe names Salamanca as indicating that the source of Michael Scott's knowledge was in

Spain. In truth, however, it was not at Salamanca but at Toledo that Michael Scott pursued his Arabic studies.

I may add as another curious point in the character of this "dreaded wizard" and Arabic scholar, that he was at one time Archbishop designate of Cashel. A papal document which Dean Milman has produced to the Philobiblon Society, shows that in 1223 Pope Honorius III. named Michael Scott to that high dignity. But Michael Scott declined, pleading his entire ignorance of the Irish language—a plea which has not always been put forth as a disqualification by later archbishops in that country!

Hermannus Alemannus, or the German, is mentioned as the next in order of the translators of Averroes into Latin. He also studied at Toledo, and availed himself of Jews as his Arabic interpreters in the version which he made. The doctrine of Averroes being thus made known to the learned men of France and Italy, it speedily raised up powerful defenders and no less powerful opponents. Chief of the latter, as taking their stand on the theological fastness, were, in the first age, Albert, surnamed the Great, and Thomas Aquinas.

But you will naturally ask, what then was that doctrine on the one hand so extensively adopted, on the other so keenly assailed? I here come, then, to that one distinctive tenet which has been the main source of Averroes's fame. He maintained, as the true Aristotelian doctrine, that there is an *anima mundi*—a soul of the world. He held that there exists one common intelligence, which is immaterial and immortal, and which still preserves its numerical unity, though disseminated among the many millions of mankind. It might thus be put, perhaps—that a spark of the intellectual flame flies forth to join each human being at its birth, and that at the decease of that human being, it flies back to be again absorbed in the central intelligence.

I must observe, however, that it is by no means easy to describe with even approximate precision a doctrine which was much clouded over by the animosity of its opponents, and still more frequently obscured by the fears of its defenders. Several of its points were not, I think, expressed in plain terms, and were rather

left to be inferred. One of the necessary deductions arising from it is stated as follows by Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his *Literary History*: "If the human soul, as a universal, possess an objective reality, it must surely be intelligent; and being such, it may seem no extravagant hypothesis, though one incapable of that demonstration we now require in philosophy, to suppose that it acts upon the subordinate intelligences of the same species, and receives impressions from them."

Even from so slight a sketch of this doctrine we may readily see how it could happen that a long and stubborn controversy arose whether or not it admitted the immortality of the soul. The disciples of Averroes maintained that it did; his opponents urged that it did not. And certainly there is something to be alleged on both sides. If the soul, on quitting its tenement of clay, becomes absorbed into a superior but still kindred intelligence, it cannot be said to perish. But, on the other hand, if it is to possess no self-consciousness nor personal identity, then, to say the least, there is a wide departure from the idea of an immortal soul as commonly understood or received.

It is not to be supposed that this doctrine of Averroes was understood in the same manner by all his disciples. On the contrary, there were numerous subtleties and subdivisions, according as learned men who were attracted towards it labored from time to time, and with more or less success, to bring it into harmony with the tenets of revealed religion. Thus, it might be supposed, that the spark of the *anima mundi*, which according to Averroes is sent to animate each human being, need not at the death of that human being immediately, and of course, rejoin the central essence, but may be destined in punishment or reward first to pass through either higher or lower phases of existence. Such a view of the case would therefore not be irreconcilable with the doctrine of future retribution for the good or the evil deeds of the present life, though evidently falling short of the orthodox dogma which teaches an eternity of acceptance or of condemnation.

It seems far from easy, judging from the passages which I see adduced, to rec-

oncile the followers of Averroes with one another. But hardest of all is the task to reconcile Averroes with himself. The occasional divergence in his views might indeed be well explained by supposing that he, like most other philosophers, had varied in his views at different periods of his life. But what shall we say when we find these divergences occur in one and the same piece of writing? Thus in the controversial treatise which bears the singular title of *Destruction of Destructions*, Averroes contends in the plainest terms that the soul is not divided according to the numbers of the human race, and that it is the same in Socrates or in Plato; that intellect has no individuality, and that what seems individuality is only the result of sensation. Yet in the same essay there occurs the following passage, which appears to take up the old and the orthodox ground. "The eyesight of an old man is weak, not because his visual faculty is weakened, but because the eye which serves as its instrument is weakened. If the old had the eye of the young he would see as clearly as the young. Moreover, sleep supplies a manifest proof that the *substratum* of the soul is permanent, since all the operations of the mind, and all the organs that serve as instruments to these operations are, as it were, annihilated during this time of repose, and yet the soul does not cease to be. From such considerations the learned are brought to share the views of the vulgar upon immortality. And further still, the intellect does not seem attached to any particular organ, while on the other hand the nerves are all localized, and may be so affected in different parts of the body as to produce contradictory sensations."^{*}

It was not merely on the soul of man that Averroes formed his speculations. I have already found occasion to give you some of his views on the celestial bodies as deduced by Michael Scott. In his own writings these views are still more clearly expounded. He looked upon the heavens as forming together a series of animated beings whose various orbs represent the members essential

to life, and whose main mover is to them what in the human frame the heart is to the limbs. Each of these orbs, according to Averroes, has self-consciousness, and knows also what is passing in the orbs inferior to itself. The highest sphere of all has therefore a full knowledge of whatever is passing in the universe. You will see at once how closely this system connects itself with the idea of a central intelligence.

And yet, notwithstanding dreams like these, in which many men of genius, besides Averroes, have at times indulged, it may I think be said with truth, that this Arabian, far from being behind his contemporaries on this subject of astronomy, was greatly in advance of them. All at that time clung with undoubting faith to the astronomical system of Ptolemy:

"Cycle and epicycle, orb on orb."

The system of Ptolemy is well known. He explained the divers movements of the stars by the supposition of crystalline spheres without any stint of numbers, so that, as Fontenelle long afterwards observed, crystalline spheres cost him nothing, and he designed a new one at each fresh occasion that arose. On this point Averroes, greatly to his honor, forsook his Grecian guide. There is a remarkable passage upon it in the twelfth book, chapter iv. (not the thirteenth book, chapter viii., according to the erroneous reference of M. Renan) of his commentary on Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. He gives arguments against Ptolemy's whole system of epicycles and eccentrics, which he declares to be impossible. "Nature," he adds, "does nothing in vain, and it is unworthy a philosopher to suppose that she employs two instruments when a single one will effect the object in view. It is therefore needful that there should be a renewed investigation of that genuine astronomy which rests on natural foundation. In my youth I hoped that such an investigation might be made by myself. Now in my old age I despair of it; but still, my observations may stir up some other man to pursue these inquiries in my place."

This wish, as you well know, was fully accomplished, but not until centuries after Averroes had ceased to be.

* See these two passages in Renan: *Averroes*, pp. 154, 155.

The doctrines of Averroes then, taken as a further development of the doctrines of Aristotle, provoked much keen discussion in the middle ages. But that discussion was by no means always uniform; on the contrary, very different phases of it may be traced as it proceeded. Under the Emperors of the house of Suabia, engaged as they were in ceaseless conflict with the ecclesiastical powers, a skeptical spirit was afloat. Indeed it has been observed that in this respect Italy, during the thirteenth century, bore a striking resemblance to France during the eighteenth. With the skeptics then of the thirteenth century the disciples of Averroes came to be allied. Still we find the name of the philosopher held in high respect, even by many who dissented from his doctrine. A passage in proof of this may be cited from the twenty-fifth book of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Here the poet Statius is introduced as solving some doubts that were felt by Dante, and he proceeds to say—I quote from Mr. Cary's version—

"How babe of animal becomes remains
For thy considering. At this point more
wise
Than thou has erred, making the soul dis-
joined
From passive intellect.

Now the early commentators upon Dante tell us that the man "more wise" (*più savio**), here respectfully referred to, is no other than Averroes. And Mr. Cary adds: "Much of the knowledge displayed by our poet in the present canto appears to be derived from the medical work of Averroes, called the *Colliget*."

But another phase of opinion was near at hand. Not only the race of the Suabian princes but their traditions having passed away, the skeptical spirit which had been cherished at their court subsided as rapidly as it rose. The followers of Averroes were no longer regarded as of course enemies of the church. No stronger proof of this can be given than that for a long period they held supremacy in the Catholic University of Padua. The faith in Averroes came to mean faith in his commentary; that is, to regard

him as the best and most trustworthy of all expounders of Aristotle. In like manner the Averroist tenet of a common intelligence was frittered down until it came to little more than the identity of spiritual principles and powers in the divers souls of men—a dogma to which, as thus modified, no reasonable objection could be made. Still, however, we are to understand that the doctrines of Averroes, in their primitive sense, continued to be held and even taught in private by no small number of persons.

In the mitigated form which Averroism had now assumed, or at least professed, it might still have continued during many years to bear sway in Northern Italy. But, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, there came that great stir and upheaving of the human intellect which produced Luther, and its results tore Christendom asunder. It was at work even earlier in Italy than in Central Europe, but embraced other topics besides those of the Reformation, since even so fundamental a doctrine as the immortality of the soul was in some quarters frequently denied. Then, as had already happened in the thirteenth century, the skeptics, if they were not joined by the Averroists, endeavored at least to shelter themselves under their name and authority. Then, as was natural and reasonable, the theologians took alarm. A council was held at the Lateran, and in December, 1512, there was issued a pontifical bull, joining in one common condemnation the men who denied the immortality of the soul, and the men who maintained the *anima mundi*. And in this manner came forth at last an authoritative decision of the Roman Catholic church against, in one form or another, the favorite and distinctive tenet of Averroes.

In my view of the case, however, the decline of Averroism may be traced to a different cause and to a somewhat earlier period. Its decline, as I conceive, dates from the 4th of April, 1497, on which day a learned man, whose name is given, rose in his professorial chair at Padua to lecture upon Aristotle, then first from the original Greek.* Then fell Averroes never more to rise. For let it be remem-

* Quest'è tal punto
Che più savio di te già fece errante.
NEW SERIES—Vol. V., No. 3.

* His name was Nicolas Leonicens Thomacus.
See Renan, p. 335.

bered what was in truth the commentary of Averroes. It was derived by him from a faulty Arabic version, and it was transmitted by his disciples to the Western races in a faulty Latin version. How could a commentary thus exposed to a twofold cycle of errors in translation continue to hold its ground against other commentaries founded on the living, the authoritative, Greek?

To conclude: there is only one other observation which I have to make. The subject which I have chosen does not imply any knowledge of the original Arabic sources. If it did I could not have undertaken it without the most extreme presumption. But in truth the subject which I announced and which accordingly I have now discussed is solely the "influence" of the Arabic philosophy—its influence in mediæval Europe. Now, as I have already had occasion to say, that influence was exerted in every case and quite exclusively by means of Latin translations. It is, therefore, only with these translations, or with the testimonies to them, that my appointed subject has led me to deal, or that I have dealt in the address which at this point I have the honor to conclude.

The Art Journal.

A MEMORY OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. G. HALL.

"HISTORY may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is every day growing less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: *Hero Worship*.

It is a pleasant task to write of one whose history is as a sound of trumpets mingled with the music of joy-bells—the Rev. Sydney Smith, whose profound learning and brilliant wit made him the delight of so many circles—the highest in rank and the loftiest in mind!

I have been often cheered by what Talfourd calls his "cordial and trium-

phant laugh;" and I have heard him preach one of those marvellous sermons which, manifesting a power infinitely higher than mere eloquence, convinced the understanding, informed the mind, and purified the heart.

I have known other witty clergymen who, perhaps, ornamented the Church rather as gurgoyles than pillars by which it is at once sustained and decorated; but no such idea ever associated itself, in my mind, with Sydney Smith, either in private or in public, although his talk may have been in the one case—as some one has said of him—"a torrent of wit, fun, nonsense, pointed remark, just observation, and happy illustration," and in the other a collection of quaint comparisons, strange similes, and sparkling epigrams, which sometimes startled a congregation accustomed to the ordinary routine of declamation or dullness.

Sydney Smith was of portly figure, stout, indeed clumsy, with a healthy look, and a self-enjoying aspect. He was rapid in movements as well as in words, and evidently studied ease more than dignity. In his youth a college friend used to say to him, "Sydney, your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an Athenian carter;" and certainly in his age those who saw or conversed with him, as a stranger, would have had little idea that he was a dignitary of the Church and a canon of St. Paul's.

As he was one of the wittiest so was he one of the soundest, as he was one of the wisest so was he one of the best, of men. His censure was always generous, his sentences ever just. Prudent, considerate, charitable, and humane, he was the very opposite of those professional wits who seldom speak except to stab; of those political reformers who have no toleration for virtue—in adversaries; of those social ameliorators who are good Samaritans in words, omitting only the penny and the oil at the inn and by the wayside!

Society is full of anecdotes of his brilliant wit, and there are none of his friends, or even acquaintances, who did not possess a gem or two that had fallen from his lips. One of his ready replies may serve as a sample. It is said that Landseer proposed to him to sit for his

portrait. The proposal was met by the memorable answer of King Hazael to the Prophet Elisha: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"*

It will be easy to imagine that by commonplace people he was much misunderstood. The buoyancy of his great heart was mistaken for levity, and the odd manner in which he sometimes put things for irreverence. As illustrations I may quote the words which it is said gave offence to a "serious" and venerable lady, one fine summer morning: "Open the shutters and let us *glorify* the room;" the sudden shock sustained by a sensitive woman of uncertain age, when the month of June made the noon-day sultry: "Let us take off our flesh and sit in our bones;" the terror of another old lady when he told her he chained up his big Newfoundland dog because he had a passion for breakfasting on parish boys. Reading memories of him, one almost ceases to wonder at the alarm expressed in the features of the simple gentleman who actually heard from Mr. Smith himself that he had an intense desire to "roast a quaker," and may fancy the terror of juvenile delinquents brought before him when he exclaimed, "John, bring me my private gallows!" His joke has been told in many ways of the advice he sent to the Bishop of New-Zealand, "not to object to the cold curate and roasted rector on the sideboard, hoping he would disagree with the man who ate himself." It is not difficult to picture his face of broad humor, lit by an internal laugh, when the man who was compounding a history of Somersetshire families applied to him for information concerning the Smith arms, received this answer: "I regret, sir, I cannot contribute to so valuable a work, but the Smiths never had any arms, and invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs."

I shall not tire my readers if I relate one of his practical jokes. It is but one of many such. The story is told by his daughter, in her Memoirs of her father—one of the best monuments ever placed by child over a parent's grave.† I heard it long before it was written. The vicar

of Edmonton was dead; his son had been his curate, and the family was preparing to leave the house that was endeared to them by holy memories and happy associations. It is a melancholy fate to which the families of all clergymen are subjected, while it is rarely, indeed, that out of a narrow income with numerous responsibilities, money has been saved to obtain another. While they were grieving—hopelessly and fruitlessly as it seemed—enters the Canon of St. Paul's, present the son and three delicate daughters. The widow was ill, ill of sorrow gone and sorrow to come. Mr. Smith began by asking the character of a servant who was leaving them, making that appear as a motive for his visit. After awhile he said: "It is my duty to tell you that I have given away the living of Edmonton, and I am sure the new vicar will appoint his own curate." There was a mournful look, but the blow was expected. "Oddly enough," Mr. Smith continued, "his name is the same as yours: have you any relations of that name?" There was a melancholy answer—"No!" "By a still more singular coincidence his Christian name is the same—Thomas Tate." A gleam of hope passed into the group. "In fact," said he, "there is no use in mincing the matter, you are the Thomas Tate and Vicar of Edmonton." They burst into tears, cried from excess of joy, and the burly Canon of St. Paul's wept with them—happy tears, mingled with merry laughter.

My knowledge of Sydney Smith was limited; I met him only in society. I recall with exceeding pleasure one especial evening at the house of Mrs. Wilson, the sister of Maria Edgeworth, when Maria was one of the guests; and among them, prominent no less by grandeur of form than by lofty repute, was "classic Hallam," who honored the profession of letters (for I presume I may accord to him that rank) not alone by genius ever usefully employed, but by the rectitude that characterized his whole life. He was the *beau-ideal* of a gentleman, tall, handsome, manly, with manners very

* The anecdote is apocryphal. It is so like what Sydney Smith would have said, that it may be attributed to him without impropriety.

† That excellent lady—Lady Holland—died in

Italy towards the close of the year 1866. She was the wife of that eminent physician, Dr. Henry Holland, who survives her. She was married to Dr. Holland in 1834.

dignified, yet not austere. Apparently condescension to inferiors would have been with him as natural as equality with equals. On that evening Sydney Smith was in high health and spirits; his laugh was heard, yet not obtrusively, in all parts of the room, and was continually echoed by the crowd always about him. He certainly illustrated, on that occasion, a passage I find in his memoirs—"He was sometimes mad with spirits, and must talk, laugh—or burst."

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, Essex, on the 3d of June, 1771, and inherited talent as well as "great animal spirits" from his father; it may be added eccentricities also, for Mr. Robert Smith was not only "a man of singular natural gifts," but "odd by nature and still more odd by design."* The mother of Sydney was the daughter of a French emigrant from Languedoc, and to this "infusion of French blood" he "used to attribute a little of his constitutional gayety."

He received his early education at a school at Southampton, was sent thence to Winchester, and thence to New College, Oxford. He entered the Church against his inclination, but in deference to the wishes of his father, and in 1794 became curate in "a small village called Netherhaven, in the midst of Salisbury Plain." Here he was, according to the description he afterwards gave of a country curate, "the poor working man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient—the first and purest pauper of the hamlet, yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor."

It was in 1801 he projected with Brougham and Jeffrey the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he says he was the first editor—which in fact he was, although the editing amounted to little more than looking with his colleagues through the few *ms.* proffered by "strangers." Smith was then in the thirty-first year of his age, and in straitened circumstances, having lived chiefly

by an income derived from the care of pupils.*

After removing from Edinburgh in 1803, he settled in Doughty-street, London, and received from the Lord Chancellor Erskine the small living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire,† where "there had not been a resident clergyman for one hundred and fifty years." Troubles of a different nature here began. He was, as he says, "without knowing a turnip from a carrot, compelled to farm three hundred acres, and, without capital, to build a parsonage house." The good humor and true Christian philosophy with which he set about his task among a rude people, supply beautiful evidences of the soundness of his nature; and well may his daughter say that in their half-finished and half-furnished house, when they took possession of it, they were "the happiest, merriest, and busiest family in Christendom."

The Whigs—of whom he had so long been the oracle and the champion—did nothing for him, until, in 1831, Lord Grey gave him a prebend's stall in St. Paul's. They had talked of making him a bishop, and it is said that Lord Melbourne, when out of office, regretted the neglect to which Smith had been subjected. To the Tory Chancellor Lyndhurst he was indebted for the better living of Combe Florey, near Taunton, to which he removed in 1828, making it "one of the most comfortable and delightful of parsonages," and by that noble and learned lord he was promoted to a prebend's stall at Bristol.

He died on the 22d of February, 1845, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green. There were many who might have written, as wrote the cold statesman and stern critic (if, indeed, he was in truth either), Jeffrey, on hearing of his death: "The real presence of my beloved and incomparable friend was so brought before me, in all his brilliancy,

* When he removed his family to his living in Yorkshire, he was enabled to do so by the proceeds arising from the sale of two volumes of sermons.

† On Smith's thanking Lord Erskine for this poor patronage, the Chancellor said he had nothing to thank him for: he had given it to oblige Lady Holland, and if she had asked it for the devil, the devil must have had it.

* "My father," he writes, "whose neckcloth always looked like a pudding cloth tied round his neck, and the arrangement of whose garments seemed more the result of accident than design,"

benevolence, and flashing decision, that I seemed again to hear his voice, and burst into an agony of crying.* He had many other friends who dearly loved him, and he was the idol of his own household.

The good man "met death with the calmness which the memory of a well-spent life, and trust in the mercy of God, can alone give," "at peace with himself and with all the world;" and his epitaph records "his unostentatious benevolence, his fearless love of truth, and his labors to promote the happiness of mankind by religious toleration, and by rational freedom."

I have described the personal appearance of Sydney Smith. It was certainly not dignified; it was, in a word, "jolly."* There was a roll in his gait when in the pulpit, which an unfriendly observer might have described as "rollicking," and in general society his chief object seemed to be "fun." But always a listening throng kept pace with his movements about the room. There was wit, but there was a smack of philosophy in every sentence he uttered, while in the pulpit one forgot a certain ungainly awkwardness of manner not alone because of the homage paid to acknowledged genius, but because of the sound, practical, and yet solemn view he took of the cause of which he was the anointed advocate, and perhaps his exhortations and denunciations received augmented weight from the conviction that you heard a man of profound learning defending and propagating the truths of the Gospel.

Though, at times, "the exuberance of his fancy showed itself in the most fantastic images and most ingenious absurdities, till his hearers became fatigued as well as himself with the merriment they excited," there was never either word or look of vulgarity. "Ludicrous" he may have been often, but coarse never; good humored even in his severest moods, generous and sympathizing always.

Macaulay pronounced him the great-

est master of ridicule that has appeared since the days of Swift, but he no more resembled the witty Dean than he did the Archbishop of Cambray. The ridicule of Swift was slime and filth. In the writings of Smith "there is not a single line that might not be placed before the purity of youth, or that is unfit for the eye of a woman." "Never," writes Mrs. Austin, "was wit so little addressed to the malignant, base, or impure passions of mankind." That accomplished lady, who edited his "Letters," and knew him intimately, testifies also to "his noble qualities, his courage and magnanimity, his large humanity, his scorn of all meanness and all imposture, his rigid obedience to duty." . . . "He regarded Christianity as a religion of peace, and joy, and comfort"—believing it to be "the highest duty of a clergyman to subdue religious hatreds and spread religious peace and toleration," dreading, as the greatest of all evils, that the "golden chain," which he describes as "reaching from earth to heaven, should be injured either by fanaticism or skepticism."* His toleration is conveyed not only by his famous "Essay," but by one of his sermons, when he borrowed that beautiful apologue from Jeremy Taylor, illustrating charity and toleration, where Abraham, raising in wrath to put the wayfaring man forth for refusing to worship the Lord his God, the voice of the Lord was heard in the tent, saying: "Abraham, Abraham! have I borne with this man for threescore years and ten, and canst thou not bear with him for one hour?"

Mr. Hayward, who reviewed his "Life" in the *Edinburgh Review*, claims for him high rank as a public benefactor, and speaks of his "incidental and subordinate character of wit." He was undoubtedly a great "moral, social, and political reformer," and led the age in which he lived. He "encouraged social pleasure and a rational taste for social enjoyment;" he was "free of

* A lady described the *personnel* of Sydney Smith in 1812. "He was short made, his face handsome, with that pale *embonpoint* which always distinguished him, and his remarkable, deep, dark eye. . . . His delightful laugh must not be forgotten, so genuine, so full of hearty enjoyment."

* Some idea of his practical Christianity may be conveyed by one of his "calculations": "When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make some one person happy during the day. Look at the result! that is 365 in the course of the year. Suppose you live forty years after you commence, that is 14,000 human beings made happy by you."

envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness ;" the intrepid enemy of cant, and the fervid advocate of charity, by precept and by example. Whether he fought for truth alone or in a crowd was to him indifferent ; but his weapons were such as he might have received from an archangel, and the wounds he gave were never envenomed by personality or vituperation. In a word, it may be said of him, that, gifted with a "giant's strength," like a giant he never used it. In person, in tongue, and in pen he realizes the best idea of a character thoroughly *English*.

The Reader.

BRITISH CAPTIVES IN ABYSSINIA.*

If the finger of scorn be sometimes pointed at England for allowing not only her subjects, but a Consul of the Empire, to languish out what is fast becoming a hopeless imprisonment in the dungeons of a barbarian monarch, she is not without illustrious precedents to excuse her prudent apathy. The soldier of Crassus was, perhaps, not worth an expedition, but Augustus was only too glad when he recovered the Roman standards not by arms but by diplomacy, and his poet thought, or professed to think, such a triumph as glorious as any the master of the Roman world had ever achieved. Still more consoling to the pride of Englishmen, though not quite so satisfactory to the captives, if it ever crosses their minds, or to their friends is the case of Valerian. He lived and died a prisoner, but, if we recollect right, it was thought that had his substitute as Emperor been any other than his own son, Sapor would not have been allowed to trample with impunity on the majesty of the Roman name. Consul Cameron is not indeed Valerian, but he may complain of Lord Russell, quite as much as his father did of Gallienus. "He, two missionaries of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and several other British subjects and persons connected with British missionary societies—men, women, and children,

have been for three years the captives of Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia. . . Her Majesty's representative and several of these captives have further been subjected to the greatest indignities, and even to cruel torture, and they have long remained in prison, chained hand and foot, herded together with the lowest criminals ; while to add to the difficulties and disgrace of all parties concerned, Mr. Rassam, the Envoy sent by the Government of this country with a letter signed by her Majesty's own hand, with a view to effect the liberation of the unfortunate persons who have so long lingered in captivity, has himself been thrown into prison, together with the members of his suite."

Such is the case, and the purpose of Dr. Beke is "to give a narrative of the events that have led to the present deplorable state of affairs, the treatment to which our unfortunate countrymen have been subjected, and what has been done to procure their liberation." Nominally we have a second edition ; but the first is represented by a mere pamphlet, and the volume before us, though it retains traces of its original form in the style of composition, has swelled into a respectable octavo. We must say at once it is very dull reading. Dr. Beke finds fault with everybody, and most likely he is right. The Emperor Napoleon was wrong for not answering Theodore's letter in his own name. The French Consul, M. Lejean, was wrong in demanding his *congé* of the Emperor too suddenly. He appears to have been the first European official who was thrown into prison. This event took place in March, 1863, in this wise : "The Emperor, not being in a very placid humor, refused to receive his guest ; and the latter, with equal pertinacity, insisted on having an audience. This exasperated the monarch, and poor Lejean was put in chains, and for four-and-twenty hours had to meditate on this novel mode of enforcing court etiquette." He was soon liberated, but Theodore had found out his power. In July of the same year Captain Cameron "met the Emperor face to face." Now Theodore had written to the Queen of England as well as to Napoleon. The latter answered by his minister ; but the minister of the former sent no answer at all. We can-

* *The British Captives in Abyssinia*, By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D., F.S.A. Second Edition. (Longmans.)

not be very much surprised at the following conversation:

"Have you brought me an answer from the Queen of England?" "No." "Why not?" "Because I have not received any communication from the Government on the subject." "Why, then, do you come to me now?" "To request permission to return to Massowah." "What for?" "Because I have been ordered by the Government to go there." "So," exclaimed the exasperated monarch, "your Queen can give you orders to go and visit my enemies the Turks, and then to return to Massowah; but she cannot send a civil answer to my letter to her. You shall not leave me till that answer comes."

Still Captain Cameron was not arrested. So far the quarrel was a very narrow one. The Governments of France and England had not treated the Emperor of Abyssinia with sufficient respect, and the latter had retaliated on their representatives. Religion and the zeal of proselytism were to complicate the affair, and render an issue doubtful, perhaps impossible. There were at that time "three missionary establishments in Abyssinia; a German mission from Basle, a Protestant mission from this country, and a French Propagandist mission." The Christianity of Abyssinia is no doubt of a very degraded kind; but it argues well for the toleration of Theodore that he is reported to have said: "I have nothing to do with preaching the Gospel; but if you can be of any use to me, I shall be very glad that you shall stay." It is not every sovereign who allows foreigners to propagate whatever ideas they please within his dominions. Mr. Layard stated in Parliament, and, however careless he may have been sometimes about his facts, we see no reason to doubt his veracity here, that all these establishments were intensely jealous of each other. Meanwhile, an answer to one of Theodore's letters signed by M. Drouhyn de Lhuys arrived. Theodore was so delighted that he summoned all the Europeans in his dominions to hear it publicly read, on the 20th September. But it did not satisfy him, and M. Lejean was, fortunately for him, ordered out of Abyssinia forthwith. Still the quarrel was little more than diplomatic. But, on October 15th, Mr. Stern, the English missionary came to pay his respects to

the Emperor. His address was badly interpreted, and the interpreters were beaten so severely as to die the same night. Mr. Stern, alarmed at the scene, bit his thumb. This action, we know well, was, in times past, considered a sign that deadly revenge was intended. It is still considered so in Abyssinia; and poor Mr. Stern suffered nearly as much as his servants. Mutual forgiveness would, however, soon have been exchanged, had it not been for M. Bardel, whose secret instructions were to destroy the Protestant mission. Here was a fine chance for a Jesuit. He had been the envoy of Theodore to France, and did not share in the disgrace of M. Lejean. On the contrary he was Theodore's chief counsellor. See how he served him:

"Under the belief that the persons and property of Europeans were inviolable, Mr. Stern had incautiously recorded, both in his manuscript notebook and in his printed work, of which he had taken a copy with him to Abyssinia, facts and opinions more or less derogatory to the Emperor Theodore. During his illness he had employed himself, as best he could, in erasing from his journals and other papers the offensive passage. But, unfortunately, he had mentioned their existence to M. Bardel, and that individual made known the fact to the Emperor."

It is pleasant to think M. Bardel is himself a prisoner, and at one time shared the chains of Mr. Stern. Then, for the first time, the anger of Theodore was really excited, and all the Europeans, the English Consul not excepted, were imprisoned. But even now all might shortly have been well. The artisan missionaries and the Scotch were released, and on the 20th November a High Court was held to try Stern, Rosenthal, and Mrs. Flad. Their own countrymen wisely admitted their guilt. They had but to confess, and be pardoned. By that fatality, which seems to have attended every step of this business, they tried to justify their conduct. It is strange that men who make the Bible their study should so utterly ignore the many worldly precepts which it contains. Solomon, who ought to have known something about it, tells the uninitiated how to deal with princes, and that the very bird in the air will convey whatever is said against them. They were condemned

(privately) to death; "the knives to cut off their hands and feet actually lying close to the spot where they had stood." Again they stood a chance; but they lost it, and on "January 4th, 1864, Captain Cameron, his European attendants, and all the missionaries, were put in fetters, and, together with Stern and Rosenthal, confined in one common prison within the royal inclosure." And now they had to welcome their betrayer, M. Bardel:

"A few days afterwards M. Bardel, who since his return from his secret mission had been taken into high favor, and is understood to have presumed too much on it, was brought to the tent in which the English prisoners remained in chains, and added to their number—his offence being, as was publicly stated by the head jailer, that he had misrepresented the prisoners to the Emperor, and caused him to chain them, that he had himself also spoken ill of the Emperor, and that he had further, by unfounded assertions, tried to prejudice him against the European workmen at Gaffat; which last grievance the Emperor doubtless took to heart far more than the others, on account of his great regard for them."

Torture and captivity were the lot of all till the 25th of February, 1866, when Mr. Rassam arrived at the Emperor's camp, and orders were given for their liberation. The captives were willing now to make any sort of submission that might be required of them. The Emperor was in the humor to be gracious. But Mr. Rassam did not quite understand the potentate he had to deal with. He attempted to smuggle the captives off, and had no desire to remain a hostage himself. Theodore saw through the design, and the result was that Mr. Rassam himself was added to the number of the prisoners. There he remains along with them at present. Dr. Beke, with his wife, was once on his way to assist, and is ready to go out again; but the position of Theodore has altered in the mean time, and the future is more uncertain than ever. Dr. Beke thinks we are drifting into a war with Abyssinia, and in that case his personal knowledge of the country may be very useful. But Theodore is so capricious—especially after dinner—that perhaps one day he may behave like the Chinese, drive his prisoners away as fast as he can, and be glad to get rid of them. The situation

is very unpleasant. But we do not see that France has managed so much better than ourselves. There is nothing for it but to wait till the spring for further news, and to recommend Dr. Beke's book to those Members of Parliament who want to make out a case against the Foreign Office.

HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

WE present the readers of *THE ECLECTIC* in the present number an accurate likeness of our present Minister to England, accompanying it with a very brief biographical sketch.

FRANCIS ADAMS, the only child of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who survived his father, was born in Boston, August 18th, 1807. At the age of two years he was taken by his father to St. Petersburg, where he passed the next six years, and learned to speak the Russian, German, and French, as well as the English. In February, 1815, he made the journey with his mother in a private carriage from St. Petersburg to Paris, to meet his father there—in the then disturbed state of Europe no slight undertaking. He accompanied his father on his mission to England, and being placed at a boarding school, according to the fisticuff usages then, if not still, in vogue in English schools, he was obliged to fight his English schoolfellows in defence of the honor of America. In 1817 he returned with his father to America, and was placed in the Boston Latin School, whence he entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1825.

The next two years he passed at Washington, with his father, who was then President, but in 1827 returned to Massachusetts and pursued the study of the law in the office of Daniel Webster. In 1828 he was admitted to the Boston bar, but never, we believe, has engaged actively in practice. In 1829 he married the youngest daughter of Peter C. Brooks, a Boston millionaire—a connection which also made him a brother-in-law of Edward Everett.

The next year he was nominated a representative from Boston to the Massachusetts Legislature, but declined. This did not please his father, in consequence

of which he accepted the nomination the next year, and served in the House for the next three years, when he was transferred to the Senate, in which he served two years.

By this time Mr. Adams began to differ on several points from the leaders of the Whig party, with which he had hitherto acted. In 1848 he was selected by the newly organized free-soil party as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, along with ex-President Van Buren as candidate for the Presidency.

He was elected a representative from Massachusetts to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and served as Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, and as a member of the Special Committee of Thirty-three in relation to the rebellious States.

He was at one time editor of the *Boston Whig*, a daily paper that did good service in preparing the way for the present Republican party. He contributed

to the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*, and is well known as the editor of the *Adams Letters*, as well as the author of the standard biography of his grandfather, John Adams, in ten volumes. Few biographies have ever been more impartially written than this.

Mr. Adams was reelected to the Thirty-seventh Congress, but was soon after appointed by President Lincoln our Minister to England, where during the late civil war, and since, in the work of adjustment of our difficulties with that country growing out of it, he has proved himself a true and able representative. His dignity, firmness and ability, throughout the whole of his responsible and trying mission, have won for him the respect of all classes in England, and the confidence and gratitude of the country he serves.

In 1864 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard University.

POETRY.

NEVER AGAIN.

Yes! Cousin Margaret,
Love's summer sun has set,
Still I can ne'er forget
All that has been.
Autumn sad rains has lent,
Spring flow'rs have lost their scent,
Winter his merriment,
Summer her Queen!

I've an unhappy knack,
Tired thoughts of flinging back,
Then, when I'm on the rack,
I can reflect;
Hate whom I loved before,
Laugh, tho' dear eyes implore,
Margaret! any more
Can you expect?

Clearer than all beside,
Floats back one summer-tide,
Whisperings side by side,
Sighs lip to lip,
Tears recall sunny June,
Tears silly hearts in tune,
Tears maiden's vows that soon
Memory slip!

Think of my toil for wealth,
Ruining eyes and health;
While you, yes you, by stealth,
Sold me for dross.
Yet you can come to me,
Cheek-stain'd with misery,
Wailing the wild "to be"
Weeping your loss!

Vain prayers for wealth of love,
Strength to support my dove,
Safe where we two might prove
Worthy of life.
Comfort you bought for gold,
Passion and freedom sold—
There your poor tale is told
Excellent wife!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

—Temple Bar.

MRS. KATHERINE'S LANTERN.

(WRITTEN BY W. M. THACKERAY IN A LADY'S ALBUM.)

"Coming from a gloomy court,
Place of Israelite resort,
This old lamp I've brought with me.
Madam, on its panes you'll see
The initials K and E."

"An old lantern brought to me?
Ugly, dingy, battered, black!"
(Here a lady I suppose
Turning up a pretty nose)—
"Pray, sir, take the old thing back.
I've no taste for bricabrac."

"Please to mark the letters twain"—
(I'm supposed to speak again)—
"Graven on the lantern pane.
Can you tell me who was she,
Mistress of the flowery wreath,
And the anagram beneath—
The mysterious K E?"

"Full a hundred years are gone
Since the little beacon shone
From a Venice balcony:
There, on summer nights, it hung
And her lovers came and sung
To their beautiful K E.

"Hush! in the canal below
Don't you hear the plash of oars
Underneath the lantern's glow,
And a thrilling voice begins
To the sound of mandolins?—
Begins singing of amore
And delire and dolore—
Oh the ravishing tenore!

"Lady, do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
I've an old guitar has thrummed it,
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? Do RE MI * *
What is this? *Ma foi*, the fact is,
That my hand is out of practice,
And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
And a man—I let the truth out—
Who's had almost every tooth out,
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young,
When he was young and lutes were strung,
And love-lamps in the casement hung."

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

OUR LANE.

When the grass springs, and soft winds blow,
And hawthorns wear the only snow;
When lads and lasses stop once more
To play about the schoolhouse door;
And lambs are white upon the leas,
And stars on the horse-chestnut trees,
And birds begin to build again—
'Tis sweet to watch them in Our Lane.

When swallows have their summer made;
And lazy sheep move with the shade;
And the dew loiters on the grass,
Where sweet-breathed cows gaze as you pass;
When greedy trout leap by the mill;
And youth goes gayly down the hill—
Who would not be a lad again,
To meet his lassie in Our Lane?

When gossamer floats everywhere;
And golden apples scent the air;
And round about their ancient roots,
Vast pear trees shower their tiny fruits;
And red plums blush 'midst yellow leaves;
And summer-friends have left our eaves;
When oaks their leaves no longer hold,
And chestnut trees change green for gold;
And wheat is stacked and sown again—
Then wondrous tints light up Our Lane.

When cheeks look brighter 'gainst the snow;
And crimson holly berries glow,
And ivy reigns, and yew trees sneer
At oak and elm, now sad and drear;
When apples all are pressed or stored;
And ants sit proudly by their hoard;

When pleasant paths look dull and gray,
And old men rest upon their way;
And black-birds know not where to feast,
And all their pleasant songs have ceased—
Let them be thankful in Our Lane,
If hips and haws may yet remain.

Hearken to what wise black-birds say;
"Our spring saw many a merry day;
In summer, there were strawberries;
In autumn, we'd the filbert trees:
We tasted all the year could bring,
To mellow autumn from bright spring.
If nuts and cherries all are gone,
There's something to look back upon:
We deem not life unjust because
It comes at last to hips and haws."

—*Chambers's Journal.*

LAMENT FOR MY MISTRESS'S SPARROW.

(CATULLUS, ODE III.)

*WEET, fond Venus! ye Cupids fall a-grieving,
Mourn, if any be left of kindly mortals:
Dead and cold is my darling's little sparrow,
Dearer still than the light unto his mistress;
For most winsome he was, and know the
maiden

* All as well as the maiden knew her mother;
Never nestled he in another bosom,
Though he'd hither and thither hop around
her,

Ever chirping to charm his mistress only.
Now he sits o'er that highway lost in shadow,
Whence all hope of return is unavailing.
Ill betide ye then, glooms of hateful Orcus,
Most insatiably feasting on the fairest—
Ye have stolen the fairest of all sparrows:
Cruel deed it was! Oh, unhappy sparrow!
'Tis for thee that my darling is lamenting,
'Tis for thee that her eyes are red with weeping.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

SEASONS.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Oh the cheerful Budding-time!
When thorn-hedges turn to green,
When new leaves of elm and lime
Cleave and shed their winter screen;
Tender lambs are born and "baa,"
North wind finds no snow to bring,
Vigorous Nature laughs "Ha, ha,"
In the miracle of spring.

Oh the gorgeous Blossom-days!
When broad flag-flowers drink and blow,
In and out in summer blaze
Dragon-flies flash to and fro;
Ashen branches hang out keys,
Oaks put forth the rosy shoot,
Wandering herds wax sleek at ease,
Lovely blossoms end in fruit.

* The foregoing translation is intended as a faithful reproduction of the original, line for line and metre for metre, rather than as a composition which lays claim to any poetical merit.

Oh the shouting Harvest-weeks!
 Mother earth grown fat with sheaves
 Thrifty gleaner finds who seeks;
 Russet-golden pomp of leaves
 Crowns the woods, to fall at length;
 Bracing winds are felt to stir,
 Ocean gathers up her strength,
 Beasts renew their dwindled fur.

Oh the starving Winter-lapse!
 Ice-bound, hunger-pinched and dim;
 Dormant roots recall their saps,
 Empty nests show black and grim,
 Short-lived sunshine gives no heat,
 Undue buds are nipped by frost,
 Snow sets forth a winding-sheet,
 And all hope of life seems lost.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

Milton's Paradise Lost. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Edited with Notes and a Life of Milton. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London: Cassell, Petter & Co. New-York: Scribner & Welford. By a singular coincidence this sumptuous edition of the *Paradise Lost* nearly synchronizes with the bicentenary of the completion of the poem. Milton's first receipt to Simmons, acknowledging the £5 for which the first edition of 1800 copies was purchased, is dated April, 1667. It is, therefore, a bicentenary memorial, and of no unworthy character; the price of a single copy being equal to the price of the copy-right of the original poem.

Were it not for the superb text this edition would be a noticeable event in the history of the poem and of English typography. Like all productions of high art, the page in itself is a luxury. We look at it as at a picture. Its delicate and graceful letters repose upon their creamy velvety cushion, in a boudoir of richest decoration, satisfying the sense, and inspiring admiration in all the faculties to which beauty and art appeal.

The notes are few and brief. In a popular and artistic edition like this, Dr. Vaughan has avoided such laborious and obtrusive annotations as those of Todd, and has limited himself to almost a glossary of archaisms. He might, we think, have left still more to the intelligence of readers of the *Paradise Lost*; but, on the whole, the annotation is judicious and sparing.

The editor's chief labor has been expended upon the life of Milton, prefixed to the poem; for the execution of which the sympathies and studies of a lifetime have preëminently qualified him. Minutely familiar with the history of the commonwealth, and with the principal characters thereof, Dr. Vaughan has also throughout his life, from clear and strong conviction, been an adherent of the ecclesiastical principles of which Cromwell and Milton were illustrious advocates. If it needs a poet to understand a poet, it needs a Puritan to understand a Puritan. More general admiration and moral sympathy are not a sufficient qualification. Had Southey been a Wesleyan, he would have been saved from scores of misconceptions and ludicrous blunders which

disfigure his life of Wesley, and reduce it to little more than an admirable piece of literature. The errors into which biographers fall, through undue partialities, are as nothing compared with the misconceptions of alien sympathies. Although, therefore, Dr. Vaughan has added nothing material to the facts concerning Milton, so industriously accumulated by Mr. Todd and Professor Masson, he has put the facts in a true light and in a just setting. Milton stands grandly before us, somewhat cold and abstract, but yet one of the purest, loftiest, and noblest of Englishmen. It is not needful to this estimate that any one should indorse all Milton's opinions or sympathize with all his feelings; but it is necessary that he himself should be truly exhibited in his own relations to them—how true, how noble, how God-fearing he was, how faithful to high and holy convictions. He was true to himself and to God, and to what, after learned and laborious inquiry, he deemed truth. We, of course, think with Dr. Vaughan, that his great prescience guided him to the only true principles of Christian ecclesiasticism; and the rapidly-growing convictions of the English people go far to justify us in so thinking. But, apart from this, the honor that we claim for the great poet and apostle of Puritanism is really the same in kind as that which we accord to men like Sir Thomas More; it is irrespective of opinions, and relates wholly to the spirit in which opinions are held. It is due to Mr. Masson to say that in his admirable life of Milton he has rendered the same service; only Dr. Vaughan has done succinctly what Mr. Masson has done voluminously. The life is a valuable summary of all that it is important to know concerning the great poet, and a fair presentation of the conclusions concerning him which history is prepared to record.

But the *raison d'être* of the book is the illustrations. In the superb Doré gallery with which the Messrs. Cassell have furnished us, this is unquestionably its *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Doré's genius as an illustrator of the great classics of literature is so affluent and so varied, so masterful and so fitful, that there is ample justification for both the rapturous eulogies of his admirers and the bitter denunciations of his detractors. His excellences are very great, but they are qualified by very great defects. A just estimation of this great but complex and unequal genius would demand a much more lengthened and minute criticism than we have now space for. That he is a great artist cannot be denied, but that all his work is great, or that he is an artist of the varied power which his many-sided and daring ambition claims, can hardly be conceded. That he frequently falls very signally, and from other causes than prolific production and careless work, must be acknowledged. The effects that he produces are chiefly of one kind—those of grotesque imagination; while his chief failures have been in scenes of sober life or landscape, where no imaginative glamour or diablerie was admissible. Hardly can we imagine Doré as an illustrator of *The Seasons*, or of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. His great power lies in the border land between the natural and the supernatural, the literal and the fantastic, sober reason and wild imagination; it expresses itself in a weird

extravagance either portrayed or suggested—the traces of the real and the mystic foreshadows of the unreal equally present and wonderfully blended. Hence he is most at home in *The Wandering Jew*, *Don Quixote*, and *Baron Munchausen*; had he been a writer, this would have been his line of literature. The wild tragic romance of *The Wandering Jew*, the grotesquerie of *Don Quixote*, and the laughable extravagance of *Munchausen*, equally lend stimulus to the imaginative and suggestive exaggerations of his pencil. In *Dante* he is lurid and terrible, almost infinite in his creative suggestions of physical torture, and sometimes coarse and horrible, and even burlesque in its delineations.

The supernaturalism of the *Paradise Lost* affords a field for his peculiar strength, similar to that of the *Inferno*, but having greater variety; and he has occupied it with greater and more varied power; but we do not wonder to find the larger proportion of the illustrations occupied with representations of Satan and his infernal host. Artistically, M. Doré is certainly not "on the side of the angels." He has sadly labelled women, if "angels are painted fair to look like her." Doré's angels are neither physical nor ethereal, human nor divine; nor are they that felicitous blending and suggestion of both which is better than either. They are really abominably ugly and generally lachrymose. If we may judge from the lugubrious faces of plate 10, the praise of heaven can be no very rapturous inspiration. Nor is M. Doré more successful in his celestial and infernal scenery. His hell is only a damned earth; his heaven a well-kept flower garden; while, as is common with him, his drawing of the human figure is simply grotesque. Adam and Eve are uniform failures. Anything but a being of "fair large front and brow sublime," Adam is simply a stupid semi-savage; while Eve is a libel upon very inferior specimens of her sex. The really powerful pictures are those which represent Satan and his fallen host, and some of these are achievements of the greatest genius. The first, for instance, representing Satan and his host hurled from heaven, is wonderful in its effect. The light above, the darkness below, and the blended effect of both in the middle, are grand in the extreme. The drawback of it is an unworthy conception, and a too definite exhibition of "the Almighty power" that expels them; and yet the incongruous figures that surround him too are curiously enough so vague as to be little better than cabalistic signs. A still grander, because more harmonious picture, is the second—"Satan rising from the fiery pool." It is full of vague suggestions, especially of the troubled elements in weird congruity with the thoughts and feelings of the discomfited, yet defiant spirit. There is great power, too, in the "Bad angels hovering under the cope of hell," only, from the darkness below, one is at a loss to know whence the light thrown upon the underside of the hovering angels comes. A light from the pit would surely have been reflected upon its rocky sides. Perhaps the most characteristic and wonderful picture in the book is the primitive transformation of the "rebel angels into serpentine monsters." The conception has a weird terribleness, which even Doré's imagina-

tion has never surpassed; even the fully developed reptiles, in their scaly forms, their outstretched throats, and their meaning eyes, are devilish. Nowhere is Doré so strong as in scenes that give such play to pure imagination.

Some of the presentations of Paradise are very felicitous and affluent—plates 14 and 15, for instance. The bright sunlight, beauty and joy, are more fully, because more indefinitely, suggested than those in Martin's Plains of Heaven. The luxuriant foliage, the forest glades, the garden nooks, are simply exquisite. Others, however—as, for instance, plate 38—have a cold filigree appearance as of a hoar-frost irradiated, but not yet melted by bright sunshine. One of the most natural and effective plates is No. 45, Satan finding the Serpent Sleeping: its clear distance, its finely delineated foreground, the determined Mephistophelian determination of Satan, the bloated repulsiveness of the coiled-up serpent, are admirable.

In some of his conceptions M. Doré has utterly failed, often, we suspect, through lack of care rather than of genius, as, for instance, in the plate "Sin and Death at the Gate of Hell." Sin is anything but attractive, and Death is anything but terrible. The former is a rather ugly mermaid, the latter might pass for the veiled Prophet of Khorassan. Either M. Doré has been very careless in its conception, or the "aliquando dormitat" is needed in all its extenuating virtue.

Readers, after some little trouble, will find the plates to which we have referred, although we are at a loss to understand their numerical order. They occur in their proper sequence as to the text, and begin with No. 1 and end with No. 50, but the latter immediately follows No. 36, and upon the intermediate places the numbers have fallen promiscuously.

These magnificent illustrations were, we believe, a commission from Messrs. Cassell to the artist; and, on the whole, he has justified his temerity in undertaking it; although he manifestly lacks a cardinal qualification for complete success. M. Doré, we fancy, has but little sympathy of soul with the great Puritan poet and his theme; he probably feels much more at home with Cervantes. There is as much need of sympathy of conviction and feeling between poet and artist as between poet and biographer. It is one thing for the artist to make the poet his study, and try to understand him in his vision; it is another thing to occupy his position, and under his guidance to see the visions for himself. M. Doré does not possess in any great strength the convictions and feelings that inspired *Paradise Lost*; and of this we never lose the sense. His renderings are artistic creations rather than apocalyptic visions; in this respect they fall below the illustrations of Martin. They are more external and sensational; but the artistic genius of the illustrator is so transcendent, that even this drawback does not prevent his productions from being wonderfully fine, and his "Milton" from being the greatest artistic achievement not of this only, but of many years.—*British Quarterly*.

Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the Attacks which are now being made upon it. By M. GUIZOT. Translated under the superintendence of the Author. London: John Mur-

ray. We directed the attention of our readers to M. Guizot's interesting and important volume on its appearance in France. We are glad to announce to them this excellent translation of it. M. Guizot has departed from the order of the series, of which the first volume on *The Essence of Christianity* was published two years ago, that he may not lose time in directing attention to the actual state of Christianity in France. "I am," he says, "struck by two circumstances in the actual state of opinions upon religious questions. On the one side, the sentiments contrary to or favorable to Christianity, are defining themselves each day with greater precision. Beliefs become firmer beliefs; opinions hostile to them receive fuller developments. On the other side, vacillating minds are occupying themselves more and more with the struggle to which they are witnesses; minds, at once earnest and sincere, feel the disturbing influence of the doctrines hostile to Christianity; many again are uneasy at these doctrines; many demand a refuge from them, without finding it, or daring to seek it in the essential facts and principles of the Christian faith. Between the adversaries of Christianity and its defenders, the discussion grows each day in importance and gravity; and with it also the perplexity in the minds of the spectators." Half the volume is devoted to an account of the revival of religion in France since the French Revolution; this is marked by great power—wonderful, indeed, from an octogenarian; its special knowledge is grasped by a fine philosophical faculty, and by a generous recognition of good in forms very diverse from his own. The narrative is inlaid with notices of most of the celebrated men who have been personally known to M. Guizot during the long period over which his own career extends—Chateaubriand, De Lammenais, Lacordaire, Vinet, Adolphe Monod, Montalembert, and many others, are sketched by a masterly and generous hand. The various forms of infidelity which have appeared in France are exhibited and criticised with great discernment and just discrimination; and the present aspect of religion in France is hopefully recognized.

Preëminently is this a history in which religion teaches by example. Differing as we do from M. Guizot in his theories of Church and State, we must, notwithstanding, say that the volume is one of the most interesting that have come from the able pen of the author of the *History of Civilization*. We trust the work will soon be republished here.

The Giant Cities of Bashan, and Syria's Holy Places. By Rev. J. L. PONTAU. London and New-York: T. Nelson & Sons. Few works of modern times have interested us more than this. Its descriptions of the remains of ancient architecture, both as to character and extent, absolutely border on the marvellous, and yet the high character of the author is a sufficient guarantee of the truth of his statements, as he describes only what he himself saw. The book opens up really a new world, and introduces us to the times of Abraham and long antecedent. We have not space to go in to particulars; but we assure our readers that it is a book of profound interest. We are glad to know that it is so well appreciated in this country

as well as abroad, as so rapid a sale of it indicates.

SCIENCE.

Cedar Groves in Lebanon.—A recent number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* publishes the following interesting communication from Dr. Hooker, respecting the cedars of Lebanon:

"The Rev. M. Tristram, F.L.S., informs me of a most interesting discovery lately made in the Lebanon, namely: of several extensive groves of cedar trees by Mr. Jessup,* an American missionary, a friend of his own, to whom he pointed out the probable localities in the interior. Of these there are five, three of great extent east of Ain Zabalteh, in the Southern Lebanon. This grove lately contained ten thousand trees, and had been purchased by a barbarous sheikh, from the more barbarous (?) Turkish Government, for the purpose of trying to extract pitch from the wood. The experiment, of course, failed, and the sheikh was ruined; but several thousand trees were destroyed in the attempt. One of the trees measured fifteen feet in diameter, and the forest is full of young trees, springing up with great vigor. He also found two small groves on the eastern slope of Lebanon, overlooking the Buks'a above El Medek; and two other large groves, containing many thousand trees, one above El Baruk and another near Ma'asir, where the trees are very large and equal to any others; all are being destroyed for firewood. Still another grove has been discovered near Duma, in the western slope of Lebanon, near the one discovered by Mr. Tristram himself. This gives ten distinct localities in the Lebanon to the south of the originally discovered one, and including it. Ehrenberg had already discovered one to the north of that locality, and thence northwards the chain is unexplored by voyager or naturalist."

The Physics of a Meteorite.—In a recent note in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, the Rev. Samuel Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin, gives a very graphic account of the fall of an aërolite. The fire-ball was seen by two peasants, who have given the following written statement of their observations; and since the facts described by these ignorant men correspond exactly with the facts theoretically believed to present themselves, we think the description of the highest interest. It is headed, "The Statement of Eye-witnesses," and runs as follows: "I, John Johnson of the parish of Clonoulty near Cashel, County Tipperary, was walking across my potato garden at the back of my house, in company with Michael Falvy and William Furlong, on August 12th, 1865, at seven p. m., when I heard a clap, like the shot out of a cannon, very quick and not like thunder; this was followed by a buzzing noise which continued for about a quarter of an hour, when it came over our heads,

* In *Hours at Home* for the current month will be found a highly interesting description of the discovery here named, from Mr. Jessup himself, for ten years an honored missionary of the American Board in Syria. He locates and describes in this narrative no less than eleven distinct groves, while all authorities hitherto have limited the number to a single grove.—EDITH ECLATIC.

and looking up, we saw an object falling down in a slanting direction; we were frightened at the speed, which was so great that we could scarcely notice it; but after it fell we proceeded to look for it, and found it at a distance of forty yards, half buried in the ground, where it had struck the top of a potato drill. We were some time looking for it (a longer time than that during which we had heard the noise). On taking up the stone we found it warm (milk warm) but not enough to be inconvenient. The next day it was given up to Lord Hawarden."

Age of the Chinese Coalfields.—It will possibly surprise some of our readers to learn that the greater part of the Chinese coalfield belongs to Mesozoic period. This has been recently demonstrated in the *American Journal of Science*; the author of the article having received several specimens of the Chinese coal-fossils, has been enabled to determine that all the carboniferous fossils are absent, and that most of the plants present are *Podozamites* and *Pterocamites*, which are essentially Cycads.

Production of Steam by Employment of Petroleum.—Notwithstanding the assertion of the American Naval Commission, that no advantages are to be derived from the employment of petroleum as a substitute for coal, we find that the English Government is taking up the inquiry in a serious spirit. A contemporary informs us that Mr. Richardson, who is instituting experiments in burning petroleum and other oils, with the view of superseding the use of coals for steam purposes, has received permission from the Lords of the Admiralty to use a service boiler in Woolwich dockyard for one week, in order to demonstrate the advantage of shale-oil as fuel. The trial has been requested by a number of shale-oil manufacturers in Wales and Scotland, and some scientific persons.—*Popular Science Review.*

The Entire Skeleton of a Mastodon has just been discovered in a peat-bed near Troy. The jaw-bone was found near the surface. At a depth of about fifty feet the remaining bones were found. The tusks were very nearly six feet long and about nine inches in diameter. One of them, upon exposure to the light, crumbled to pieces like clay, resembling that substance in appearance and texture. The ribs, of which there were fourteen found, are about four feet long, the largest being four feet nine inches. The upper jaw-bone is four feet nine inches long from the extremity of the mouth to the cranium, and across the forehead measures about three feet. So heavy is it that it was with difficulty four laborers could move the mass. The sockets in which originally were located the eyes of the monster are almost large enough to admit the head of a man. The hip-bone is five feet long, and weighs one hundred pounds; the shoulder-blades measure two feet nine inches, and weigh about fifty pounds each. The bone of the leg at the knee-joint measures thirteen inches in diameter. The vertebrae of the back-bone are eight inches in diameter. The other fragments found are in harmonious proportion to those already mentioned.—*Popular Science Review.*

The Earth and Moon in Collision.—Mr. James Croll, who some time since asserted that owing to peculiar solar and lunar action the above ex-

traordinary condition will eventually take place, has just published a paper reasserting the truth of his proposition. The theory was opposed by the Astronomer Royal and Professor William Thompson, who showed that, owing to the position of the tidal wave, the moon is drawn not exactly in the direction of the earth's centre of gravity, but a little to the east of that centre, and that in consequence of this she is made to recede from the earth. Her orbit is enlarged, and her angular motion diminished. This argument does not, in Mr. Croll's opinion, affect his view. The conditions described by Professor Thompson and the Astronomer Royal do not in the least degree prevent the consumption of the *vis viva* of the earth's motion round the common centre of gravity, although to a certain extent, at least, it must prevent this consumption from diminishing the moon's distance, and increasing her angular motion. But as this consumption of *vis viva* will go on through indefinite ages, if the present order of things remains unchanged, the earth and the moon must therefore ultimately come together.

The Accumulation of the Nitrogen of Manures in Soils.—A paper on this extremely important subject has been prepared by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, in which the authors have described the various conditions favorable and unfavorable to the retention of nitrogen by the soil. The more striking general result of these researches was that, although a considerable amount of the nitrogen of the supplied manure which had not been recovered as increase of crop was shown to remain in the soil, still a larger amount was as yet unaccounted for. Initiative results indicated that some existed as nitric acid in the soil, but it was believed that the amount so existing would prove to be but small. In fact, it was concluded that a considerably larger portion would remain entirely unaccounted for in the soil than was there traceable, and the probability was that at any rate much of this had passed off into the drains, or into the lower strata of the soil. Finally, it was shown, by reference to field results, that there was not more than one or two bushels of increase in the wheat crop per acre per annum due to the large accumulated residue of nitrogen in the soil, notwithstanding its amount was many times greater than that which would yield an increase of twenty bushels or more if applied afresh to soil otherwise in the same condition. On the other hand, it was shown that the effect of an accumulated residue of certain mineral constituents was not only very considerable in degree but very lasting.

The Reappearances of the November Meteors.—the fiery shower, as some observers delight to call it—has furnished a subject for remark and discussion, which astronomers and students of physical science generally have made much of, and will yet make more. The state of the weather was so favorable for observation, and the number of meteors was so great, that the spectacle will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it; though whether it was really so "sublime" or "magnificent" as some describe, may fairly be questioned. It was, however, a very impressive sight, and especially interesting as a demonstration of the accuracy of the calcu-

lations on which the time of the phenomena had been predicted. When the reports come in from other parts of Europe and the United States, we shall have further details as to the number of meteors observed; whether any remarkable varieties occurred in their appearance, and whether any have actually fallen on the earth. If not, the question arises: Shall we always escape? or shall we in some of our future passages across the belt of meteors, find ourselves pelted with heavy masses, involving danger and destruction?

M. Daubrée, a French geologist, has made a series of synthetic experiments relative to meteorites, with a view to extend the knowledge of those strange bodies which we have derived from analysis: an important subject, for it may lead to a widening of our geological horizon, as well as to astronomical results. He shows that in no single instance has a meteorite been found containing granite or gneiss, nor any of the rocks therewith associated in our own globe. But the substance known as peridot is found in meteorites; and this same substance is at times thrown out from great depths in the earth by the eruptions of volcanoes; from which M. Daubrée concludes that the planetary bodies (or whatever may be the source of the meteorites) are in a less advanced stage of evolution than our own globe; and he attributes our superiority to the ocean, to the coöperation of which we owe the origin of granitic and of the stratified rocks; and he thinks that the ubiquity of peridot is explained by its being, in some sort, a "universal scoria."—*Chambers's Journal*.

ART.

Mr. Woodbury's Printing Process.—Certain of our contemporaries long since promised specimens of this new process, which have not up to the present time been forthcoming. Doubts have therefore been publicly expressed as to its practical value. We have now reason for believing that the delay arose in each such case from Mr. Woodbury's desire to effect contemplated improvements before issuing other prints to the public, and which improvements have but recently been accomplished. The difficulty experienced of obtaining laborers sufficiently skilled to insure the production of a large number of prints, possessing uniform excellence, has been overcome by substituting metal rollers for flat plates and causing them to revolve rapidly with a self-inking arrangement. Thus mechanical means do perfectly that wherein hand labor had not proved satisfactory, and the prints are produced with a rapidity and certainty such as we obtain with the type-printing cylinder used in calico and newspaper printing. Another projected improvement is that of substituting ink of the kind used in ordinary printing for the pigmented gelatine, and this improvement, which we believe to be of vital importance, is, we are told, in a fair way of being accomplished. Several new applications of this important process have also been discovered. One is that of printing photographs on glass to serve as transparencies, etc., for decorative purposes, and for exhibition as magic-lantern slides; and others exist for transferring

the photograph to wood, stone, ivory, or metal. It is also used for producing *cartes de visite* at the very moderate cost of nine shillings per hundred, after an outlay of twelve shillings for the metal intaglio. Attempts have been made to blend this process with that of chromo-lithography, but judging by the dull, flat, horny-looking specimen shown at the South London Photographic Society, a very slight degree of success has attended it, although some ill-advised speculator has, we understand, made such application the subject of a fresh patent. The process patented is, first, that of transferring the photograph to the lithographic stone; secondly, that of printing it in colors in the usual way; and thirdly, that of printing the photograph again over the colored impression by the Woodbury process. The small value of the patent, and the objections to such a tedious inartistic roundabout process, are too palpable to need pointing out.—*Popular Science Review*.

Submarine Photography.—M. Bazin illuminates the bottom of the sea by means of electric light, for the purpose of discovering the position of sunken vessels, etc. His photographic studio consists of a strong iron box, braced transversely, and admitting the light through lens-shaped water-tight windows; and he can remain in it without inconvenience for about ten minutes. He has, it is said, produced sharp and well-defined photographs, suited to render easy the recovery of objects sunk to considerable depths, and has already worked at depths approaching to three hundred feet.—*Builder*.

VARIETIES.

Ancient British Burial-places.—Our readers may have noticed recently long communications made to the *Times* newspaper, of explorations in course of being undertaken by a party of clergymen and gentlemen in ancient British burial-places on the downs of northeast Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The tendency of the discoveries thus made is to the establishment of the proposition we attempted to deduce from Celtic remains, noticed in the *Leisure Hour*—namely, that a connection is established between all the pre-historic people of whose works we possess any traces. The flint implements found in the Yorkshire sepulchres are the lineal successors of the tools found in the gravels in the Somme, the Thames valley, the Ouse, the south of France, and elsewhere. The flint flakes, and cores of flint from which they are struck, found in the barrows, resemble those associated with the bones of extinct animals in the gravels, while some of the other objects lying with the flints in these barrows are similar to those which are associated with metallic tools in other and subsequent interments. We therefore feel assured that we are dealing with the fabrications of the same race, and of one great epoch. There is no tremendous break in the chronology—no great revolution in the career of the earth to bridge over—no need for pre-Adamite races—no necessity to throw away our early time-tables, though, as they allow extension, they may be somewhat extended. Future discoveries will supply missing links in

the chain of evidence. The use of flint for cutting-tools is recorded in Scripture as early as the days of Moses (Exodus 4: 25) and his successor (Joshua 5: 2-3), as well as by several early classic writers. Stone tools preceded metal among nations who had lost in barbarism the arts of infant civilization, and they have continued to be used by the outlying savage tribes, and by the poor amid civilization, down to the present day. Huge wild animals have disappeared before the wants of man—some very early in the human period. Let us wait for details. Archaeology will in good time, like other sciences, bring its own special contribution of proof to the monumental history of the Bible, and thus lay its ripe fruits on the altar of Christian faith and love.—*Leisure Hour.*

The Army of France for some years past may be calculated at four hundred thousand men under arms. Of these two hundred and fifty thousand are infantry, one hundred and twenty thousand are cavalry and artillery, while the balance is made up by soldiers on temporary leave, men undergoing punishment in military prisons, hospital corps and the like, besides the sick. If the new scheme takes effect these figures will be doubled, but only the existing number of soldiers will be really present with their corps. There will then be in round numbers four hundred thousand doing duty, and the same number of trained soldiers at home, liable to be called upon to serve if required by the State. Besides these there will be one hundred thousand recruits to join the ranks every year, and as many of the duty men to go from the active list to the reserve. In addition to this first reserve there is to be a second list of four hundred thousand men, consisting of the veterans who have served five years in the active army, and five years in the first reserve. Now, as in this second reserve the average age of the oldest soldier will not exceed forty years, the men, if called out, will be perfectly fit for any work. Thus in the event of any great emergency, France would be able to call out no less than one million two hundred thousand men, all trained, drilled, and more or less experienced soldiers. Under the first Empire there was never, by more than two hundred thousand men, so large a force of Frenchmen disposable at any one time; although, if the troops of other nations then under French rule were calculated, the numbers would be considerably increased.

Jerusalem is to be examined in the ensuing year by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. They have issued their programme for 1867, and this is to be the great undertaking for the twelvemonth. Considerable hopes are entertained that discoveries of importance will be made in connection with the great historic spots of the city; and Captain Wilson has put forth a memorandum, in which we read: "The chief interest centres in the sites of the Temple and Holy Sepulchre: the former might easily be ascertained if a firman authorizing excavations in the surface of the Haram Area could be obtained; but, failing this, excavations might be made to lay bare the western wall of the triple passage (supposed eastern face of the Temple) to its foundations, and make such other explora-

tions in the vaults as might seem necessary, to make an opening so as to examine the character of the masonry of the western wall of the Haram Area north of the Bab-es-Silsileh, and another in the *Via Dolorosa* opposite the Turkish barracks, to see if a ditch exists there. The authenticity of the site at present shown as that of the Holy Sepulchre depends in great measure on the course of the second wall, and there would be no difficulty in obtaining permission to make excavations in search of this in the plot of ground called 'Muristan,' where the Hospital of the Knights of St. John stood. This excavation would have to be made on an extensive scale, and there would be some trouble in exploring the most important part near the Bazaar." No doubt, much may be done if the Society set vigorously to work; and to this end they have made a fresh appeal for funds.

A new kind of button has just been invented, which can be fixed without the trouble of sewing. The mode of construction is similar to that of the paper-fastener seen in stationers' shops, two strips of pliable metal or wire being introduced as fastening. These strips are fixed to the back of the button; are passed through a small slit in the cloth or linen, and are then bent down tightly upon a small washer of metal, which gives them firm hold, and is supplied with the button. Though susceptible of improvement, this appears to us the best among the many self-fastening buttons over which inventors have puzzled their brains.

Roman Pipers Two Thousand Years Ago.—The pipers, a jovial crew, fond of good eating and drinking, having been deprived by the censors of their ancient customary feast in the Temple of Jupiter, struck to a man, and departed in a body to Tibur. Next day, lo! there was nobody to pipe before the sacrifices! The senate was perplexed. The pipers knew their value, and had hit the right nail; it was a matter of religion, and at Rome religion was the soul of the state. As in a case of the weightiest political importance, ambassadors were dispatched to the Tiburtines to procure the restitution of the vagabond musicians. But promises and exhortations were exhausted in vain, till a plan was hit upon for securing the men by means of their characteristic failing. On a feast-day they were invited separately to dinner, on pretence of enlivening the meal with their music; they were plied with wine, till drunkenness, and next sleep, oppressed them, and in this state of double oblivion were bound, put into wagons, and conveyed to Rome. Great was their astonishment, on awakening next morning, to find themselves in the Forum! Terms were now made with them, and they were persuaded to remain, on condition that those who had piped at the sacrifices should enjoy their traditional feast, and for three days every year should wander, fantastically dressed, playing their music, through the streets of Rome; a custom which appears to have lasted till the Empire. The sojourner in the modern city may find their counterparts in the pipers of the Abruzzi, who, during nine days before Christmas, pipe their wild, discordant notes before every image of the Madonna.—*P. H. Dyer's "History of the City of Rome."*



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